

The Great Operas



Volume 3.

Orpheus and Eurydice

The Huguenots

Il Trovatore

Carmen

The Jewess

The Flying Dutchman

Fidelio

Lohengrin

Hansel and Gretel

Don Giovanni

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The Great Operas

The Romantic Legends upon which
the Masters of Song have Founded
Their Famous Lyrical Compositions

INTRODUCED BY
GIUSEPPE VERDI

(LAST OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS)

Edited by
JAMES W. BUEL, Ph.D



The Société Universelle Lyrique

London

Paris

Berlin

Philadelphia

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ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

MUSIC BY GLUCK.—WORDS BY CALZABIGI.



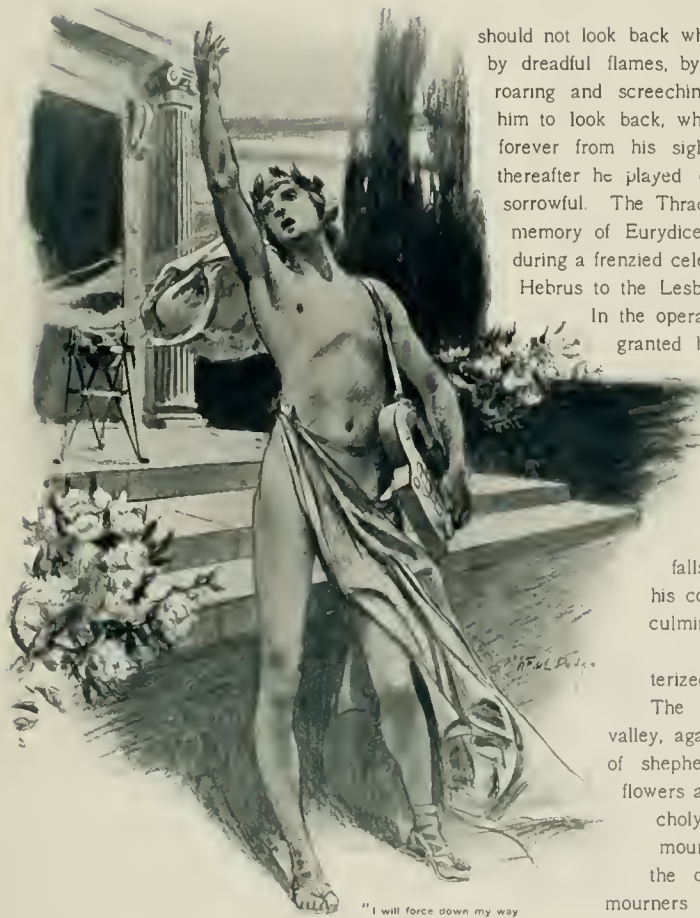
ORPHEUS is one of the most weird and romantic operas in the modern repertory, rivaling, possibly surpassing, Boito's "Mephistopheles" in the introduction of malevolent characters, but sweetened, refined, and redeemed by sacrifices and devotion as great as those that characterize the love-tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," to which the world will never cease to offer libations of pitying tears.

The opera of "Orpheus" was first sung October 5, 1762, at Vienna, where it was advertised as a representation of the reformed lyric drama that Gluck had for some time before been industriously laboring to bring about. So absorbed was he in his ambition to improve the stage that he overlooked some essential things the public insist upon, and his inflexibility was such it was not until twelve years afterwards that he would make any concession to this inexorable sentiment. Through force of necessity this demand was finally deferred to, and Gluck revised the score by adding several new numbers, inserting another act, and rewriting the superior role to accommodate it to a high tenor, whereas before it was sung in alto. In its revised form "Orpheus" was first produced at the Paris Académie August 2, 1774, and continued to be sung without further modification, of either the score or words, until 1859, when Berlioz revived the alto part for Mme. Viardot-Garcia, which has ever since been retained. "Orpheus" is a work of consummate skill and extraordinary beauty, in which Gluck introduced, by simple means, remarkable realism and rare pictorial and theatrical embellishments, without departing from the rational and the truly sympathetic, making it indeed instinct with expression and feeling of intense human passions.

The opera follows closely the very ancient Greek legend, departing therefrom only where lyrical demands make it necessary.

According to the beautiful myth, Orpheus, who was son of the river god Ægeus, and the muse Calliope, played so divinely on the lyre that even the rocks and trees left their fastnesses to follow him. He fell in love with and married Eurydice, daughter of a Thracian shepherd, his love for whom was so great that when she died he resolved to seek her soul among the shades of Hades. Entrance to the abode of the dead is guarded by furies who deny admission to the living, but so enticing were the strains of his lyre, that they were deeply touched with pity for his sorrowful petition and permitted him to pass. Pluto, no more able to resist his persuading instrument, promised to release Eurydice upon condition that Orpheus





"I will force down my way
To the dungeon that holds her."

wailing tones heard above the dirgeful song. Unable longer to bear their lamentations, that serve only to increase his anguish, he prays they will cease and retire. As the shepherds go out Orpheus renders a plaintive air and recitative, with echo, calling the shade of his precious departed:

"Dearest, untimely gone, thee do I call at dawn.
O Eurydice! my Eurydice! the hills bewail thy death with me.

Ye frowning ministers of night who cower in caves below,
You have torn from the earth the blooming flower I cherished
Could not her youth, her beauty, from doom so undeserved
That gentle victim spare from your talons accursed?
I will force down my way to the dungeon that holds her,
And my cry of despair shall your tyranny subdue."

While Orpheus is thus giving voice to his grief and declaring his desperate purpose to dare the terrors of Hades, to shiver the chain that enfolds his lost Eurydice, Love appears and bears him the sweet comfort of hope, by informing that the gods, moved by his tears, will permit him to descend to the land of shades, where, by the mellow tone of voice and lyre

should not look back while leading her to the world of life. The narrow way was beset by dreadful flames, by monsters and demons of hideous aspect, whose fierce growls, roaring and screeching in his ears, so alarmed him that anxiety for her safety caused him to look back, whereupon Eurydice was instantly snatched away and disappeared forever from his sight. His grief for the loss of his wife was so unconquerable that thereafter he played only the most melancholy lays, until the whole world became sorrowful. The Thracian women became at length so jealous of his devotion to the memory of Eurydice, he spurning all their advances, that they tore him to pieces during a frenzied celebration of the Bacchic orgies. His head and lyre floated down the Hebrus to the Lesbian shore, where a shrine was built, near Antissa, to his memory.

In the opera it is Love, the gentle god, who tells Orpheus that Jove has granted him permission to pass through the infernal regions and lead Eurydice back from the Elysian fields that lie beyond, upon condition that he will not look upon her face until she reaches the upper world. This condition he violates by obeying her persuasions to favor her with one glance, as he leads her through the stony passes of inferno, their way being encompassed by fire and demons. When he turns his head to give the recognition that she chides him for withholding, Eurydice falls lifeless and is snatched out of his sight; but Love compassionates his conquering grief by restoring Eurydice to life, thus affording a happy culmination to the lyric drama.

Act I.—The opera opens with a short overture that is characterized by a solemnity most fitting as an introduction to the love-tragedy.

The first scene shows the tomb of Eurydice, erected in a pleasant valley, against which Orpheus is leaning in sorrowful attitude, while a troop of shepherds, youths and maidens are strewing flowers and immortelles while chanting a melancholy ode to the dead, "Ah! in still and mournful meadow," expressing their grief for the death of Eurydice. As the rustic mourners lay their flowery offerings upon the tomb and call her name, Orpheus repeats it in



"Dearest, untimely gone,
Thee do I call at dawn."

that conquers all nature, he may win her back again. At the glorious promise thus vouchsafed to him Orpheus betrays the most excessive joy, and eagerly urges to know how this gracious boon may be obtained, impetuously offering to bear the worst, and to brave any dangers that may lie between.

Answering the pleading anxieties of Orpheus, Love tells him that the deities have decreed he may reclaim his wife from the dread abode, upon condition that he strictly forbear to cast upon her a single gaze, failing which injunction, be sure that she shall be forever riven from him; therefore does Love caution strict obedience to the decree of Jove, to restrain his passion through the hour of greatest trial, thereby to gain a rapturous future through sacrifice of a brief denial.

Orpheus is transported by the prospect of recovering Eurydice, and thanks a pitying Heaven for this wondrous favor; but suddenly he doubts the weakness of his nature battling against the surges of his passion, that the thrill of her touch, and the sound of her dear voice, may cause him to forget his resolution; therefore does he protest against the cruel trial to which the loveless gods would subject him; but if it be a condition beyond amendment, he promises to accept, exclaiming:

"Yes! it shall be! I will endure, I do
swear it!
O Love! O Love! I trust in thee
To give me strength to bear it,
To bargain for my bliss were un-
grateful treason,
I have sworn, heavenly powers, I obey
on bended knee."

This tragically pathetic scene, which is really a prelude to the drama proper, concludes the first act.

Act II opens with a view of the abysmal entrance to the underworld, about which lapping flames shoot their lurid tongues, revealing yawning caverns and lighting up the hideous gazes of many awe-inspiring demons, appointed guardians of inferno. As the tones of Orpheus' lyre sound sweetly through this hell of noise, the horrid phantoms protest in threatening chorus against the invasion of mortal, and call Cerberus, the many-headed monster, to watch most carefully that no entering victim may ever escape. Responsive

to this caution the barking voice of fell Cerberus is imitated by the orchestra, adding to the confusion hissing flames and screeching furies that crowd the passage-way. Orpheus, more mindful of his grief than threatening perils, approaches confidently, with steady steps and tuneful lyre, encouraged by the hope that Love will direct the way, and pausing at the brink he addresses his prayers, tearfully entreating that his grief may move the hellish demons to pity, but gruffly they growl their answer in appalling chorus, with the most powerful effects ever produced in dramatic music:

"No! No! No! Who hath beguiled thee here,
Mortal too rash to dare?
These are the depths of hell,
Where the avengers dwell,
And for the insolent tortures prepare!"

Still imploring their pity he tells the hideous guardians that no tortures they can inflict, the pangs of fire, the agony of wheel, are half so dread as the torment he already feels. This begets their curiosity to know what wondrous charm it is that fury can disarm, to make him dare the perils of a place accursed. Piteously Orpheus pleads, sculfully he sings, with that entrancing power, that bewitching influence, which in the material world had caused even the trees and rocks to leave their fastnesses and follow him, till his sweet, enticing music, his sighing and intense supplications at length



"Behold, where love appears
To beficid a true lover,
Listen and hope!"

touch even the impassionate feelings of the threatening demons, and so excite the pity which they have never felt before that they are persuaded to grant his entreaties and permit him to enter, saying:

"How the tones, sadly clear, win us entranced to hear!
He hath no need to fear.
Powerful to conquer hell with such a spell.
Down let him go his way, naught shall him stay;
Terror or wrath are still, they cannot scare or kill,
He nath his will.

Thereupon succeeds a dance of fairies and demons, a spectacle weirdly diabolic, after which Orpheus is permitted to pass through the caves of hell and beyond into the Elysian region, where Eurydice is heard, but not seen, singing a tender love song:

"In this tranquil and lovely abode of the blest,
From the earth do we dwell far away " etc

Orpheus passes on, through a flowery vale, still in search of his love, sustained by the beautiful prospects that abound, the light of eternal day, musical gales, clusters of roses, festoons of jessamines, birds carolling, meadows of asphodel, and all that charm the natural senses; but even amid such blessings, where the wearied have found rest, where evil memories are forgotten in the spiritual life of joy, his mortal attributes remain, and the sweetness of his surroundings cannot dissipate his longing, or assuage his consuming passion, and he idolatrously exclaims:

"O my love, thy slave have I bound me,
To live but in thy living nor joy apart to know!
Oh, once more voice of thine to hear!
Oh, thy smile once more to see!
Only to dream thee near
Were too abundant joy for me!"

As his soulful yearnings, expressed in piteous lay and dulcet strains of enticing lyre, float o'er the flowery meads, there come back to him the soft voices of pitying spirits that bid him pursue his quest in confidence:

"To our calm thy heart surrender.
Consort faithful, lover most tender.
In our home thy grief be o'er.
Here perchance may loved one greet thee.
Thy Eurydice here may meet thee.
Fairer, sweeter than of yore."

"And canst thou leave me, dearest Orpheus!
So late returned, so feeble and so lonely,
Of my new life so afraid."

Orpheus seeks with song and music among the shades, wistful, watchful and painfully anxious, crying for his lost love supplicating the friendly voices to quickly lead his steps to her retreat, appealing that could they know the consuming fire that burns within him they would compassion show and end his long waiting doom, by giving her back ere he die of longing. To his prayers the chorus of blessed reassures him that Eurydice is here, who even now draws near, to warm him with hope and to restore his happy youth. To Eurydice the same voices announce:

"To thy lover comes to find thee,
Earth is waiting,
Death behind thee,
Go to life and hope once more."

The benign spirits place the hand of Eurydice in that of Orpheus, who may not look into her face, by Jove's decree, until they have reached the upper world, which affecting scene concludes the third act.



"Eurydice! Revive! To embrace the fond youth who dared so much for thee!"

Act IV.—The closing act is confined almost entirely to an impassioned duet between Orpheus and Eurydice. As he takes her hand a thrill of joyous triumph animates him, and in ecstasy he bids her come with him as the cherished object of his unchanged love. Rapturously she greets him as an unexpected joy, greatest that heaven can bestow, but marvels at his presence in these Elysian fields, where mortal's feet have never trod, which fears and doubts he strives to remove by reassuring and declaring:

" Yes! 'tis thy faithful slave
Who lived and dared for thee!
And hath brought thee again
Out of the world of the Dead!
By the awful gods my woe was pitied,
They have heard, and to life have restored thee!"

But not yet understanding how so strange a thing can be, she asks if it is by his prayers she lives; that if 'tis so, she will gladly forsake heaven for the greater bliss of being bride of his once more.

Anxious to regain the upper world, and to improve the shining hour that offers her deliverance, Orpheus beseeches Eurydice to hasten to enjoy the heavenly blessing now vouchsafed, to leave the glowing land of spirits and as a mortal be united with him by the great god of love in the earthly home. Half doubting that the door of life is open to her, fearing, yet exulting, Eurydice exclaims:

" Hear I aright? Can it be?
Oh bliss, I scarce believe in!
How shall once more the flowers
Of Hymen's chain enwreath us?"

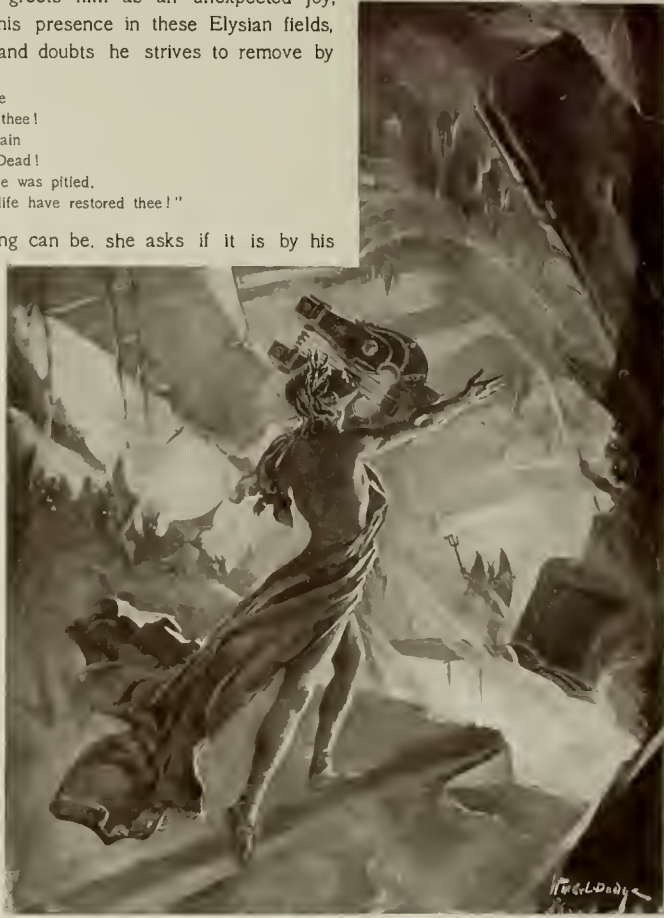
The time is fleeting and Orpheus, fearful that some act of his may wrest from him the treasure that propitious deities, pitying his grief, have permitted him to regain, implores her to delay no longer her going forth, and thus beseeching he withdraws his hand from hers lest consuming passion shall compel him to look upon her face. At this she chides him in gentle words that reveal her sorrowful love:

" But in thy hand my hand is clasped no longer.
How? Canst fly my gaze? While still professing love
With heart in hour of rapture to Eurydice cold?
Am I changed or grown old, that thou wilt not behold me?"

The trial is great beyond his weakening powers to endure. He feels that he cannot much longer avert his face, so great already is his growing desire to see her, to take her to his breast and declare the intensity of his passion, therefore does he remind her of the speeding time and implores her to hasten with him to the earth, where he may show the ardor of his affection. Not knowing the reason why he refuses to give her the look she craves, she still entices, with earnest entreaties, for a recognition, and when he answers that he must forbear, she thus accuses him of lacking true devotion:

" Ah! too cruel! Is this thy love for me?
This our vaunted reunion.
And all I hoped, and all may claim for thee?
Oh, destiny too fatal! My Orpheus cannot know, doth not share
The transports so true of her he hath delivered!"

He implores her not to wound him thus by her mistrust, to which she charges that he has restored her to life that he may give her only pain, and ruthlessly rejecting his professions bids him take back his valueless bounty, for since he is



"Phantom's Demo." Vision and Fearful.
Let prayer and full pleading for my misery win relief!"

so strangely changed it were better to part. Wildly grieving, he vows his devotion and exhorts, in pleading tones, that she follow him hence, but she suffers the pangs of one who believes herself neglected, and refuses his entreaties, which wrings from him, most unwillingly, an intimation of the secret which binds him to look not in her face till she be brought to earth again: "Did death with his dart constrain me, silent I still must be"

Eurydice at length perceives that some mystery must chain him to his resolution, but she cannot excuse his obedience to any decree that appears to violate the bonds of fidelity and fealty uniting their lives, wherefore she importunes to know why, while professing to restore her, he does that which so bereaves her; why by show of favor he inflicts her with woe; why deny her the bliss of recognition.

"What is this thou wouldst conceal?
Wherefore tear me away from the land of repose
If but to show such welcome, stern and chilling?
What a fate full of woes! my ransomed life forsakes me
The shadow of the grave around my brow doth close!
I am strange, I am worn by the fever of terror all untold!
My heart is weeping its tears through sleepless eyes,
And the life blood groweth cold in one so utterly forlorn!
O fortune destroying! why, with hate defying,
Didst grant an hour's enjoying if but to betray?"

The heart of Orpheus bleeds from wounds inflicted by the cruel words Eurydice utters, which betray her failing confidence, and his grief so overcomes him that he loses courage and exclaims despairingly:

"What anguish! what doubling! rescued, she yet disclaims me;
In vain have I striven, what need to further go?"

His trembling voice discovers his emotion to Eurydice, who marveling why he averts his face, deigning not to look into her eyes even when pleadingly entreated, compassionately and sorrowfully she implores:

"And canst thou leave me, dearest Orpheus?
So late returned, so feeble and so lonely,
Of my new life so afraid.
Ye gods! I pray you to aid, if I must die again,
With ne'er a look from him that loved me!"

Orpheus accounts the perils he has dared, the fearful sufferings he endured when death bereaved him of his wife, as of small estimation compared with the rackings torture that her words inflict, which so torment him that his physical senses lose their cunning. He is crucified between two conflicting passions: desire to restore her to earth in mortal form, and mad yearning to satisfy her doubts of his unchanging love. To look upon her is to lose her again in death, to refuse is to rob him of her love, to lose her in life. Well, therefore, may

he hesitate, while the tide of anguish rushes through his broken heart and overwhelms his soul. Piteously he exclaims: "One moment yet and all shall be told thee! 'Tis this! Am I forgetting? Cruel gods, when will my agony be ended?" Fate is most unmerciful, for his anguish even Heaven seems pitiless, and the demons of hell have not such malevolence to give as that which pierces his heart when he hears Eurydice bid him take a long farewell of her. Feeling that to longer refuse her request will lose her to him forever; that even now she is about to turn away, to leave him as husband, lover, unworthy of her attachment and devotion, madly impetuous, distraught by his mental anxieties, he despairingly exclaims: "Where am I? How resist such pleading as this? No! The gods have no right on a rack thus to bind me. My Eurydice, turn!" She greets his gaze with a cry of exultation and ecstatic joy: "My Orpheus!"



"To the gulf of destruction my love thrown back once more!
O my consort, my Eurydice!"



But her voice is choked, a deadly pallor sweeps over her face, her limbs tremble, and in another instant she falls lifeless at his feet and is snatched away from his sight. Stunned by this awful calamity, Orpheus stands dumb for a moment to contemplate his woe, a picture of human despair, then gradually recovering his feelings, he wails his grief in a recitative:

"What in my haste have I done?
To the gulf of destruction my love thrown back once more!
O my consort, my Eurydice!
She is cold, she is mute, and forevermore gone!
'Tis I, 'tis I, who have the loved one slain.
Fate too fearful, remorse too vain.
No aid can more avail me in a moment so terrible,
Only despair and death henceforth are ever left me."

Having given utterance to his insupportable agony, Orpheus attunes his lyre and breaks forth in song, "I have lost my Eurydice," which for beauty, feeling

and pathos has few equals in the lyric drama. It is poetry and melody issuing from a broken heart, an expression of soul-agony that sweeps the world with compassion and makes nature weep for the sin of death. Life has lost its charms, existence is become now a spell of torment, his day is done, above him are the clouds of blackest fate, and his feet are set among the fogs of despair, with the demon of a frightful remembrance cleaving his brain. Knocking at the gate that separates him from the spirit world, from the Elysian shores where the soul of Eurydice now roves mateless, Orpheus longs to quit the world that has proved so delusive, a world that once appeared to his gaze painted with ineffable beauties: a world that was filled with melody, with the per-

"Ah, what torments now invade my breast,
I have lost my Eurydice!"

fume of joy, the songs of nature in exuberant mood, the charm of content, the blessings of complete gratification, and all the sensuous blisses of mortal existence. The pleasures of hope no longer sustain him, for his sorrows have stripped the world of its deceptive appearances. The strings of his most tuneful of harps are broken, the sweet spirit of music, which he had so oft invoked, responds no more to his call, all earth is in cerements bound, and there is dirge in the air and horror in his soul. Hopeless, a slave to his insupportable affliction, broken in heart, rayless in mind, Orpheus expresses his despair and longing for death in a touching recitative:

"Ah me! this bitter grief can but with life be over!
Mine can have no relief, save the one that comes too late
I seek once more the adamant gate,
There to rejoin my wife! her first, only lover!
Yes, let us meet where naught can part or grieve us.
Nor long shalt thou await me.
Nor long be vexed with weary yearning.
Now may death unite me with thee!"



"My Eurydice!" "My Orpheus!"

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.



"Ye powers above, our tears bespeak our gladness!"

exquisite duet, "Gentle passion, thy sweet bondage holds the heart in blissful chains," which is sung in Love's temple. The opera being a short one, it is usual to follow the denouement with ballet music in America, and a ballet dance in France.

He is upon the point of taking his own life, when Love suddenly appears and arresting his uplifted hand commands him to forbear to do so wicked a thing, an interference with his rash purpose which he resents as another proof of the cruelty that the gods inflict upon him, taking from him the means of extinguishing his agony. But Love bears to him a consoling message, saying:

"What could deed so desperate avail thee?
Turn here and greet protecting Love,
Who already from death hath recalled her!"

Wondering what pity can do to assuage his sorrow, he ruefully asks, "And what would Love with me?" To which Love answers:

"Thine anguish well doth prove thy constancy and truth.
'Tis time that the trial be ended!
Eurydice! revive!
To embrace the fond youth who dared so much for thee."

The gods, moved by the intensity of his resistless grief, mercifully will that death shall no longer hold his wife in the fields Elysian, but that she shall be restored to his anguished bosom. When, therefore, Orpheus calls her name, Eurydice rises before him in mortal flesh, answering, "My Orpheus!" at which Love, rejoining the two with bonds forged anew, reveals:

"Methinks you will no more upbraid me!
Behold, I break the spell
So sternly that bound you,
And bid mine own realm with its raptures appear!"

Love's consummation is the glorious triumph that rewards the constancy and passionate devotion of Orpheus, whose bliss restores for him the charms of nature, the beauties of the world, and the melody of his lyre. The opera closes with an



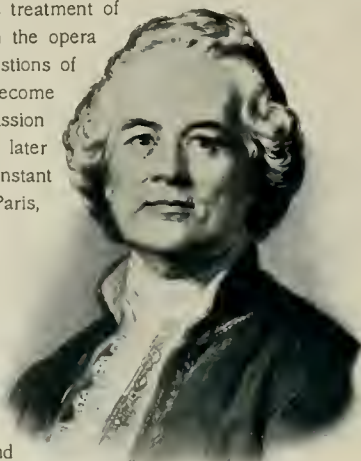
A SKETCH OF GLUCK.



AS a composer Gluck belongs to a class of originators that is a small one because there are few brave enough to impassively face public criticism; as a man, despite his dogmatism in musical matters, he was sympathetic, generous, and lovable. Christoph Wilibald was the name given him at the christening, but to his death he was commonly known as Chris, a familiarity which he seemed rather to admire than to resent. He was born in the village of Weidenwang, near Neumarkt, in the upper, or Bavarian, Palatinate of Germany, July 2, 1714. His father and mother were members of Prince Lobkowitz's household, and it was in the prince's castle at Eisenberg that Chris passed his youth until twelve years of age, when he was sent to a Jesuit school at Komotau, in Bohemia. He was a painstaking and ambitious student, pursuing the ordinary literary studies of the time, but taking up also singing, the violin, pianoforte and organ, in all of which he made rapid progress. In 1732 he went to Prague and became a pupil of Gernohorsky, who gave him instructions on the violoncello, an instrument upon which he became so proficient that he was accepted as a member of the private band of Prince Melzi. The prince was so pleased with his playing that he sent him to Milan to complete his studies with Sammartini.

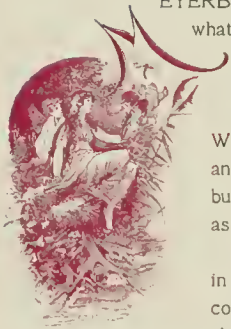
Very soon after his graduation at the Milan Conservatory (1741), Gluck composed his first opera, "Artaserse," which was produced with considerable success in Milan, Venice and Turin. Thus encouraged he wrote several scores, "Demofonte" (1742), "Cleoneice" (1742), "Ipermestra" (1742), "Artamene" (1743), "Siface" (1743), "Alessandro" (1745), all of which were brought out in Italian cities, but with so little appreciation that he went to London with the hope of obtaining better audiences. His experience there, however, was so unsatisfactory that he quitted England in disgust and returned to Germany, ascribing his failure to the influence of Handel, for whom all London was at the time in a rage of admiration. After a tour of Paris, Hamburg and Dresden, he went to Vienna, in 1746, where for a while he applied himself to a study of literature and languages, associating meantime with the most intellectual society of that city. In 1748 Gluck once more turned his attention to composition and in that year wrote "Semiramide Riconosciuta," which was a marked advance upon his previous works, though it brought him no substantial advantage. His talent for composing was undeniably great, but still his operas failed to meet popular approval, so that for present means of livelihood he confined himself for ten years to writing operettas, divertissements and concert pieces.

Gluck had small success, not because his works lacked merit, but because he placed himself in opposition to the prevalent sentiment of the time, which was weakly sentimental. Although poor, he resolved to introduce a reform that would give greater virility to the lyric drama, a purpose which he manifested in 1762 by his treatment of "Orpheus and Eurydice," that fully represented what he designed to introduce. But though the opera was well received, it was not as popular as he had hoped, and rather than adopt the suggestions of his critics, to modify both score and libretto, he left off composing for several years to become private instructor of singing to Marie Antoinette. In 1767, unable longer to withstand his passion for composition, he wrote "Alceste," and in 1769 "Paris and Helen," following these a year later with two intermezzi for the court of Parma. The criticisms that assailed his work were so constant and irritating that he quitted Vienna, where he had been staying for a year, and went to Paris, where he brought out "Iphigénie en Aulide" (1772) that produced a profound sensation and really established his fame as the creator of a distinct style of music. Soon after, he revised "Orpheus and Eurydice," which met such general approbation that it aroused the intense jealousy of Piccinni, who had shortly before been invited to Paris to present his "Roland." The war of musical factions was waged with much bitterness until Gluck produced "Iphigénie en Tauride" (1779), followed by an opera of the same title by Piccinni in 1781. The work of the two composers was thus brought into direct comparison, with such advantage to Gluck that those who before had been his enemies became his staunchest friends and his triumph was complete. In 1779 Gluck brought out "Narcissus and Echo," which had no success, and three years later he began work on an opera to which he gave the title "Les Danaïdes," but an apoplectic stroke compelled him to suspend his labors and to go into permanent retirement. He went to Vienna to live, where he was seized by a second attack and died suddenly November 15, 1787.



CHRISTOPH WILIBALD GLUCK.

A SKETCH OF MEYERBEER.



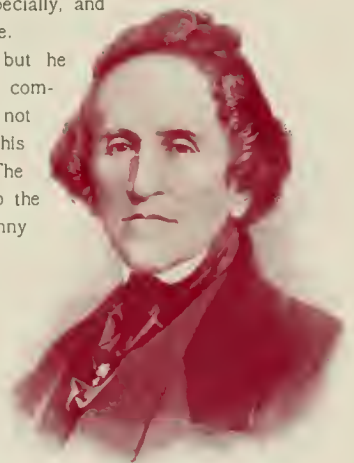
MEYERBEER was one of those prodigious geniuses that is given to the world at long intervals, as if to show what the human species is capable of, the result of a supreme effort of nature that so completely exhausts all reserve energy as to leave her incapable of repeating the performance except after a period of recuperation. His name was originally Giacomo (Jacob) Meyer Beer, son of a wealthy Jewish banker, Herz Beer, of Berlin, where he was born, September 5, 1791. His mother, *née* Amalie Wulf, was a woman of rare intellectual gifts and cultivation, so that he was reared under the best influences and given the best possible opportunities. No other members of the family showed any musical predilections, but his two brothers rose to much though fleeting distinction, Wilhelm as an astronomer, and Michael as a poet and dramatist.

At a youthful age, Giacomo began a study of the pianoforte under Lauska and Clementi, and appeared in a public performance when seven years old, and his execution astonished all Berlin. He studied counterpoint and harmony with Zelter, and later under Anselm Weber, his progress being amazingly rapid under both. In 1810 he went to Darmstadt to study and live for two years with Abbé Vogler, during which time he composed several choral pieces, and wrote two unsuccessful operas, "The Two Galilphs" and "The Daughter of Jephthah." Three years later he made his public appearance in Vienna as a pianist, and achieved a remarkable success, but being most ambitious to gain distinction as a composer, he went to Italy in 1814 to study vocal writing under Salieri, the result of which was that he began a servile imitation of Rossini's style, which, while bringing him into popular favor with the Italian public, served rather to alienate his German admirers. So great was the prejudice in Germany, that upon his return to Berlin, in 1823, to introduce his opera, "The Brandenburg Gate," he failed utterly. He went back to Italy, and in 1824 produced in Venice his "Crociato in Egitto," which caused a great demonstration of approbation; but notwithstanding it was the last of his works in the Rossini imitation, for Carl Maria von Weber, and other of his German friends, persuaded him to adopt a style of his own.

Meyerbeer having determined to pursue an original course, in 1826 he went to Paris and entered upon a study of French history, but was called to Berlin shortly after by the death of his father, who left a large estate to be settled. For three years he was kept out of public life, but his return was characterized by increased energy in composition. Having decided upon an original plan, which was rather a combination of the styles of Auber, Rossini and Berlioz, Meyerbeer brought out "Robert the Devil," in Paris, 1831, with the most unqualified success, followed in 1836 by "The Huguenots," undeniably his masterpiece. His fame was now coëxtensive with the civilized world, and much greater than that of any of his contemporaries. He had inaugurated a new era in French opera especially, and all peoples were pleased to render him homage as the most eloquent composer of his time.

In 1839 Meyerbeer set to work to write the score for Scribe's "The African," but he insisted upon so many changes in the libretto that a quarrel ensued between author and composer, and work was suspended, not to be renewed until 1852, and the opera was not completed until 1860, nor was it given to the public until 1865, nearly two years after his death. Abandoning "The African," Meyerbeer composed the music for Scribe's "The Prophet," which was finished in 1843. About this time he was appointed Chapel Master to the King of Prussia, and brought out his "Ein Feldlager in Schlesien," in Berlin, in which Jenny Lind made her initial début. In 1846 he composed the incidental music to his brother's drama, "Struensee," and in the following year prepared the way for Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," and personally produced Wagner's "Rienzi."

Meyerbeer was a prolific composer, and nearly all his writings are of the grandest and most magnificent character. Though a German Jew, by birth he belongs properly to the French school, and he has an unshakable place as the chief representative of French Grand Opera. His health began to fail as early as 1849, which compelled him to spend much of his time at the Spa, but he did not die until May 2, 1864, the immediate cause being valvular disease of the heart.

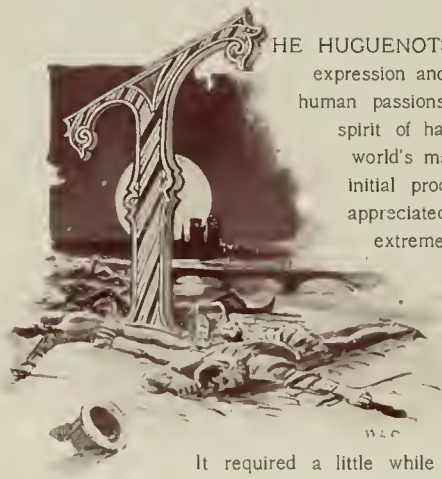


GIACOMO MEYERBEER.



THE HUGUENOTS.

MUSIC BY MEYERBEER.—WORDS BY SCRIBE AND DESCHAMPS.



THE HUGUENOTS represents the triumph of music in the contest for the highest form of dramatic expression and descriptive power. It is a lyrical apotheosis of tragedy, a marvelous simulation of human passions, a personation of the fierce elements of war and religious rancor, instinct with the spirit of hate contending with the influence of love and sacrifice. In short, it is one of the world's masterpieces, being to music what "Lear" is to literature. "The Huguenots" had its initial production in Paris, at the Académie Royal, February 29, 1836, where, though it was appreciated as a remarkable composition, it failed to score a decided success. It was in fact an extremely hazardous thing to do, to bring such a subject of religious disputes between Catholics and Protestants, and especially the horrors attached to the Bartholomew Massacre, within the range of the lyrical drama.

The public gradually comprehended the motives of M. Scribe, and perceived with what consummate adroitness he combated the apparent difficulties, while Meyerbeer, an orthodox Jew, no less skillfully maintained such strict impartiality that Papists and Lutherans accepted his musical interpretation without the slightest jealous prejudice, so that the opera is applauded alike by both.

It required a little while for even lovers of opera to become imbued with the spirit of "The Huguenots," but when the power, stateliness and magnificent grandeur of the play was once comprehended by their astonished senses, they broke into sudden rapture over its almost incomparable beauty and descriptive melody, since which time it has been universally admired, and popularly regarded in both Europe and America as being one of the greatest music-dramas ever produced.

"The Huguenots" was not given in London until July 20, 1848, for which representation, in Italian, Meyerbeer made several important changes to adapt it more perfectly for an English audience. He transposed the part of the Page, originally written for a soprano, and expressly composed a cavatina for Mme.

Alboni, and introduced it in the second scene of the first act. The fifth act was also cut out, on account of the great length of the opera, and has seldom been given since, especially in the Italian, which usually closes with a duet between Raoul and Valentina.

Act I.—The action of the opera takes place in 1572, the first and second acts in Touraine, and the others in Paris. The opening scene represents a saloon in the castle of the Count de Nevers, attached to which is a splendid garden. In the saloon are assembled a number of chief members of the Catholic aristocracy—Count de Nevers, Tavannes, De Cosse, Dr Retz, Meru, Raoul, and other noblemen, seated at a table, who sing a convivial chorus in commemoration of youth availing itself of the time present and leaving the future to itself. Of the gay party Raoul de Nangis is the only Protestant, and when the wassail chorus is ended, the gentlemen propose, by way of diversion, that each relate some story of his amorous adventures. As Raoul was last to enter, and is received with marked attention, notwithstanding his religion, being patronized by the King, since his reconciliation with Admiral Coligny, the company ask him to regale them with whatever story he may choose to select. Raoul courteously complies by singing a charming air,



wherein he recounts his adventure with a lovely maiden: "Not far from the old towers and time-worn ramparts of Amboise, I chanced to lose my way; when at a turn of the road, I saw before me a richly housed litter; a band of wild young students were discourteously crowding round it, and their shouts and insolent demeanor left me no doubt of their audacious projects. I rushed forward—at sight of me they fled; I advanced still nearer—ah! what an enchanting vision met my view!" The sight which met his gaze was a beautiful young lady, to whom he immediately lost his heart, a captivity and feeling which he expresses in an exquisite romanza:

"Oh, fairer than the driven snow,
Purer than spring tides early glow," etc.

Raoul's new acquaintances congratulate him upon his fortune, and drink to the health of the fair lady. While they are enjoying themselves, Marcel, an old servant of Raoul, a rigid Protestant, of very formal demeanor, appears at the door, and is astounded and indignant to see his master familiarly feasting and drinking in what he calls "a camp of the Philistines," and chanting the hymn of Luther, as a protection against evil influence, warns Raoul against the wicked company he is with. This caution so affects Raoul that he sets down his wine-glass untasted, at which Count de Nevers asks: "What is that wild funeral air your servant sings?" "It is the canticle composed by Luther as our protection in the hour of peril," is Raoul's answer.

De Cosse, looking curiously at Marcel, presently recognizes him as the soldier who, at the siege of La Rochelle, gave him a severe wound, but he bears no malice for the fortunes of war, and asks Marcel to join him in a social glass. The fierce old Puritan answers curtly, "I do not drink!" "Well," persuades De Cosse, "you may at least favor us with a song." The old servant, always ready to show his religious prejudices, complies by rendering the famous Huguenot battle-song:

"Old Rome and her revelries, her pride and her lust,
The monks and their devilries, we'll grind them to dust;
Deliver to fire and sword their temples of hell,
Till of the black demons none live to tell," etc.;

a song which he illustrates by imitating the piff-paff of bullets, and the clashing of swords. While Marcel is singing the second verse, a servant enters to announce to De Nevers that a lady is without who wishes to speak to him. The Count, with an exhibition of impatience, says he supposes it is another despairing victim come to crave his influence; but when the valet tells him it is a lady he has never seen before, De Nevers excuses himself to the company and goes

out to meet his mysterious caller. Tavannes, more curious than the others, steps to the window and gazing out sees the lady, whom he pronounces a most delicious creature. This observation induces Raoul to look, when to his astonishment he recognizes his fair unknown whom he saved from the insults of students, and stung by jealousy he flies into a passion at the thought that she has a secret attachment for the dissipated De Nevers. Seeing his dejection his companions try to rally him by singing a consoling air, but he refuses to listen to their boisterous mirth, so great is his indignation, as he beholds his supposed rival conducting the lady through the garden. Raoul declares he will follow and speak to her, but he is persuaded that such an act would be a breach of hospitality, and he sits down to nurse his rage until in a few moments De Nevers returns, exhibiting in his face a sore perplexity and profound grief. It develops that



"This lady, this young beauty is the
Same I once saved, of whom I told you!"

his visitor was one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen (Princess) Margaret of Valois, by whose advice the lady had come to ask the Count to release her from a promise she had given to marry him. As a gallant chevalier he cannot refuse her request, but in secret he is devoured by rage. The company congratulate him upon so fair a conquest, which fulsome compliments the Count affects to receive with courtesy and pleasure, which so increases Raoul's jealousy that he is upon the point of insulting and challenging the Count when a page enters with a letter which he says is from a noble lady whose name he may not divulge, but beautiful and virtuous enough to excite the envy of kings.

Count de Nevers has no doubt that he is the person for whom the message is intended, and carelessly bids the page deliver it to him. "Are you Sir Raoul de Nangis?" the page inquires, "for it is to him the billet is directed." Raoul, with astonishment, takes the letter and reads the following strange words: "Before the end of the day, Sir Raoul de Nangis, a carriage from the court will be sent for you. If you are a brave man, you will suffer yourself to be blindfolded and conducted in fullest silence and confidence whither your guide has a mind to take you." There is no signature and Raoul is inclined to believe it a joke, but resolves to test it. He then hands the letter successively to De Nevers and the others, who recognize, to their amazement, that it is the handwriting of Margaret of Valois, that the Queen commands him to her presence, and they therefore entertain the suspicion that he is secretly beloved by her. The Queen, who is betrothed to Henry IV, has really in view a reconciliation of the disputes between the two fierce religious factions, which she hopes to accomplish through Raoul by uniting him in marriage to a Catholic, as the story discloses.

Believing Raoul to be in highest favor with the Queen, his companions overwhelm him with obsequious attachments, protestations of friendship, and offers of service. While he is lost in conjecture a party of masked men appear, who by pantomime request him to follow them. The company urge him to go at once, while Marcel gives audible thanks that the Lord has



"Now, piff, paff, piff, paff—of bullets from our ranks!"

seen proper to rescue his master from the association of the ungodly. At these solicitations Raoul departs as the chorus sings of his good fortune.

The second scene represents the park of Chenonceaux, and opens with a song by Margaret and her maids, who extol the beauties of Touraine, as they make their toilettes beneath the shade of a lofty tree. In a strain of delicious melody the betrothed of the King of Navarre sings of the spring-time of love, and ruefully reflects upon the prospects of the fair fields that lie before being drenched with the blood of religious factions, even while heaven and nature whisper only of love.

The time is mid-day of midsummer, when the heat being great, the cool, limpid waters of the Cher seem so inviting that the Queen proposes to her maids that they prepare for a bath in the pleasant stream. Scarcely do the maids quit the presence of Margaret when she sees approaching, breathless with anxiety, a lovely girl, the youngest and fairest of her maids of honor, Valentina de Saint Bris, the mysterious beauty rescued by



CATHERINE DE MEDICI VIEWS THE VICTIMS OF THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

Raoul, the once affianced of Count de Nevers. Margaret marks the grief that is in her face, and sympathetically asks Valentina the result of her interview with the Count. In answer thereto the sorrowful maid tells Margaret that the Count, being a gallant man, has consented to release her from her engagement. "All will then be easy," replies the Queen; "if you leave everything to me, I will soon arrange another match for thee."

At the words of her Queen, Valentina betrays fresh grief, for she has no intimation who this new lover may be, while her heart has set itself upon Raoul, her brave rescuer, whom she is persuaded, however, she cannot marry because their faiths are opposed. Margaret, imagining the thoughts that occupy the young girl's mind, now tells her she has sent for Raoul, and that he will soon be here. Valentina blushes greatly, and protests that she does not dare meet him. "In such case," the Queen replies, "I must perform that duty for you." At this moment several of the Queen's maids reappear, attired in dressing gowns of light gauze, prepared to enjoy the bath. Going towards the river, some seat themselves upon the bank, while others dance and sing for the pleasure of Margaret.

While the Queen's maids are enjoying themselves on the grassy banks and gamboling in the quiet stream, Urbain, the Queen's page, comes suddenly upon them and announces, with many sly and impertinent glances, that a blindfolded stranger is coming this way, escorted by mocking boys, and having reached the chateau he will presently appear before the Queen. While this announcement is being made, with many insinuations and references to the god of love, the ladies answer in a graceful chorus, to the accompaniment of an orchestral descriptive, that charmingly simulates the ripple and flow of water.

Raoul makes his appearance, with eyes still bandaged, at which the maids betray such curiosity that Margaret makes signs to them to withdraw, after which she addresses him by name, and commands him to remove the bandage from his eyes. Obeying, Raoul is spellbound by the vision of a bewitching princess, whom he does not know, however, but whose beauty so charms him that he pledges to her the devotion which he declares his perfidious unknown no longer deserves. In a delightful duet Raoul expresses his desire to avenge himself upon the disdainful Valentina by devoting his love, his arm, his life to the beautiful Queen of Navarre, sentiments that amuse Margaret, who, perceiving the mistake of the gallant chevalier, asks if he is ready to obey her in all things? Raoul makes a solemn pledge to render strict obedience

to whatever the fair one orders, which Margaret accepts, when the malicious page interrupts to inform the princess that "lords of country, summoned hence, claim the honor of being admitted to her Majesty's presence." These words provoke the most profound astonishment in Raoul, who has had no suspicion that he was holding conversation with a Queen. Margaret, observing his trepidation, smilingly asks, "Does the title of Majesty affright you? Will that destroy your fealty?" Raoul reaffirms his allegiance to her bequests, at which Margaret puts him to the harshest test. "Well, I would marry you! I follow out the designs of my mother and the King, by uniting you to the daughter of the Count de Saint Bris, your ancient enemy, who sacrifices his hatred for the good of the state." Horrified at the suggestion, Raoul appeals, "Wed the daughter of a Catholic gentleman!" She gently reproaches him for the light estimate he places upon his vow, which shames him into a reluctant compliance.

Margaret now summons to her presence the waiting lords, and thereupon enter the Count de Saint Bris, Count de Nevers and several Protestant noblemen, to whom she presents Raoul. After this ceremony, the Queen hands to the Counts de Saint Bris and De Nevers, a written order for



Now hearken, pray
Raoul hath here an assignation "



her brother, Charles IX, for their prompt attendance upon him in Paris to assist him in a secret enterprise. The two gentlemen promise to obey the King's desire, but before their going the Queen exacts a pledge from them to first obey hers, saying, "Before the celebration of the marriage, at which you are to be present, be concluded, promise, as Raoul has done, to abjure your mutual hatred."

The gentlemen give their oaths and solemnly swear eternal friendship, whereupon Margaret, pointing to Valentina, who approaches, covered with a long veil, says to Raoul: "Behold your bride!" The Count de Saint Bris redeems his pledge by taking his daughter's hand and conducting her towards her fiancé; but the instant Raoul recognizes her, he starts back in terrified amazement, believing that Valentina is betrothed to Count de Nevers, and hence he loyally refuses to receive her hand.

The greatest surprise prevails at this ungallant act; Counts de Saint Bris and De Nevers would instantly challenge him to render account of his conduct, but are restrained by the Queen's presence. She urges Raoul to declare the motive of his refusal, but not even to the Queen will he offer an explanation, though she persistently questions him. Still more exasperated by the imperturbable character of Raoul, the two counts so far forget themselves in the Queen's presence as to offer an insult to Raoul, and demand of him satisfaction. The young chevalier draws his sword and prepares to follow them, but he is disarmed by the order of Margaret, who at the same time expresses her desire to Counts de Saint Bris and De Nevers that they forthwith answer the King's summons. The two gentlemen thereupon go out, leading Valentina, and still defying Raoul, whom the men-at-arms can scarcely restrain.

Act II.—The first scene of the second act represents the banks of the Seine, the Pré-aux-clercs, the winding river, and the old Louvre, where sanguinary plots are forming. On the left, in the background, is a meadow, shaded by a large chestnut tree, beneath which is a chapel sacred to Catholic worship. Two small taverns are also shown, at one of which are several Huguenots, men and women, and at the other are Catholic students and girls enjoying the cool of the day. In a little while some Huguenot soldiers break into song and lustily render a battle ballad of Papist hate, during which they imitate with their hands the beating of drums, and boast their feats at arms.

While the battle-song is loudest, a voice cries out, "Make way there for a bridal procession!" Instantly, the vociferous chorus is hushed, and there follows a party of young Catholic maids, preceding the bridal cortege of De Nevers and Valentina, who advance with friends towards the chapel, the chorus solemnly chanting a litany. The Count de Saint Bris has given Valentina to De Nevers to avenge himself upon Raoul, for whom he promises he has a chastisement yet more terrible. The cortege files into the chapel, as the female spectators fall upon their knees in prayer. This pious demonstration so irritates the Huguenot soldiers

that in derision they resume their battle-chorus, which in turn arouses the Catholics, who retaliate with threatening words and gestures. A fierce conflict seems imminent, when a troop of gypsies arrives, whose strange dress and appearance commands immediate attention, and thus quells the tumult of warring factions. The gypsies restore the gaiety of the populace by telling the young girls' fortunes, and by dancing to the tambourine. At the conclusion of this divertisement, De Saint Bris and De Nevers come out of the chapel, leaving Valentina within, she expressing a wish to be alone to engage in prayer until the curfew tolls, when the relatives and husband of the young bride are to return and conduct her in state to the Hotel de Nevers. All the wedding attendants depart, except De Saint Bris and a brother Catholic named Maurevert, who stand a moment conversing, when Marcel enters, and without performing



"I am—a woman, Marcel, who loves him,—
Who for him would give my life away!"

the courtesy of removing his hat, he hands the Count a note from his master, who has this very day reached Paris in the suite of Margaret of Valois. The Count reads the letter and then gives his answer by word to Marcel, saying:

"As I anticipated; this evening I shall expect Sir Raoul de Nangis near to the Pré-aux-clercs."

As Marcel leaves them the Count charges Maurevert to make no account of the affair to De Nevers on this his bridal day. Maurevert promises to remain silent, but he begs the Count to refuse to meet Raoul, and offers to concert a plan to punish the challenger, whereby heaven will assist them. The Count is willing to listen to the project of his friend, and the two retire.

In the succeeding scene night comes on in the Pré-aux-clercs, and the curfew bell is heard. Several citizens traverse the paths and are dispersed by an officer of the watch, who informs them that the time for withdrawing to their homes has come. The people and Huguenot soldiers thereupon retire within the two inns. When the meadow is deserted, De Saint Bris and Maurevert appear for a moment on the threshold of the chapel, and Maurevert admonishes the Count that in one hour his friends will all be here assembled.

The secret interview between De Saint Bris and Maurevert has been witnessed by the prayerful, but no less watchful, Valentina, whose presence has not been detected, hidden as she was behind a pillar of the chapel. Without designing to do so, she has overheard their perfidious plans, and is in deepest distress to know how she may circumvent them. While she is revolving in her mind a means for saving her father from participating in a shameful act, Marcel makes his appearance, resolved to attend his master to the end, and if need be to die with him. Valentina instantly recognizes and accosts him, to ask if Raoul has an assignation in this place. Marcel answers boastfully that his master has an appointment to fight a duel with a man of sin, and by his good sword he will surely win.

Valentina warns Marcel that Raoul should come well attended, for his sword will have much work to do.

Marcel begs to know the person who gives this warning, not as yet recognizing the lady addressing him.

Valentina answers him, evasively: "Let him not come here unless his friends accompany him. I am victim of unrequited love, and my heart no longer beats with hope, yet despite my despair my bosom burns for him I may not wed, and o'er his life and honor I must my vigils keep, and save him if heaven wills." So saying, Valentina retires again within the chapel, and almost at the same moment Raoul arrives with his two seconds, and De Saint Bris comes quickly after with his two attendants. Marcel has taken alarm from Valentina's warnings, and approaches near enough to Raoul to speak to him in an undertone, and tell him of the snare that has been laid for him. Raoul refuses to believe he has to deal with other than honorable adversaries. The beautiful duet between Marcel and Valentina, which characterized the preceding scene, is overshadowed by the great septet of the duel scene and a tremendous double chorus, as the two bands rush upon the stage, one of the grandest numbers of this splendid opera.

The seconds of the two combatants deliberately measure the distance, and then take up their weapons to engage in a deadly encounter. At the instant the two are about to engage, Marcel shouts, "Hold, some one approaches!" when almost immediately Raoul and his seconds are surrounded by the followers of Maurevert. They perceive the treachery of their adversaries, but at this instant from the inn on the right is heard the battle-song of the Huguenot soldiers. Raoul and his three friends turn back-to-back to defend themselves against the overwhelming odds of their enemies, Marcel at the same time calling the soldiers to lend their assistance. The cry is not in vain, for the Huguenots pour out of the inn to the rescue, and at the same time a band of young Catholic students, hearing the din, rush out of the other inn and take sides with Maurevert. A bloody battle is upon the point of beginning when Margaret of Valois, returning to her palace on horseback, attended by guards, and pages bearing flambeaux, commands the party to desist.



"For murder was my good sword never made,
Take it, and Heaven my Judge must be."

De Saint Bris defends his action by declaring that his party has been basely attacked, which false claim Marcel stoutly denies, and declares that it is De Saint Bris and his followers who have treacherously attempted to assassinate his master; that the infamous plot was revealed to him but a few moments before by an unknown lady.

"Thou liest!" fiercely exclaims De Saint Bris. "Where is this woman whose character you thus calumniate?"

"Behold her!" replies the stout sectarian, as Valentina at this instant appears at the entrance of the chapel.

At sight of his daughter, the Count is dumb with amazement, while Raoul is heart-stricken, and exclaims, "To save me she has not hesitated to betray her sire,—and yet she loves me not!"

"She loves none but you," Margaret assures Raoul, in spite of the entreaties of Valentina to be silent. Gloomily, jealously, Raoul insists upon an explanation of the mysterious visit Valentina made to the Count de Nevers! Margaret satisfies his suspicions by informing him that her purpose was no other than to secure release of her betrothment. At this announcement Raoul is in ecstasy, and with passionate eagerness he implores for pardon and the gift of her hand.

"You do love her!" shouts Saint Bris. "Then my revenge is complete, for this very day she espoused another!"

In his despair, Raoul bursts into an agony of tears, accusing himself for purblindness, as well as his enemies for treachery, and while the Queen is trying to calm his mind, distant music is heard which De Saint Bris knows is the herald of the bridegroom. Soon appears a richly decorated barge bearing knights, ladies, pages and musicians, and as it comes to anchor De Nevers steps out. Following him are groomsmen and others of the nuptial suite, witnesses to the wedding ceremonies, come with De Nevers to escort his bride—Valentina—to his chateau. The exultant husband bids Valentina be true to the vow she made, and taking her hand leads her to the boat, followed by De Saint Bris and the cortege, while the Queen conducts the unhappy Raoul from the Pré-aux-clercs, leaving the Huguenots and the Catholics hurling epithets of reproach at each other.

Act III.—The opening of the next act is played in a room of the castle of De Nevers. Valentina enters with an air of pensive reflection, and in a melancholy aria voices her profound griefs. The remembrance of Raoul pursues her, and in a moment of pious resignation she prays that every sentiment of love may at once be eradicated from her heart,

and that in its stead she may be inspired with the courage which virtue alone can give. In vain, however, does she pray and weep. The name of him she strives to forget returns despite her resolutions. While she is thus tormented, Raoul himself appears before her. He is

pale, haggard, filled with remorse and racked by a boundless sorrow. With a sigh, he

tells her he has come to see her once more and for the last time.

The sight of Raoul bewilders her for the moment, but sense of his danger rouses her to exclaim: "Fly from me quickly, for if my husband or father should find us together they would slay us both!"

Raoul, hopeless in his sorrow, replies: "Wherefore should I avoid them? Since I have lost you forever, death alone can give me refuge."

"No, no, Raoul," she entreats, "think not of dying, but live true to God, and one day we shall be united in heaven." While she is pleading with him to leave her, footsteps are heard in the vestibule, and looking out Valentina discovers, to her consternation, that her husband and father are about to enter. It is too late to get Raoul out of the house, but by begging him not to compromise her honor, she persuades him to secrete himself behind the tapestry.

A moment later De Saint Bris, accompanied by many nobles, enters the room. As Governor of the Louvre he has been commissioned by the King to bring together the principal Catholic noblemen, and to disclose to them a plot projected by Catherine de Medici. Without being disturbed by the presence of his daughter, De Saint Bris announces to the gentlemen who surround him that, to end at a blow an impious contest, Charles IX ordains that all the Protestants be massacred this very night!

"Who will strike them?" demands De Nevers, horrified by such vengeful suggestion, murderous as he conceives it to be.

"We will!" exclaims Saint Bris! "Will you swear to obey?"

All swear to execute the order, save De Nevers, who remains silent, and when his companions ask him why he hesitates, he answers



firmly: "For murder was my good sword never made. I cannot my honor stain, even though disgrace on me may fall for disobedience to my King." He unsheathes his sword and casts it at the feet of De Saint Bris. This noble act begets the confidence of Valentina, who promises to henceforth trust him.

The doors of the castle now open, and soldiers enter whom De Saint Bris orders to arrest De Nevers and guard him well until morning, which order they promptly execute and lead him off to prison. To the others, who have sworn to obey, De Saint Bris assigns them to their several posts, and their respective victims, thus:

"Go thou, De Besme, to Coligny, and let him be the first sacrifice; you, Tavannes, Gasse, Meru, to the Hotel de Sens, where the heretics are feasting with the King of Navarre; you to the houses and the streets—our foes are everywhere. Seek out all; spare none. When ye hear the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sound, then strike without pity or remorse. The Almighty absolves you already, before you begin your pious work." To confirm this promise of forgiveness, De Saint Bris points to the doors in the rear, where three monks appear, who now approach the centre of the stage chanting a solemn anthem, and bless the unsheathed swords. Pointing to the scarf and the white cross, Saint Bris admonishes that by these signs heaven's messengers will be known through the fatal night.

The plot for a wholesale massacre having now been perfected, De Saint Bris and his band take their departure to hasten further preparations for the ghastly work. As quickly as they have disappeared, Raoul, pale and alarmed, issues from his place of hiding and rushes towards the door in the centre, which to his consternation he finds barred from without; he then runs to the door on the left, where he meets Valentina coming out of her apartment, to whose inquiry, "Whither go you?" he answers: "To warn my friends and comrades to arm themselves against assassins!"

"Would you go, and against my father? Oh! pray refrain! Consider that among these enemies is also a husband I revere, and would you see them slain; and if you'd save your life, oh, stay you here."

"To hesitate were to forfeit my honor. Let me go without delay, the moments are too precious now to waste."

Still she persuades, with passionate entreaty, but when she finds him mindless of her prayers to remain and protect her, she shows a greater resolution, and placing herself firmly before him, as he rushes to the window she cries out, "No, Raoul, this threshold thou shalt not cross; for come life or death I will cling to thee." Now follows a fearful struggle between the desperate girl and her lover. She clasps his knees and entreats him with tears and prayers to remain with her until morning. But finding him still unmoved by her agony, she discloses her secret, "Oh, I would not have thee die, Raoul!—Raoul, I love thee!"

This utterance from the heart, which came unbidden, like an impulse, compels Raoul to hesitate. In that moment of bliss he forgets his religion, his menaced comrades, his honor, and he prostrates himself before the object of his affection, overwhelmed with love and joy. The tolling of a distant bell recalls him to his senses! From behind the tapestry in Valentina's room he heard the order of the King explained, and in the bell-strokes of St. Germain l'Auxerrois he recognizes the signal for the massacre. Roused from his dream of bliss he rushes to the window again, and despite her tears and protestations of love, he disengages himself from her grasp, and with a prayer upon his lips that heaven may protect her, Raoul flings himself into the street to save or die with his friends, and Valentina falls fainting on the floor, which powerful climax ends the third act.

Act IV consists of a series of tableaux, which should be seen, since it is not an easy thing to describe them. The curtain at its rising discloses the ball-room of the Hotel de Sens, which is splendidly illuminated for a fête given in celebration of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois. Many splendidly attired guests, ladies and chevaliers, are already assembled, among them being all the Protestant chiefs and members of the court, who laugh,



VALENTINA.—"Oh, in pity stay! Alas, I die!"
RAOUL.—"But go! I must at honor's call!"

dance, and otherwise make merry, for the occasion is a joyous one, when all France should be happy. The King and Queen show themselves for a moment to receive the respect of their distinguished subjects, and when they retire the revelry re-commences. Soon after, far above the strains of the orchestra and the glee of the students, is heard the ominous tolling of a distant bell, which causes the merry throng to pause, but no explanation or further sounds succeeding, the dancing is renewed with increased gaiety and animation.

A few minutes after the first alarm is struck, which is the signal for the slaughter to begin, other sounds penetrate to this scene of intoxication, and flushed faces pale suddenly as there is borne in upon their startled and horrified senses the explosion of firearms, groans of the stricken, shouts of vengeance, and cries for pity. The noise draws rapidly nearer, and a moment later Raoul dashes into the ball-room, his hair disheveled and his garments spattered with blood. "To arms! to arms!" he cries. "Our friends are being murdered—the assassins draw nigh, with hasty and deadly steps."

He has seen Coligny fall beneath the blows of murderers who spare neither age nor sex. As he was hastening to the Louvre, to entreat justice of the King, he saw Charles IX from a balcony of the palace exciting the carnage by himself firing upon the helpless people. At this the women utter cries of terror and seek places of safety, while the men draw their swords and hasten after Raoul.

The scene changes to a cloister, at the back of which is a Protestant church and cemetery, towards which many women and children are fleeing with hope to find refuge from their sanguinary persecutors. Marcel, who arrives at the same time, wounded and faint, shows them a wicket-gate which leads to the interior of the church, and then kneels to offer up a silent prayer for the safety of his master. Raoul now enters, and much pleased at finding his faithful servant, gives him a cordial greeting, but discovering that Marcel is wounded, he promises to avenge him.

"Alas! it is impossible," answers the poor old man; "we are surrounded, hemmed in on all sides. This temple is our last resort; enter there—there at least we shall die on holy ground, fighting for God and life."

"Whither do you hasten?" asks a voice eagerly. "To glory!" answers Raoul, and turning about he finds Valentina at his side. "No, you shall live, for I have come to save you," reassures the trustful woman. Thereupon she offers him a white scarf, by which protecting badge he may reach the Louvre without molestation, where Margaret of Valois will insure his safety if he will embrace the Catholic faith.

Raoul rejects the proposal with scorn—he will die as he has lived, in the faith of his forefathers. "But even did I become an apostate," he says, passionately to Valentina, "you would not be mine. All conspire to keep us separate!"

"Oh, no! heaven is more kind than you suppose," Valentina answers, "for I may love you now without a crime."

"Yes," says Marcel, "De Nevers died, the victim of his chivalrous generosity, while attempting to rescue me."

"What! is he dead?" cries Raoul, and thereupon a violent struggle between love and religious scruples arises in his mind, but his honor bids him maintain his faith, and seizing Marcel's hand, he declares he will die with him.

"Learn the depth, the sincerity of a woman's love," answers Valentina. "That I may not leave thee, but cling to thee in life and death, I here abjure the Catholic faith! I am now and henceforth a Protestant! In hell or heaven, wherever be thy lot, there shall be mine also!"

At these words, spoken with enthusiasm, Raoul clasps Valentina in his arms, and turning to Marcel, who is deeply moved by the scene, he says: "No minister of heaven is at hand to sanctify this union; but do thou, old faithful friend, by the rights of virtue and age, consecrate our



marriage in the presence of Almighty God." Immediately the fire of exultation kindles in Marcel's eye, and the glow rushes to his bronzed cheeks. The gentlest of Christian rites shall be celebrated even at this moment of fatal presentiment of pending destruction. He bids the lovers kneel, when with outstretched hands and tones of deepest pathos, Marcel swears them to eternal love and union. They confirm the oath in a noble trio, during the rendering of which is heard, at intervals, a chorus from the church, where Luther's hymn is sung by the female and youthful voices.

Suddenly the pious strain in the church is hushed by a vast noise of clashing arms. At the back of the scene, through the gratings, are seen the flames of torches and glittering halberds. The murderers have assailed the last asylum of the Huguenots. The Protestants, far from showing dismay, sing their holy canticle with redoubled fervor, and for an instant a great tumult and discord reign; then all is suddenly hushed; the lights are extinguished, leaving darkness and silence to reign, for those that had sought safety have found death instead—all ruthlessly slaughtered.

"They are with their God," solemnly observes Marcel, and the three, still animated by pious inspirations, encourage each other to wait with resignation the death that is expected. At this moment armed men appear, who breaking open the door of the cloister rush in. Raoul, Marcel and Valentina present their bosoms, and advance upon the assassins, who, astonished, retreat a little way, but pointing to the white scarf and the cross of Lorraine, exclaim: "Abjure, or die!"

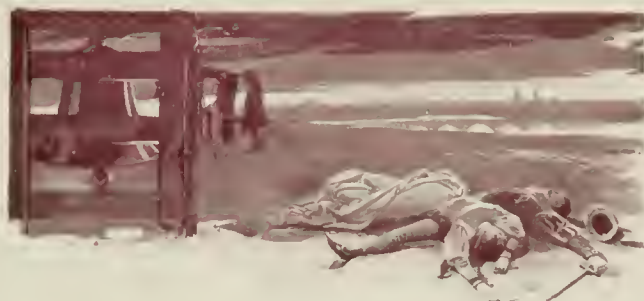
"We prefer death!" the three exclaim with one voice, at which daring words the murderous foes rush upon, and separating them, carry them away in different directions, at the same time reports of firearms and clashing swords are heard in the streets.

The scene now changes for the last time, a view of a quarter in Paris in the year 1572 being shown. The massacre is here seen in the full display of its horrible extent. Bands of furious soldiery overrun the city, spreading terror and death everywhere. Raoul and Marcel have fallen in the high road, mortally wounded, beside whom Valentina is watching and trying to console. A body of musketeers appear, with De Saint Bris at their head, who asks in fierce tones, "Who goes there?" Raoul attempts to reply, but Valentina places her hand over his mouth to prevent him answering the challenge; but making a desperate effort he raises himself and thrusting away her hand, he cries, "*A Huguenot!*" and falls back lifeless. Seeing her lover dead, Valentina exclaims, "We, too, are Huguenots!"

The Count de Saint Bris has failed to recognize his daughter, and he commands his troops to fire, which they obey, and at the crack of the rifles Valentina, struck in the heart, utters a piercing shriek. De Saint Bris, at this cry of her voice, the last she will ever utter, perceives that it is his daughter, and in an agony of remorse, calls to heaven, "My child!" "Yes," says Marcel, "God hath already avenged us; a moment, and I go into His presence to accuse you." During this scene of death and desolation, Margaret of Valois arrives, who having just quitted the ball, is hastening to the Louvre. At sight of the two lovers extended lifeless on the ground, she utters a cry of anguish, and with her hands waves to the Catholic soldiery to cease their bloody work. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."



"Ah! what do I see? My daughter!"





IL TROVATORE.

(THE TROUBADOUR.)

MUSIC BY VERDI.—WORDS BY CAMMARANO.

VERDI'S talent and originality are more conspicuous in "Il Trovatore" than in any of his other works, with the exception, possibly, of *Aida*, which is one of the musical masterpieces of all ages. "Il Trovatore" had its first representation in Rome January 19, 1853, where it was immediately acclaimed with intense admiration, and became so popular that its airs were constantly heard on every side, rendered by piano, harp, violin, organ and band. Nor has the extraordinary popularity which characterized its first production diminished greatly since, for it still remains one of the most frequently heard operas in the modern repertory. It was given in London as "The Gypsy's Vengeance," 1856, and the following year it was sung in Paris, with the same welcome that greeted its production in Rome.

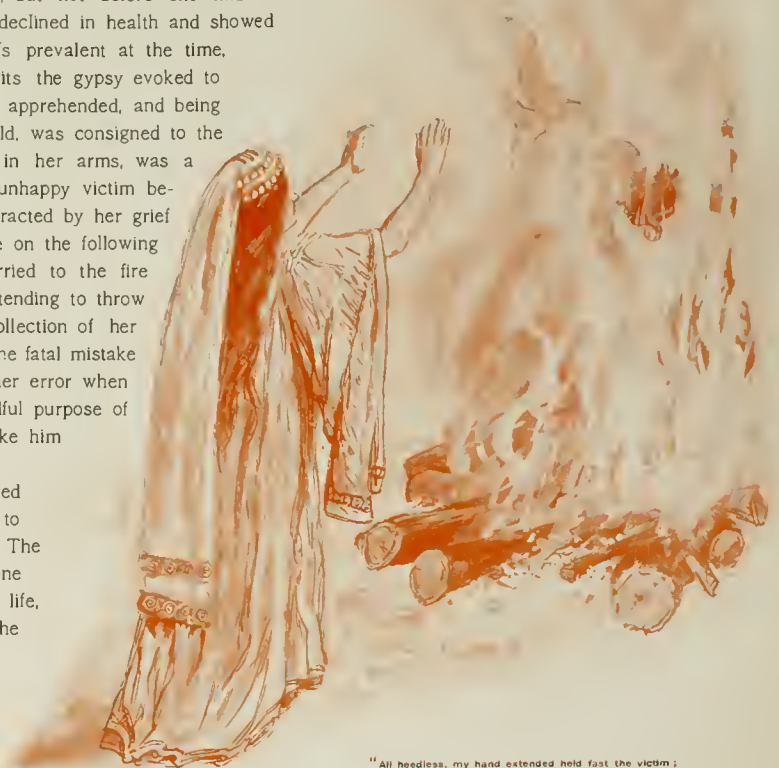
The story upon which "Il Trovatore" is founded is traced back to a very old Spanish drama, by Galtierez, and the incidents are laid in the Middle Ages, when man's inhumanity to man filled the world with mourning.

An outline of the story is as follows:

The Count di Luna, dying at an early age, left two sons of very tender years, who were committed to the charge of an old trusted nurse. One night, while the nurse was asleep, an aged gypsy woman was discovered beside the cradle of the younger one

weaving a magic spell. She was quickly expelled, but not before she had completed her bewitchments, for the child steadily declined in health and showed a strange behavior which, in the superstitious beliefs prevalent at the time, the people made no doubt was due to the evil spirits the gypsy evoked to serve her malevolent designs. She was accordingly apprehended, and being convicted of practicing her charms upon the child, was consigned to the stake. A daughter of the gypsy, with her child in her arms, was a terrified witness of the execution, to whom the unhappy victim bequeathed the task of vengeance. This daughter, distracted by her grief and thirsting for revenge, invaded the count's castle on the following night and stole the sickly child, with which she hurried to the fire that still burned about the remains of her mother, intending to throw it in the flames. Overwhelmed by the dreadful recollection of her mother's execution, and frenzied by grief, she made the fatal mistake of sacrificing her own infant instead. Discovering her error when it was too late to amend it, she conceived the dreadful purpose of raising the count's child as her own in order to make him the instrument of her vengeance against his kindred.

Belief that the count's child had been destroyed by the vengeful gypsy, left the remaining child heir to all the count's estates and successor to the title. The years went by, and the two grew to manhood, the one stolen away being called Manrico, leading a gypsy life, and the other rich and powerful, known now as the



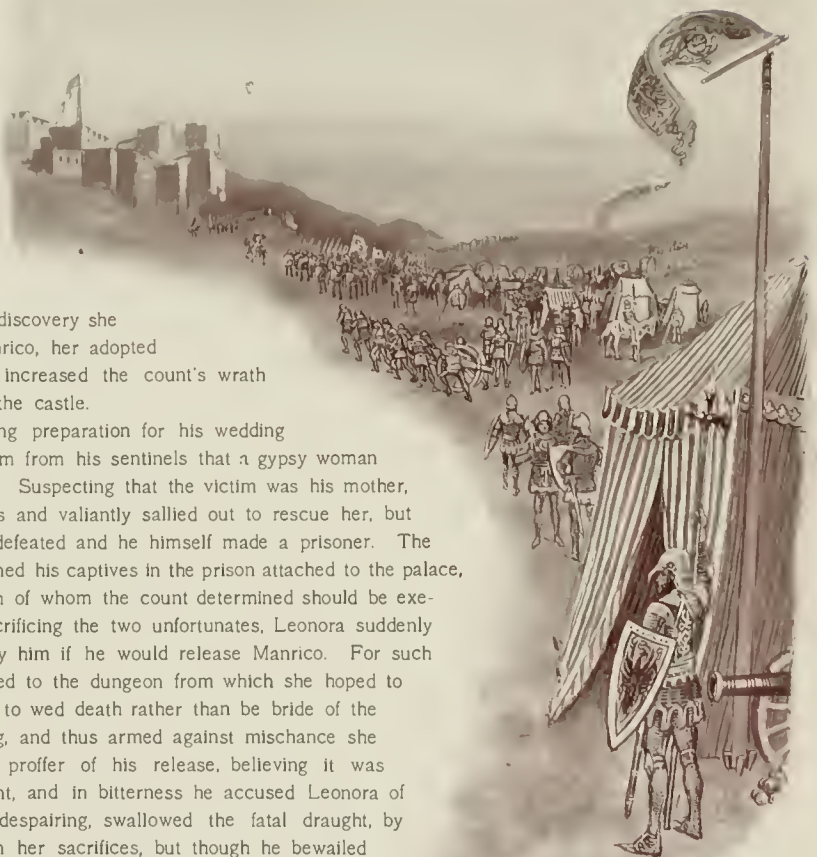
"All heedless, my hand extended held fast the victim;
The flames rolled expectant; in I hurl'd him!"

Count di Luna. Manrico became valiant in arms, and performed so many amazing feats in the tourneys that he won the love of Duchess Leonora, lady attendant on the Queen, which passion he returned and made known by nightly serenades below her window. It happened, by an unfortunate mischance, that the count (brother unknown to Manrico) was also deeply enamored of the same lady, who discovered her attachment for Manrico by a strange accident. One night, while lingering in the royal garden, the count heard the voice of a troubadour in a thicket near by, followed soon by the appearance of Leonora, who, in the darkness, mistaking the count for his sweet voiced rival, greeted him joyously. At this moment Manrico emerged from the bushes, and she thereupon perceiving her mistake, appealed to him for protection. A violent altercation took place between the two men, when the troubadour, unmasking himself, discovered to the count the features of one whose life was forfeit for an act of violence against the law. The two thereupon uttered their defiance, and with drawn swords retired to a place outside the palace garden to contest their claims, leaving the duchess in a swoon.

The duel between Manrico and the count was stopped by some strange powers interposing to spare the count's life, after which Manrico joined the army opposing Spain, being outlawed by his own country, and in a battle that took place soon after he was left for dead on the field. His supposed mother, the gypsy Azucena, sought him out by night, and finding that life was not yet extinct, had him carried to her mountain resort, where she nursed him back to health. His Prince, learning that Manrico had survived, sent a messenger to order him to repair to the fortress of Castellor and defend it against the forces of Count di Luna, at the same time giving him secret information that the Duchess Leonora, believing him to be dead, is about to take the veil in a convent near Castellor.

Obedient to the commands of his Prince, Manrico hastened to the convent, before which he appeared in time to rescue Leonora from the Count di Luna, who, with his followers, was about to carry her forcibly away. Manrico conducted her to the castle of Castellor and closed the gates as the count laid siege to it. Azucena had become much attached to Manrico and followed him to Castellor, where she was captured by the count's troops, charged with being a spy. A servant of the house of Luna, Ferrando, there recognized her as the gypsy who stole the count's brother, at which discovery she was overcome with a great fear, and called for Manrico, her adopted son, to protect her. This appeal to his enemy so increased the count's wrath that he gave orders to have her burned in front of the castle.

Manrico, known as the troubadour, was making preparation for his wedding with Leonora on the morrow when word reached him from his sentinels that a gypsy woman was about to be executed before the enemy's camp. Suspecting that the victim was his mother, he called about him a squad of his bravest followers and valiantly sallied out to rescue her, but despite their desperate fighting his small band was defeated and he himself made a prisoner. The following day Castellor capitulated and the count confined his captives in the prison attached to the palace, among the prisoners were Manrico and Azucena, both of whom the count determined should be executed promptly, but just before the time fixed for sacrificing the two unfortunates, Leonora suddenly appeared before Count di Luna and offered to marry him if he would release Manrico. For such a price the count consented and Leonora was admitted to the dungeon from which she hoped to lead Manrico forth to liberty. Resolved in her mind to wed death rather than be bride of the count, she concealed a potent poison in her ring, and thus armed against mischance she entered the prison. Manrico refused to accept the proffer of his release, believing it was made through some infamous compact with the count, and in bitterness he accused Leonora of betraying his affections. Leonora, broken-hearted, despairing, swallowed the fatal draught, by which act Manrico understood how great had been her sacrifices, but though he bewailed his doubts and prayed forgiveness for his injustice, he could not save the life of her who died for love of him. The count entered the prison at this moment and comprehended at a glance the ruse accomplished by Leonora to secure the release of her lover.



Determined to defeat her purpose he gave orders that Manrico be taken hence and executed in front of the prison. Azucena has been lying in a stupor in one corner of the dungeon during this painful interview, and the count now seizes her rudely by the arm and drags her to the window, where she is made to be a witness of her supposed son's death. As the axe descends, severing the head of Manrico, the gypsy triumphantly divulges the secret which she has kept so well, by declaring to the horror-stricken count: "Manrico is thy brother! Mother, thou art avenged!"

Act I.—The opera begins with a night scene, showing the vestibule of the palace of Aliaferia, which leads to the apartments of the Count di Luna. Ferrando, an old servitor of the house, and several servants, are lying on the ground before the door, while armed men are seen pacing back and forth in the background. As the servants are nodding, Ferrando commands them to rise up and be more watchful lest they be discovered neglecting their duty by the count, who often passes whole sleepless nights under the window of his lady-love. With some impatience, one of the servants ventures to remark that the count would not be roving around at late hours of the

night if it were not for the venom of jealous doubt that has entered his bosom. "Aye, it is true," replies Ferrando, "this minstrel knight who, in the garden, sings with his lute at midnight, seems a rival not idly dreaded."

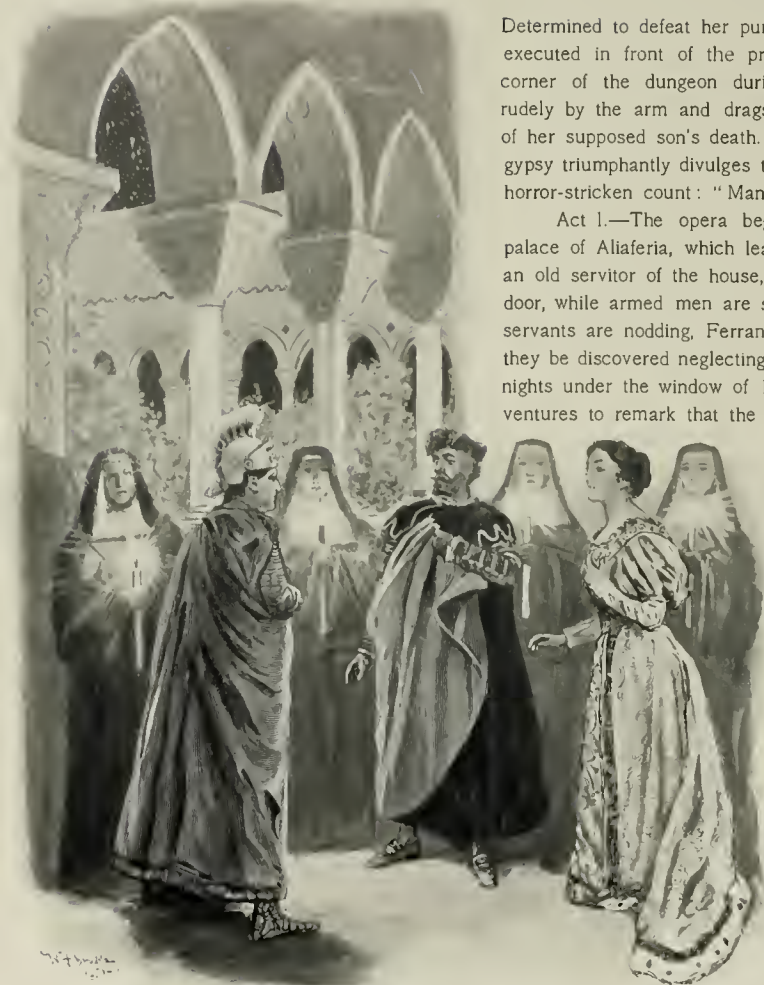
Another servant requests Ferrando to dispel the sleep that hangs upon their eyelids by relating the truthful tale of Garzia, late brother to Count di Luna, whereupon complying, Ferrando, in a ballad, describes the unhappy event that brought the old count to an untimely grave through grief; of how Garzia, one of his two infant boys, was bewitched by a gypsy hag as he lay in his cradle, and pined constantly thereafter despite all care and medication; that to avenge this crime the count sought the gypsy, and when she at length was found, by dread decree he condemned her to be burned. But while the hag was being consumed at the stake the sickly Garzia was stolen, and when search for the lost child was diligently made, the bones of an infant were found among the embers, which none may doubt were those of the babe sacrificed to the vengeance of the gypsy's daughter. But even though

the proof seemed plain, the count had a secret presentiment

that his son still survived, and, therefore, on his death-bed he charged his remaining son, now the count, to instigate a persistent search to determine if Garzia be dead or living. All the years of seeking have failed to disturb the general belief that the child perished in the fire, nor has the gypsy's daughter been seen since that fatal day. The listeners are deeply interested, and with show of great earnestness ask if the gypsy who stole the child could be recognized should she be found after so long an interval? Ferrando has no doubt that he would know her, though it is believed that for her crime she is doomed to wander, her soul accursed, and that as a witch she has often been seen careering over housetops in changing forms; that one night she came to the count's window in the form of an owl, and gazed on him fiercely with eyes brightly flaming, and when the midnight bell struck the doleful hour, she uttered a screech of anguish that seemed to terrify all nature. At this moment a bell tolls the hour of midnight, and the servants hasten towards the door, as the soldiers disappear in the background.

Scene II.—As the soldiers and servants retire, Leonora, a duchess, lady in waiting to the Queen, appears in the garden, attended by Inez, her maid, who tries to persuade her mistress to come in out of the night air and answer the Queen, who has called for her. Leonora disregards the entreaties of her maid, pensively lamenting that another night has passed since she saw the one she loves so dearly. Inez now begs her to tell how the secret spark first became

"Do souls departed thus return
From death's domains eternal!"



kindled, whereat, glad to speak of her love, to find a willing ear for her tender plaint, Leonora tells her it was at the tourney she first saw his matchless face, and marked the grace of his person, clothed in dark but rich vestments, without device his shield or banner bearing; an unknown knight he came, but most valiantly did he bear himself till the lists were ended and he was victor over all; that it was her own hand that laid upon his brow the crown he won so gallantly; but soon a war breaking out he disappeared, like a golden vision faded, leaving naught but a dear remembrance. The months went by, when on a night as the moon rose full and beaming, a sweet voice, with lute softly playing, was heard beneath her window, and as her name was often pronounced, she stepped upon the balcony when, with rapture great, she beheld in the troubadour below the unknown knight who has engaged her heart and opened heaven to her view.

Inez is alarmed by the intensity of her mistress' passion, and beseeches her to forget him, but Leonora replies in a tender song, "Of love like this how vainly," etc. The two now ascend the broad marble steps to Leonora's apartments as the count comes upon the scene. Seeing a light in her room he expresses longings to declare his love, and starts up the steps resolved to make his amorous avowal to her, but suddenly pauses when the sound of a lute falls upon his ear and he hears the troubadour (Manrico) singing a soft romanza, "Lonely on earth abiding, warring 'gainst fate's cruel chiding," etc. The count turns, in a great passion of jealousy, and wraps himself in his cloak as Leonora reappears, lured by the voice of the troubadour. She perceives first the count, but in the uncertain light mistaking him for the troubadour who has captivated her heart by his minstrelsy and gallantry, she greets him joyously, exclaiming:

"More late than usual is thy coming.
Each moment have I counted
With heart and pulses beating! Al length
'Tis love filled with pity that brings thee to my arms!"

The troubadour rushes out of his concealment and calls her deceiver; but at this moment the moon emerges from behind a cloud, by the light of which Leonora discovers the figure of a masked cavalier, whom, notwithstanding his disguise, she recognizes, and falling on her knees she assuages his anger by protesting it is he alone that she loves and that she fancied her words of greeting were addressed to him. By this confession the troubadour is enraptured and he implores her forgiveness. The count, in a very fury of madness, thus brought face to face with his rival, to learn that Leonora loves another, calls him base wretch, and bids him show his face and reveal his name. When Leonora, aside, adds her request to that of the count's, the troubadour lifts his mask and boldly utters, "Behold! Manrico!" at which the count discovers that he is one of a band of traitors that is at war with the government. Manrico defiantly urges him to call the guards that they may help to bind and carry him away to execution, but the count challenges him to a combat with swords, that anger, rivalry, hate, may have settlement now. Leonora interposes as the two men utter their defiance, and out of respect for her presence and petitions they retire behind the bushes, each promising to slay the other, while Leonora, overcome with fear, falls fainting on the ground, thus concluding the first act.

Act II.—The second act opens with a scene that represents a ruined house at the foot of the Basque Mountains. The interior is exposed to view, in which a great fire is burning. The time is approaching dawn, Azucena, the gypsy woman whom Manrico supposes to be his mother, is seated near the fire. Manrico, wrapped in his mantle, is lying on a mattress, his helmet at his feet, but holding his sword, which he looks at fixedly. Around the two, in scattered groups, are several gypsies, who sing a joyous chorus in praise of their labors and the pleasures of a gypsy's life. They take up each a hammer and strike in regular measures upon anvils, the merry clink of which produces a weird music that makes their song one of the most effective numbers of the opera. Resting at length they call for bumpers of wine whereby to gain new strength and courage, and as the women



"Thy dark fate is already decided;
Doomed to perish, thy last hour is night!"

fill the rustic cups the gypsies resume their song. When again about to strike their anvils the men have their attention drawn to Azucena, who has begun to croon a strange air. They listen intently as she tells in her song of the burning of a woman, long ago, and when they ask her why she sings so mournfully, she declares the song is no more mournful than the event it describes; then turning to Manrico she murmurs, "Avenge thou me!"

Manrico is unable to understand his mother's mysterious injunction, that has often been made, and has never found courage to ask her for an explanation until now, when the other gypsies having departed in search of food in the neighboring town, the two are left alone. The opportunity has come at last, and when he begs her to relate the dark story, she complies by telling the particulars of that fearful crime by which her mother was burned alive at the stake. Lowering her voice, as if in terror of her own dreadful deed, she describes how, to avenge her mother, she stole the count's child and hurled her victim into the flames that were yet fiercely burning, but that in her madness, little reckoning what she did, by fatal mistake she threw her own infant into the fire and unconsciously spared the one she would have sacrificed. Overwhelmed by the recollection of that awful error, she falls back fainting. Manrico is for a few moments mute with horror, then gasps aloud: "Am I not thy son? Reveal to me, I pray, who am I?" With effort to amend her confession, she assures him he is her own dear son, and reminds him how she proved her devotion by seeking him on the battlefield at Petilla, and finding him there nigh unto death she carried him home and nursed his wounds like a patient mother, tender and true. With noble pride Manrico tells her those wounds were all received in his breast, and were given him in the dark by the dastardly Count di Luna, who attacked suddenly with all his troops. "Such were the thanks," Azucena answers, "which the villain did repay you for sparing his life the night when, in the dual combat, thou didst blind him, and held him at thy mercy." Manrico himself wonders what power it was that arrested the death-blow he would have given his enemy, and in a charming aria describes the encounter, "Heaven addressed me with a loud, commanding cry, 'Spare thy foe!'"

Revengefully, passionately, Azucena charges Manrico that if he should meet his rival again to hearken to her command and show no mercy, but to the handle send his sword through the monster's cruel heart. At this moment the sound of a horn is heard, which Manrico answers with a blast of his own, and a courier arrives bearing a message from his prince commanding Manrico to repair at once to the defence of Castellor, and informing that this very day Leonora, believing him dead, will assume the veil in a convent near that fortress. At this news Manrico becomes impatient of delay, and bids the messenger bring a horse quickly that he may away to guard Castellor and reveal himself living to Leonora. Azucena grasps his coat and implores him to stay, nor act rashly, but he answers:

"Ah, release me, mother, I pray thee!
Woe betide if here I stay me!
Thou wilt see thy son, extended
At thy feet, with grief expire"



"No more sad indeed than the mournful story
From which it draws its dreary burden.
Avenge thou me!"

But Azucena, anticipating some direful result to follow his impetuosity, protests that she will not permit his going, for every drop of blood he loses must flow from her own wounded heart. Her petitions, however, are vain, for declaring that heaven and earth combined are powerless to restrain him, he rushes away.

Scene II.—The audience is next introduced to a night scene in the cloister of a convent near Castellor. The count, Ferrando, and followers, advance cautiously, enveloped in their cloaks. The convent bell rings, at which signal the count posts his men in the shadows beside a path which Leonora must take on her way to the chapel. Making no doubt that his designs will be accomplished, that he will forcibly seize and conduct Leonora to the altar, he sings an air extolling her graces and revealing his burning passion, "Of her smile, the radiant gleaming," etc. At the conclusion of his song the nuns are heard chanting, and as their voices die away Leonora, weeping, issues from the convent, accompanied by her faithful maid, Inez, and female followers, to whom she thus makes a declaration of her grief in song:

"Oh, dear companions:
No fond smile, no hope to cheer me:
No flower remaining on earth for me!
Now must I turn unto Him, the whole support
Of those in affliction, and after days of prayer and penitence,
I may haply rejoin my lost beloved one
With the blest in heaven. Restrain thy weeping.
To the altar now lead me."

As she is about to take farewell of Inez to become bride of Christ, the count emerges from his concealment, and seizing her, firmly declares that no altar waits her save the one hymeneal, whither he will now conduct her. His infamous purpose is arrested by the sudden appearance of Manrico, whose coming, like a phantom, disconcerts the count, but rejoices Leonora, who looks upon him as a heaven-sent defender. Manrico quickly assures them that he is neither angel nor goblin, but one whose life has been spared that he may confound the guilty and save a noble woman from the loathsome embraces of a villain. Ferrando and followers take this interference as an evidence of heaven's opposition to their plans, but the count persists in retaining Leonora, until Manrico calls to Ruiz and his soldiers, without, who rush in and disarm the count, who is then driven away, while Manrico and Leonora retire to Castellor, thus concluding the second act.

Act III.—When the curtain rises again it is to show the Count di Luna's camp near the fortress of Castellor, which he, with a stout army, is besieging. In the scene are many soldiers, some playing at dice and others performing their appointed duties in camp. As Ferrando comes out of the count's tent a soldiers' chorus greets him, which is interrupted by a blast of trumpets announcing the arrival of another company, and their forces thus increased Ferrando tells his soldiers that at dawn on the morrow they must attack the fortress. The men are joyful at prospect of the booty that will soon be theirs, and while boasting of their prowess, the count steps out of his tent to ask the meaning of a tumult which he has just heard. Ferrando answers him that a gypsy woman was surprised loitering about the camp, who, trying to escape, has been arrested by the sentinels as a suspected spy. Quickly following this information Azucena, with hands bound together, is brought before the count. She cries for help and begs to know of what she is accused. The count questions her closely as to her object in visiting the camp and whence she comes. To these inquiries Azucena replies that it is the custom of the gypsies to wander without purpose wherever fancy leads, and that Biscalia, amid its wild, barren mountains, was, till of late, her abode, where she lived contented with an only son, her hope remaining, but who is now, alas, parted from her.

Ferrando believes he recognizes her features, and has suspicions that Azucena is the gypsy who stands charged with abducting and burning the old count's child. The count interrogates her sternly as to her life, and asks if she does



"Mother, tender and true,
Hast thou not found me ever!"

not remember of an infant, son of a noble, stolen from his castle many years ago. An ill-concealed terror shows itself in the gypsy's manner, which Ferrando noting, now declares she is the guilty wretch who that dark crime committed. Savagely Azucena denies the accusation and, as she is being more firmly bound, she despairingly cries:

"And com'st thou not,
My son Manrico, to release me?
Thy unhappy mother now to aid and succor?"

When the count learns through her distress that she is mother of his enemy, he gleefully contemplates the savage vengeance which he will take in punishing a spy, at the same time avenging a brother's dreadful death and torturing his rival by making him a witness of his mother's torment. Therefore does the count command that she be burned in full view of the fortress, which shall be a foretaste of the punishment that awaits her in the infernal world. By the count's orders the wailing woman is dragged away and he retires within his tent, followed by Ferrando.

Scene II.—The succeeding scene represents a hall adjoining the chapel of Castellor, with a balcony in the background. Manrico, Ruiz and Leonora are on the stage, talking of the assault which they clearly perceive is about to be made upon the fortress by the count's army. Manrico tries to reassure Leonora, whose fears are great, and dispatches Ruiz to examine the defences and to prepare to make a desperate resistance. Leonora ruefully contemplates the sombre prospects attending their wedding, at which Manrico seeks to cheer her with promise that present evils are but forebodings of the supreme happiness soon to be theirs through triumphs over opposing ills.

"But if, upon the fatal page
Of destiny impending,
I'm doom'd among the slain to fall,
'Gainst hostile arms contending,
In life's last hour, with fainting breath
My thoughts will turn to thee.
Preceding thee to heav'n, will death
Alone appear to me."

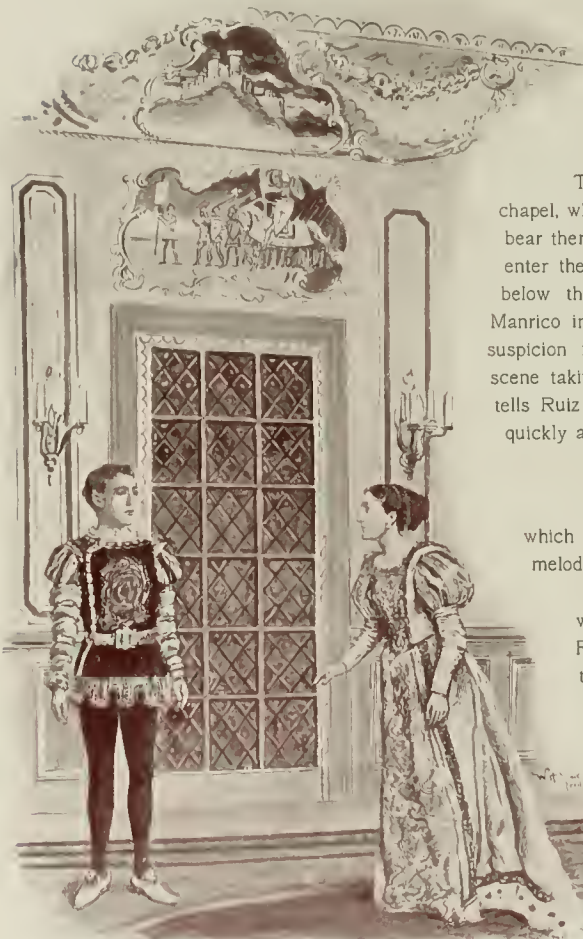
The mournful tones of an organ are now heard from the neighboring chapel, which Leonora joyously hails as the mystic tide of harmony that shall bear them on to holy love and blissful recompense. As the two are about to enter the chapel Ruiz enters hurriedly to inform Manrico that on the plains below the enemy is preparing to burn a gypsy woman at the stake. Manrico instinctively believes the victim must be his mother, which dreadful suspicion is confirmed when he goes to the balcony and looks upon the scene taking place below in plain view. Almost half fainting of horror he tells Ruiz that the victim is his mother, and orders him to collect his forces quickly and speed to the rescue. At this point Manrico sings a spirited aria:

"Of that dark scaffold those flames ascending,
Thrill through each fibre with maddening glow," etc.,

which has ever been the delight of great dramatic tenors, and for its fine melody the special favorite of charmed audiences.

Leonora, touched by Manrico's sorrow, tearfully laments that it were better to die than have the heart endure such cruel inflictions. Ruiz re-enters with soldiers and arouses them by thrilling utterances to defy the foe, at which Manrico dashes out to save his mother, followed by Ruiz and his men, and directly is heard the noise of clashing arms within, which exciting scene ends the third act.

Act IV.—The first scene of the final act represents a wing of the palace of Aliaferia, showing an angle in the tower lighted by a window secured by iron bars. The battle has gone against Manrico, who, having been made a captive by the count, is confined within the tower. It is night, and Leonora and Ruiz approach enveloped in



"The mystic tide of harmony
Within our hearts doth flow!"

cloaks, the latter softly indicating the room in which Manrico is confined. Leonora now dismisses Ruiz, begging he will feel no anxiety for her, though whatever betides she is resolved to make an effort to save her lover. When Ruiz withdraws she consoles herself with the provision which she had made to guard her honor, by a subtle poison carried safe within a ring she wears, which will give surcease of disappointed love if her plans miscarry. The knowledge of being near Manrico, even upon a desperate enterprise, fills her heart with emotion, to which she gives voice in a florid aria while gazing contemplatively upon a jewel she wears on her right hand:

"In this dark hour of midnight
I hover round thee near approaching,
Unknown to thee, love! Ye moaning breezes round me playing,
In pity aid me, my sighs to him conveying,
On rosy wings of love depart
Bearing my heart's sad wailing,
Visit the pris'ner's lonely cell,
Console his spirits falling,
Let hope's soft whispers wreathing
Around him comfort breathing," etc

Her mournful song, that reveals her great distress while striving to encourage another hopeless one, is hushed by a tolling bell, followed by a funeral chant from within, at which doleful sounds her heart sinks with failing resolution, until from the tower there comes floating upon the still night air the soft voice of Manrico, in a miserere:

"Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget, let me remember'd be,
Farewell, my love; farewell, Leonora!"

This beautiful number, rich, exquisite, melodious almost beyond example, never fails to enchant each listening ear, and produces an effect that may truthfully be pronounced magical. Under its powerful influence Leonora is nerved with fresh determination to accomplish her desperate purpose, and she answers:

"How can I ever forget thee?
Thou shalt see that more enduring
Love than mine, had ne'er existence
At the price of mine, now blighted,
Thy dear life will I defend,
Or again with thee united
To the tomb will I descend!"

"Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget; let me remember'd be."

Entrance of the count and his followers now follows, but hearing them coming Leonora stands aside, where unobserved by the count, she hears him order that at daybreak Manrico shall be beheaded and the mother be led to the stake. Having so commanded, he expresses surprise that Leonora has so strangely disappeared, his most diligent search failing to discover her, and he begins to grow suspicious of her designs.

Hearing her name spoken, and realizing that the fatal moment has arrived for final action, she advances and reveals herself to the astonished count, to whom she addresses an impassioned entreaty that Manrico's life be spared. The count rejects her prayer with a show of savage hate. "How? art thou raving? Mercy to him, my rival, show? My whole desire is for vengeance. Go!" Unable to touch his pity by her appeals for mercy, Leonora throws herself despairingly at the count's feet and pours out her agony in a powerful aria, "Breathless, thy feet may trample me, but spare the troubadour!" Still refusing, the vengeful count answers her beseechings with expressions of his bitter hate, which has grown a thousand times greater by reason of her pleadings for his rival. The count, obdurate beyond pity's power, is about to leave, to hasten the prisoner's doom, when, with hope to save her lover by sacrifice of herself, she extends her right hand to the count, and with anguish promises that if he will open the prison door and let the captive troubadour go free, she will be his bride. The count, astonished by the proposal, but rejoicing in the hope that she is sincere, asks Leonora to swear to fulfill the bond, which she performs by calling heaven to be witness to her vow. He cannot doubt the promise made by Leonora, and his eagerness is so great to possess her hand even when heart cannot

be given, that exulting in his new hope of happiness he calls a jailer, in whose ear the count gives an order that Manrico shall be set at liberty. Having thus performed her sacrifice of heart, Leonora now resolves to complete the oblation by offering her life; she, therefore, sucks the subtle poison from her ring, saying softly, "A cold and lifeless bride thou wilt have me!" The count turns to her after she has swallowed the fatal potion, and tells her that his foe shall live, at which, in an aside, her eyes filled with tears, Leonora recites:

" Shall live! Oh, heav'n! this boundless joy
Too great it is for words' expression,
But from my throbbing, panting heart
Flow thanks in grateful confession!
Unmov'd, my fate I now await;
Rapture, thus life completing,
With dying breath repeating:
Thou'rt saved from death through me!"

The count felicitates himself upon his conquest, upon his victory over a hated rival, at having won her for whom his heart has yearned with passion beyond controlling, and admonishing her to remember her oath, the two enter the tower.

In Scene II the audience is introduced to a gloomy dungeon, in the dim light of which Azucena is perceived lying upon a mattress and Manrico seated near her. Solicitously he keeps watch, and grieves that she cannot sleep because of the chilly damp of the prison. Tossing with woe unutterable on her grimy pallet, Azucena exclaims, "No! no! 'tis not the flesh that suffers, but from this living tomb I would escape forever!" Manrico thinks she longs for freedom, and his helplessness to aid her increases his despair. Observing his agony, born of his devotion and madness, she half rises from the foul mattress and begs him to feel less distress, since tyrants, however cruel, cannot long oppress her, for the finger of death has already left its impress on her brow, and when the villain comes to claim his victim he will find here but a lifeless form, merely a skeleton!

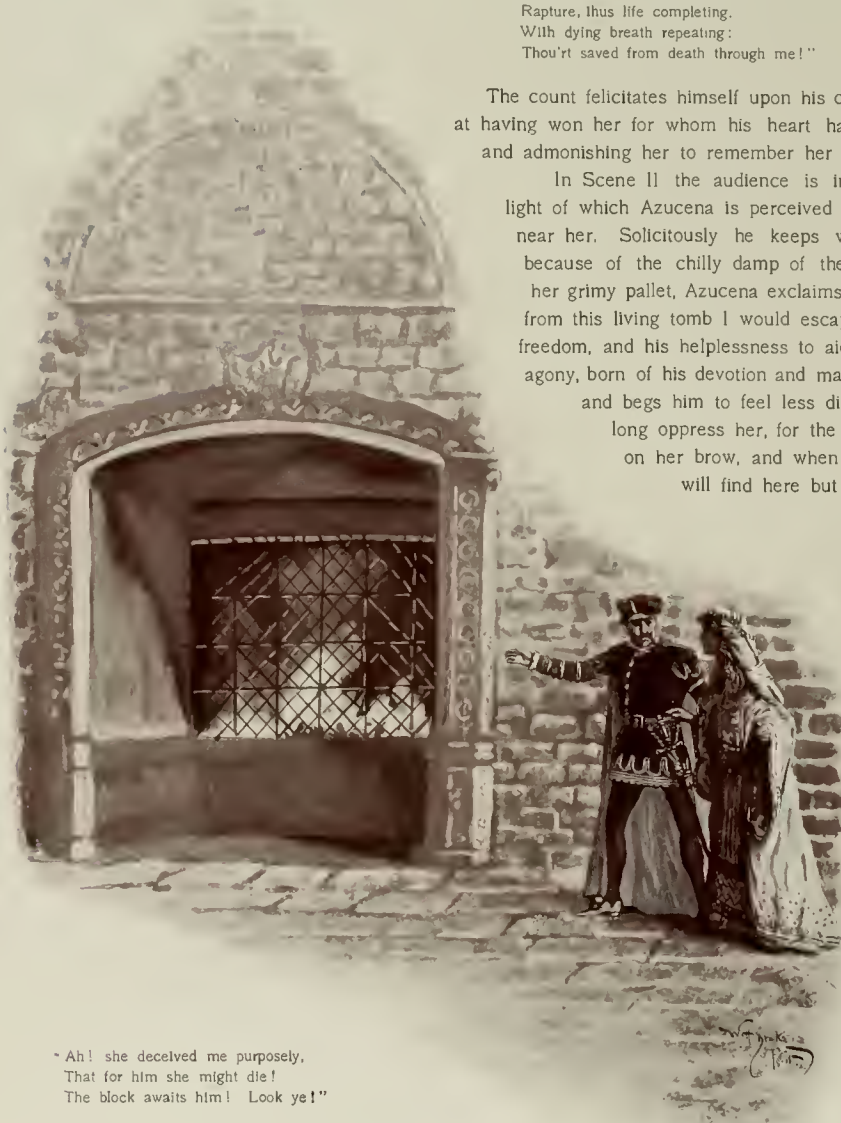
The suffering that she has endured, the life-anguish and the blow impending, have at last broken the instrument of reason and left stealing death playing upon the jangled strings of intelligence. Fitfully, therefore, does the mind of Azucena wander; she draws back in terror at imagined sounds of approaching footsteps; she sees the scaffold, and a bloody expiation of her deed, and raves of the fire that devoured her mother:

" Mark how the abhorrent flames curl!
Round her they madly cling! her hair consuming,
Now streams upward to heaven!
Observe the glaring eyeballs
From their orbits protruding. Ah! who has brought me
To behold this dread vision?"

Outraged nature can bear no more, and after raving of the horrors that have filled her life with inextinguishable woe, she falls convulsed in the arms of Manrico, who tries to

" Ah! she deceived me purposely,
That for him she might die!
The block awaits him! Look ye!"

To death delivered! Look ye



soothe her with gentle words, and conducting her back to the mattress, upon which he lays her tenderly, there follows a duet between the two, "Yes; heavy woes and fatigue oppress me," etc., upon which Verdi lavished his musical skill with effects charming, seductive, thrilling and magical that are unfading to all who hear it.

Scene III.—As Azucena yields herself to sleep, Manrico is kneeling beside her when Leonora enters, pale and unsteady. Manrico startles, scarcely believing his senses, but being assured it is no fantasy born of his troubled brain, he rapturously greets her as a blessed comfort come to ease his death, now near at hand. With weakening voice she bears him news that he shall not die, as she will save him. Manrico, more surprised by her words than by her sudden appearance in his cell, begs to know her meaning, but she answers, "Farewell, love! Let naught delay thee; depart now quickly!" He starts towards the open door, but pauses to find her motionless "Wilt thou not come with me?" he wonderingly inquires. "No, I must here remain," she answers, and endeavors to force him to take his leave. At this action a dark suspicion is conceived by Manrico that she has obtained the promise of his freedom at the cost of her honor; that she has bartered a love once devoted to him to his hated rival; therefore, angrily, he demands an explanation. Poor Leonora, feeling her strength succumbing to the fatal poison, but steadfast in her resolution to save him at the price of her life, declares the injustice of his cruel suspicion, and still importunes him to depart while opportunity awaits, else not even heaven's protection may save him from a dreadful fate.

Azucena stirs on her wretched pallet and murmurs, in her sleep, of her mountain home, where freedom and peace invite, and where song with lute attending will lull to pleasant dreams. Leonora, unable to move Manrico by her entreaties, falls at his feet, at which he rudely repulses her, and when she appeals to him to mark the anguish that oppresses her, he more savagely spurns her, saying, "Go! I hate thee now; may curses blight thee!" Her fading voice, in feeble accents now, utters tremblingly:

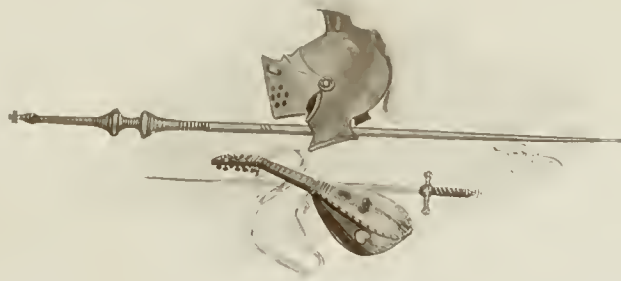
" Ah! cease reviling.
Curse me no more, but raise thy thoughts
To heaven in prayer for me
At this dark moment!"

Manrico, now alarmed at her condition, and feeling a chill coursing through his bosom that admonishes him of his injustice, hastens to lift her up, whereupon, with eyes of loving sacrifice and gasping breath, she looks tenderly into his face, and tells him that the poison she has taken has sped more quickly than she intended, that death's icy hand has already seized her, but sooner than live, another's bride, she has sought his cell that she may die near him. Manrico now realizes how cruelly he has wronged her, spurning a love that angels might envy, and reproaches himself as an insensate unworthy longer to live, and yet unfit to die.

The count steps upon the threshold at this moment and hears Leonora's last words, which are very feebly spoken:

" Behold the moment! I'm dying, Manrico!
Now, Heav'nly Father, pardon me, I implore thee."

He discovers in this dying scene the deception that has been practiced upon him by Leonora, and his vengeful passions break forth afresh to be wreaked upon his rival. Loudly he calls his soldiers to carry Manrico to the headsman's block. This order is obeyed with alacrity. Manrico goes willingly to his death, and as he is being led away, he gives his farewell parting to his mother. Azucena rouses herself and implores the count to stay his action and hear her, but his anger permits no delay in glutting his vengeful purpose, and dragging the miserable gypsy woman to the window, he bids her look and tremble, as the axe severs the head of Manrico. With a cry of horror Azucena informs the count that the unhappy victim is his own brother, and falling near the window she exclaims with her last breath: "Thou art avenged, O mother!"





CARMEN.

MUSIC BY BIZET.—WORDS BY HALEVY AND MEILHAC.



ARMEN, one of the most popular operas in the modern repertory, is an adaptation from the romance bearing that title by Prosper Merimée, first produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, March 3, 1875, before a large and thoroughly appreciative audience, that manifested its admiration by extraordinary demonstrations of delight. The scenes of the action are laid in Seville and vicinity, about 1820, and open in a public square of that ancient and splendid city, where a troop of soldiers, under command of Brigadier—a sub-lieutenant—Morales, are gathered before a guard-house waiting the appearance of the girls that work in a cigar factory near by. While the soldiers sing a chorus, Michaela, a village girl, timidly appears and inquires for Brigadier Don Jose, who not being present to receive her message, she is about to retire, when Morales stops her and suggests that she tarry a while, until Don Jose returns, who will presently come, no doubt, with the relieving guard. She cannot be persuaded to remain, however, and as she goes out a military march of fifes and drums is heard in the distance, followed quickly by the arrival of the relief guard, among whom is Don Jose. A bevy of cigar girls now pass by on their way to work, among whom is Carmen, the prettiest and most heartless of flirts, who to attract Don Jose's attention, plucks a rose which she wears in her bosom, and coquettishly throws it to him, which arouses in him a sudden passion that he vainly tries to understand. As the girls pass on to their work, Michaela, to whom Don Jose is engaged, returns and delivers her message, almost at the same instant a sudden disturbance is heard in the factory, and it is learned that Carmen has seriously wounded a girl with whom she has quarreled. It devolves upon Don Jose to arrest her, and to question her as to her guilt. She insolently refuses to give information, so Don Jose pinions her hands and leads her away towards the prison, but she contrives to so fascinate him that he connives at her escape.

The second act is played at the road house of Lillas Pastia, where Carmen, who has returned to her gypsy life, is found singing and dancing with several companions. Escamillo, a famous bull-fighter, here comes upon the scene, whose appearance is so imposing, and his manner so charming, that Carmen falls in love with him. Carmen has persuaded Don Jose to join a band of smugglers, and she waits his arrival at the tavern. As Escamillo retires Don Jose enters, but is presently summoned by trumpet call, which he refuses to answer. An officer then appears, to compel him to return to his military duties, but Carmen calls the gypsies, who at her request overpower the officer, and Don Jose makes his escape to the mountains.

In the beginning of the third act a wild, rocky retreat is shown, the haunt of the gypsy smugglers, and Carmen, tired now of Don Jose, is showing some irritation at his passionate entreaties. The smugglers leave, one by one, and Escamillo enters, at sight of whom Don Jose is inflamed with jealousy. The two are upon the point of engaging in a duel with knives, but are separated, at which Escamillo invites his enemy and Carmen to a bull-fight that is soon to take place at Seville, and then takes his departure. Don Jose bitterly upbraids Carmen for her faithlessness, but his anger is restrained as Michaela appears, who has sought him in this outlaw retreat to beg him to accompany her to the bedside of his dying mother, which filial duty he obeys.

The next and last act is played in Seville, which is in holiday decorations, for it is the day that Escamillo is to fight in the bull-ring. Carmen appears in the company of the toreador, gay and coquettish, although she is warned against Don Jose, who is



searching for her. At sound of the trumpet, Escamillo, attired for the combat, enters the circus, and is about to be followed by Carmen, when Don Jose suddenly confronts her, and appeals to her to give him some token of her love, reminding that he has sacrificed everything and become an outlaw for her sake, persuaded by her promises, and allured by her encouragements, but she scornfully rejects him, and finally throws the ring he has given her upon the ground. Stung to desperation by jealous fury, Don Jose flashes a dagger from his sash, and as shouts from the people acclaim Escamillo's victory in the arena, he buries it in her perfidious bosom.

Act I, Scene I.—The opera opens with a pretty view of a large square in Seville, on the right of which is the gate to a tobacco factory, and a bridge that spans the stage at the back. In front is a guardhouse, before which is to be seen a group of soldiers smoking and chatting, while people pass to and fro through the square. The action begins with a chorus, followed by the appearance of Michaela in a blue petticoat, and with hair falling over her shoulders. She



"May death be mine if this heart holds other love than thine!"

hesitates at sight of the soldiers, whereupon Morales encourages her to draw near, and asks for whom she is searching. She answers demurely that her quest is for a brigadier called Don Jose. Consulting his soldiers a moment, he tells her that such an officer is not known to him, but as she is about to withdraw, he invites her to remain until the relieving guard appears, as Don Jose may be commandant of dragoons now on their way here, to arrive directly. She bashfully refuses his urgings to enter the house, but promises to come again when the new guard appears.

Scene II.—The sounds of fifes and trumpets are heard approaching, and soon enters a body of troopers, followed by a band of street gamins, who imitate the step of the soldiers, and sing a merry song of when they will join the army. Don Jose is last to enter, and is accosted by Morales, who tells him of the visit, a few moments before, of a charming young girl, so describing her that Don Jose perceives it must have been Michaela. The trumpets now sound

again as the relieved guards resign their posts and march away, to the accompaniment of martial music and a stirring chorus. The new guards place their lances in the rack, and then retire, leaving their captain and Don Jose alone.

These two engage in conversation about Michaela, of her grace and worth, and Don Jose confesses that he is not only in love with her, but that her beauty is incomparable. While they are thus talking, the factory bell rings, calling the girls to their work

In Scene IV the square fills rapidly with young men, drawn by curiosity to see the passing cigar girls. The soldiers enter from the guardhouse, but Don Jose does not stir from his seat, where he is trying to repair his sword-chain. A troop of girls file by him on their way to the factory, cheerily singing as they puff smoke from their cigars and compare it to the words of love often spoken in their willing ears. Don Jose takes no notice of their presence until in Scene V Carmen, or Carmencita, as she is called, the most graceful and seductive of amoretts, appears with an acacia flower in her mouth, and a bouquet in her bodice. Several young men surround and speak to her, asking when she will be in love, to which she answers: "Perhaps never; perhaps to-morrow, but not to-day." Don Jose looks at her with some admiration, but quickly resumes his work at mending the chain. Probably to gain his more particular attention, Carmen pauses to sing a mysterious air, "Ah! love thou art a willful wild bird," etc. The young men again appeal to her for some token of her favor, but she makes her way through the circle of admirers, and approaching Don Jose, flings her bouquet at him, at which brazen act he starts up abruptly, and the young men laugh loudly at his surprise. The factory bell rings again, and all the girls run away with Carmen, leaving Don Jose alone. In Scene VI he marvels what so saucy an act signifies, but taking up the flowers he smells them, and in the subtle odors finds an intoxicant that fascinates, and discovers a witchery he cannot understand. While thus pondering, and acknowledging that his heart is half beguiled, in Scene VII Michaela appears, and Don Jose affectionately greets her. She comes with a message from his mother, and also brings some money. Don Jose asks if she has not brought something else, and being pressed to tell, Michaela, blushing, answers that his mother bade her convey this letter with her prayers and love, and to give him a kiss, which she modestly bestows by standing on tip-toe to reach his lips. After a moment of silence, the two render a serious, but tender duet, "My home in yonder valley," etc.

At the conclusion of the song, Don Jose looks pensively towards the factory, contemplating the lovely stranger within, feeling the shaft shot into his heart with the flowers that

Carmen cast at him, he mysteriously asks:

"If by any chance I fall a prey to evil power,
In thy abode afar, dear mother, thou'lt save me,
And in thy kiss I may not fail to find
A guardian angel ready to protect me"

Michaela, alarmed at his manner and strange speech, implores him to explain his thoughts, but he answers evasively, and diverts her mind by begging her to tell him about his mother, and to bear back to her a kiss in exchange for the one she brought. Don Jose takes his mother's letter and begins to read it, at which Michaela retires, but promises to return again.

In Scene VIII Don Jose, having read the letter, and reflected a moment on its contents, speaks thus to himself:

"Fear not, O mother, thy Jose
Will obey thee; do as thou desirest.
I love Michaela; she shall be my wife.
And thy flowers, hateful witch—"

But at the moment he is about to take the bouquet from his vest, where he had placed it, a loud disturbance and outcry is heard in the factory, and an officer, followed by soldiers, rushes out to inquire the cause of the uproar. Many cigar girls, betraying great confusion,



"To my heart direct the flowers came
As if a pummet struck me."

"Ah, love thou art a willful wild bird,
And none may hope thy wings to tame."

come thronging onto the stage calling for help, one saying, "It was Carmencita," and another declaring, "It was not." The first group draw the officer towards them to give explanation of the affair, but he is quickly pulled away by another party who insist on relating their version, until unable to get true report of the trouble from the excited girls, the officer sends Don Jose, with two soldiers, into the factory to make an investigation.

Scene IX.—After a brief disappearance, Carmen appears at the factory door in charge of Don Jose, who reports to the officer that there has been a fight between two girls, and one of them has been badly wounded in the encounter. Pressed to know by whom, Don Jose says the guilty one is Carmen; but when requested to answer the charge, and to give explanation of her act, Carmen insolently disregards the officer's command by singing mockingly:

You may cut, you may burn,
No reply will I make
Steel and fire alike I defy!
Nor can angel or demon compel me!"

The officer rudely tells her if she will not tell the truth, she shall finish her song in prison, and a rope is called for with which to bind her hands. She does not abate her impertinence before this prospect of going to prison, but continues singing, insolently and defiantly, as if indifferent to what may be done with her, even while two soldiers securely tie her hands behind her back.

Scene X.—Carmen having been given into the charge of Don Jose, and all the soldiers withdrawn, she engages him in a coquettish way to tell her what he proposes to do with her. He frankly declares his intention to carry her to prison, as his duty requires him to do. She loftily assures him that in spite of orders, or of duty, he will for love of her do her bidding, whatever it may be, for

"The flowers I gave you a while since—
Know—those flowers were enchanted.
Throw them away 'tis no avail,
They have already done their work!"

Shocked by her impudence, and angered by her insolence, Don Jose commands her to say no more, but to remain silent and obedient to his orders. Her fascinations she begins by looking at him mysteriously, at which instinctively he cowers, as she breaks into song:

"Near by the ramparts of Seville
There I shall find Lillas Pastia" etc.,

in which she boasts of the many lovers she has had at her feet, but disdaining them all she has found another who will be complaisant to her wishes and meet her at the tavern and dance with her the seguidille.

Don Jose again commands her to be silent, but she naively asks, "Do you think I am addressing you? No, I am singing to myself, of a handsome officer who, if I liked, I could make very happy; an officer who is not a captain yet, only a brigadier, but over me has cast a spell, and to please me has found a way."

Confessing that he is completely bewitched, Don Jose loosens the cords that bind Carmen, and implores her to promise to him her love for that which he freely gives to her, but instead of replying to this passionate declaration, she continues singing, in a low voice, and seats herself on a stool with her now freed hands still behind her back. At this moment an officer enters with an order of commitment and commands Don Jose to take her away to prison forthwith. She thereupon, in an aside, tells Don Jose that at the proper time she will push him violently, at which he must fall upon the ground, and leave the rest to her.

At the word of command, Carmen places herself between two dragoons, with Don Jose at her side, and they start for the prison, stared at by a



"A kiss from thy mother
I give to thee, Jose—as I promised"

throng of young men and girls, who are kept from following by a file of soldiers. As the procession moves away, Carmen sings, jocularly, but with manifest interest:

"Love is still the lord of all;
For him no laws can fetters bear,
If thou lovest not, I love thee;
And, if I love thee, now beware!"

As Carmen and her custodians arrive at the foot of the bridge, she suddenly pushes Don Jose, who falls to the ground, and in the confusion thus caused she makes her escape. She stops a moment on the centre of the bridge, where throwing a cord over a parapet, she lets herself down and disappears, while the cigar girls that behold



"If thou me lovest not I love thee
And, if I love thee, now beware!"

her adventurous act surround the officer and laugh loudly at his chagrin, with which denouement the first act closes

Act II, Scene I.—When the curtain rises on the second act, it is to show the road-house of Lillas Pastia. Benches are set on the right and left, and dinner is being served to a large company of merry-makers. Among those present are Carmen, Frasquita and Mercedes, her gypsy friends, Morales and several officers. Two gypsies are seated apart playing a guitar, while two others dance the fandango, at which Carmen appears to be so interested that she ignores an officer who speaks to her, and suddenly rises to sing, "Ah, when of gay guitars the sound," etc., in which she is joined, in the refrain, by Frasquita and Mercedes, while others dance. The song grows more spirited, until the dance becomes rapid and violent, when Carmen, unable to restrain her excitement, leaps into the ring and trips her feet until, exhausted by her exertions, she falls on a seat panting for breath.

At this point Frasquita announces to the company the desire of Master Pastia to close the inn, as the hour is late, and the chief corregidor (town magistrate) is stern in enforcing the law. Some of the officers are quite willing to leave, but Morales is least inclined, determined to talk with Carmen, for whom he has conceived a passion. She is so indifferent to his protestations, treating his proposals with disdain, that he at length accuses her of being in love with the

young brigadier, who for permitting her to escape, was put in prison, from which he has only this day been released. The interview is interrupted by a song in the distance, at which an officer goes to a window, and looking out, discovers by a torchlight a person approaching, "who looks like a victor in the circus at Granada." The visitor, who soon enters (Scene II), proves to

be Escamillo, the toreador, whose bravery every one in Spain is applauding. He joyfully greets the company, and entertains them with the famous toreador song, "Toreador, e'er watchful be," etc., the most popular number of the opera, and one of the best known because most frequently played airs of the street. Between the verses Carmen fills Escamillo's glass, and all drink, successively clapping the hand of the singer.

When Escamillo concludes his song, the officers are ready to leave, but now taking special notice of Carmen, he draws close to her and asks her name, that he may invoke it in the hour of peril. She,

affecting coyness, answers that she is called Carmen,

or Carmencita, whereat he proposes his love, but she is not to

be so easily won, understanding as she does the art of increasing admiration by refusing to make a quick surrender. He thinks her not too amiable, but is content to wait, at which, all eagerness herself, she gives him encour-

agement. Morales tries to persuade Carmen to leave the place with him, and when she refuses, he promises to return for her, though she tells him it will be in vain. Thereupon the doors of the tavern close, but leaving Carmen and two gypsy girls within, who listen to the song of the Toreador chorus as it dies in the distance.

Scene III.—The three gypsies being alone for a little while, they are visited presently by two smugglers, Dancairo and El Remendado, who come complaining of their bad luck, and request the assistance of the three girls to aid their plans, which seem to promise great profit. Two of the girls promptly proffer their services, but Carmen refuses, and when asked her reason for such decision she frankly admits that it is because she is in love, and that duty compels her to stay. This interview gives opportunity for introducing some pretty quartette and quintette numbers, that are familiar by being often heard as concert pieces.

The two smugglers desire to know for whom she is waiting, and she answers that it is for one that has shown a rare devotion, who for kindness to her has been sent to prison, and would cheerfully suffer even greater privations for her love. While they are thus talking, the voice of Don Jose is heard in the distance, who having learned of her retreat is coming to visit her. The smugglers watch him through the shutters, and regard him as a valuable recruit, if he can be induced to join them, which they leave it with Carmen to persuade him to do, and then retire.

Scene IV.—Scarcely have the smugglers and the two gypsy girls gone out, when Don Jose pushes open the door and rapturously greets Carmen, who returns his caresses and pities him for having laid in prison two months because of his gallantry and love of her. A passionate scene between the two, in which vows of devotion are made, is interrupted when Carmen tells him the officers were here a few hours before, and made her dance for their amusement. At this Don Jose shows great anger, and admits his jealousy, which she artfully assuages by offering to dance for him, that he may see how gracefully she accompanies herself. Don Jose seats himself in a corner, his eyes in fixed fascination upon her as she dances to the sound of castanets. While she is thus executing a seguidilla, a trumpet is heard sounding the retreat, which startles Don Jose, but Carmen pauses no longer than to express her satisfaction at having trumpet music to dance by. The call is now nearer, but falls away into faint echo, when Don Jose compels her to cease and learn that this trumpet sound is a summon to him to return to quarters, which he must obey, or else suffer, according to military discipline, punishment of disgrace, or even death, as a deserter. Instead of being touched by her lover's honor, Carmen refuses to accept his reason for leaving her, and assuming a haughty demeanor, she condemns herself for having



"Toreador, e'er watchful be,
Toreador, Toreador!"

danced so long for his diversion, prompted by the false belief that he loved her. He tries in vain to stop her complaint by declaring that ardor such as his was never felt for woman before; but his protestations only fire her with greater rage, until, throwing his cap, sabre, and pouch at him, she bids him leave her and go to his barracks, where he may find better amusement. He will not cease his efforts to further explain the imperative duty that calls him away, and seizing her arm, he compels her to stay, while with his right he opens his coat and takes from his bosom the bouquet she threw at him in the first act, and sings, "These flowers you gave to me," etc. Somewhat moved by his tender lay, Carmen tells him if indeed he loves her he will follow her up the mountains, beyond sound of the trumpet blast, and the command of officers, to a place where love directs.

Don Jose is at first stunned by her proposal, to submit to which will make him a deserter and cover him with infamy and disgrace, but when he refuses, she turns upon him again with fiercer aspect and commands him to leave her; that she loves him no longer since he proves himself so unworthy, and that now she has nothing to give but hate! Grief-stricken, Don Jose replies: "I go; farewell forever," but as he attempts to open the door a knocking is heard, and an officer, Morales, calls for Carmen, but is challenged by Don Jose; Morales bursts in the door, and thus rudely entering, bids Don Jose depart, at the same time offering himself as a more suitable person for Carmen's choice. Don Jose stoutly resents this insult, and when the officer strikes him he draws his sabre and a bloody fight is prevented only by the quick entrance of a band of gypsies responding to Carmen's call for help. As they run in, she orders them to seize Morales, which they do, and pointing their pistols at his head they force him to march away with them. Carmen now turns once more to Don Jose to ask, "And wilt thou now come with us?" Unable longer to resist her fascination, he consents to join her in leading a gypsy's life, whereupon she sings to him of the happiness that will henceforth be theirs, wandering the wide world over, which scene ends the second act.

Act III opens with a night scene, showing a wild, rocky spot in the mountains, a smugglers' rendezvous, the men appearing with bales of goods, and singing of the fortune that is sure to reward their next venture.

In Scene II Dancairo and El Remendado, the chiefs, go away, but the rest remain, and wrapping their cloaks around them, lie down on the ground to sleep. Don Jose mounts guard, and is watching from the rocks when Carmen accosts him to know at what he is gazing. Sorrowfully he answers that he was thinking of his mother, who will grieve to learn that he has entered upon such a dishonest life. Carmen has grown weary of Don Jose, her fickle nature not allowing her to concentrate her affections for any length of time, and she tells him that if so free a life does not please him he should return whence he came. Appealingly, he inquires: "To go from thee?" "Why certainly," is her chilly reply, at which, stung by her indifference, he places his hand on his knife and threatens to kill her if she repeats such suggestion. Carmen turns away and seats herself near Frasquita and Mercedes, who produce a pack of cards, by the use of which they proceed to tell their fortunes, and learn thereby that while a happy future lies before two of them, the third, who is Carmen, has an evil future and will meet a sudden death.

In Scene III the smuggler chiefs return with report that they find the coast clear for their purpose, if the girls will go before and distract the attention of the coast guards so as to permit passage of the contraband goods without detection. This affair Mercedes thinks she can successfully manage, by holding the officers at play until the bales are carried past the lines. All the gypsies now pass out, leaving Don Jose alone, who is busy examining his gun, when a guide appears on the rocks above and signals to Michaela that here is the haunt of the smugglers. A moment later Michaela comes upon the scene timidly looking for Don Jose, and singing, "I try not to own that I tremble," etc., wherein she tells of her purpose to find her lover and win him back to duty, away from the cruel beauty who, by



"The cards lie not; first to me, and then to him,
And then to both a grave!"

infernal arts, has lured him into a life of shame. While she is trying to attract the attention of Don Jose, a gun is fired, and in Scene V Escamillo enters, holding his hat, and remarks that had he been two inches taller the bullet would have been fatal to him. Don Jose demands to know his business, at which Escamillo, not suspecting that he is addressed by Carmen's lover, naively tells that he has fallen in love with a gypsy maiden who, he has learned, once loved a young soldier, but tiring of him she is now ready to accept the devotions of another. When questioned closely Escamillo admits that it is Carmen he seeks, and that she had a lover, so it is told, who was a dragoon that deserted his post of duty to follow her. Don Jose, roused by a jealous passion, draws his knife and Escamillo meets him with a similar weapon. The two place themselves in position for a fight to the death when Carmen rushes in and stays Don Jose's arm as he is about to strike, holding him until Il Remendado, Mercedes, Frasquita, and other gypsies come in, and prevent the men from renewing the duel. Escamillo expresses his thanks to Carmen for having saved his life, but promises Don Jose to meet him on another day, and try their fortunes. Having given his defiance, Escamillo invites all present to witness the bull-fight at Seville, on the coming Sunday, where he will act the toreador, and where she who really loves him will not fail to attend. Don Jose tries to attack him, but he is restrained by Dancairo and Il Remendado, who permit Escamillo to leisurely take his departure.

Don Jose looks wrathfully at Carmen, and cautions her to beware, but she shrugs her shoulders and moves away with a show of indifference. Michaela has remained concealed during this action, but as the smugglers are about to proceed upon their lawless mission, she is discovered and brought into their presence. Don Jose is both surprised and embarrassed by her coming, but summons courage to ask what has brought her to this place. In piteous tones she tells him his mother weeps and prays constantly for him, and that she bears a message from his dear mother requesting him to return to her. Carmen urges him to go quickly, that this life is ill-suited to him, but suspecting that her purpose is to more freely meet the toreador, he declares he will not sever the tie that binds them. The other gypsies join their entreaties that he leave them, but he still refuses, until Michaela at last persuades by telling him that his mother is dying, whose pardon awaits him if he will come to receive it. He cannot resist this pleading, or deny his mother's last request, and goes away with Michaela as the voice of Escamillo is again heard in the distance, singing, "Toreador, e'er watchful be," etc. Carmen watches Don Jose until he passes out of sight, while the gypsies take up their bales and proceed on their journey.

"Out with thy blade, and keep at bay;
Neither will quarter give."
"Tis agreed one must fall!"

Act IV.—The opening scene of the fourth act shows a square in Seville, at the back of which is the entrance to the Plaza di Toros (place of the bull), or circus, in which bull-fights take place. The entrance is shut in by a heavy curtain, before which is a throng of people waiting for the fight to begin, and street hawkers crying their wares. Two officers appear, accompanied by gypsy girls, for whom they buy oranges, fans and other articles, and the crowd being a merry one, many engage in a dance to the sounds of tambourines and castanets. This animated scene suspends upon the sound of trumpets that announce the approach of the band preceding the alguazil (constable) and toreadors, whose appearance is hailed with noisy demonstrations. Last to appear is Escamillo, gaudily costumed for the fight, with Carmen leaning on his arm, a picture of satisfaction and triumph. The people sing of the hero who will do wonders this day, until trumpets outside sound again to herald the coming of four alguazils, who precede the alcalde (mayor) and lead the way into the circus. Escamillo has passed in to take his place in the ring, leaving Carmen on the outside talking to some of her friends. Presently, Frasquita and Mercedes venture to tell her that Don Jose is somewhere in the crowd watching for her, nerved by a desperate jealousy that forbodes a terrible deed. Carmen laughs at their fears, and boastfully declares she will not stir upon his account. As her two friends draw apart, Carmen moves towards the circus entrance, but is stopped by the sudden appearance of Don Jose, who, with no show of anger, pleads with her to return to him, to give back the love she has received from him, to promise to follow him as he has

followed her. But she disdainfully tells him his hopes are vain; that she has ceased to regard him save as a stranger, and that all between them is now ended. He will not yet believe she is so heartless as to be insensible to his devotion and pleadingly he reminds her of the sacrifices he has made, the boundless love that he still feels, the blindness with which he has obeyed all her wishes, and implores her to soften her heart towards him; but his beseechings fall to change her obduracy, and she stops his entreaties by petulantly replying.

"No, no, no; Carmen will not consent,
Free was I born! free will I die!"

At this moment a blare of trumpets is heard in the arena proclaiming some daring feat of the toreador, which the people applaud in a triumphal chorus. Carmen tries to pass Don Jose and run in to see the toreador and add her acclamations, but Don Jose bars her way, and compels her to listen to his warning:

"That man they now so loudly applaud
To me thou dost prefer."

And in an agony of despair at prospect of losing her, he declares she shall not go! There is again a noise of trumpets and a shout of applause in the circus, with cries of "Victory! victory!" Carmen is impatient, and makes an attempt to push by him, but he refuses her passage, whereat in burst of anger she hurriedly removes the ring that he gave her from her finger and hurls it upon the ground. Desperate now beyond further control, Don Jose draws his poniard, and as the chorus break forth in song, "Toreador, e'er watchful be," he stabs her to the heart, and she falls dead at his feet. At this instant the curtain of the circus parts, and the crowd within come pouring out, at which Don Jose yields himself a prisoner, confessing that it was he that killed her. Escamillo now appears looking triumphant, as Don Jose throws himself on Carmen's body wildly exclaiming: "Oh, Carmen! my adored Carmen!" and the curtain falls upon this, the concluding scene of the opera.



JOSE STABS CARMEN, WHO FALLS DEAD.



A SKETCH OF BIZET.



BRIGHT light that illuminated the musical world, a glorious sun rising in the sky of musical creation, a genius of extraordinary promise, was extinguished by the death of Charles César Leopold Bizet, which occurred in Paris, June 3, 1875. Bizet, who was called by his friends Georges, was born in Paris, October 25, 1838, in what was a distinctly artistic atmosphere, for his father was a famous teacher of music, his mother a talented pianist, and his uncle, a really great musician, was founder of the Delsarte system. At a very early age, Bizet betrayed a fondness for music, which his parents encouraged by instructing him as soon almost as he was able to sit alone on a piano stool. As he progressed they gave him every possible advantage, so that he was prepared to enter the conservatoire, where he studied successively under Marmontel and Benoist. His interest was unflagging, and his advance rapid, being qualified to take up composition, under Halévy, when he was thirteen years of age, and at nineteen (1857) he won the Prix de Rome, the highest honors that are bestowed upon graduates of the Paris school of music. But almost one year before his graduation he composed an operetta entitled, "Docteur Miracle," that was so well thought of the manager of the Bouffes Parisiens gave it a production that was fairly successful.

Bizet applied himself energetically while in Rome, and upon his return he wrote "Vasco de Gama," from which he expected much, but was doomed to disappointment, for it was very coldly received, and was withdrawn after a few representations. His next work, "The Pearl Fishers," soon followed, but with no better success, which so discouraged him that it was not until 1867 that he gave the public another composition, "The Pretty Maid of Perth," followed quickly by an overture, "Patrie," and an interlude to Daudet's "L'Artesienne," afterwards published as two orchestral suites, which were well received, the last being introduced in America by Theodore Thomas, with much enthusiasm. In 1872 appeared "Djamileh," a rather weird, oriental creation that failed to please, though it was set with gems of melody; but the plot was poorly conceived, and the music generally too heavy. Besides these operas and interludes, he composed "Ivan the Terrible" (never performed), "Ossian the Hunter" (an overture), two movements of a symphony, and several songs, but it was not until the production of his "Carmen," in March, 1875, that he scored a genuine success. Previous to this Bizet was looked upon rather as an accomplished pianist than a composer, for he had not before given evidence of the creative genius that was within him. He was credited with remarkable, almost marvelous, powers for sight reading of orchestral scores, and also with possessing great originality, and other superior gifts, but though his talents were concededly great the musicians of his time had little expectation of him producing a truly great opera.

This opinion was suddenly changed on the first representation of "Carmen," which was immediately and universally hailed as the most melodic creation of any French composer since Gounod's "Faust." In a day Bizet stepped from the ranks of the commonplace to a position among the most distinguished of the age, where his fame, though resting upon a single composition, is secure for all time.

Bizet married the daughter of his old instructor, Halévy, who proved a great aid in encouraging his endeavors, for she was, through all his disappointments, the one faithful, persistent and confident nurse to his ambitions, which she never doubted he would attain. Her joy, therefore, at his success was exceeding great, but it was destined that he should not long taste the intense gratification that comes from hopes gained and desire accomplished, for on June 3, a little more than two months after the initial production of "Carmen," he was seized suddenly of heart disease, and died before help could be summoned.

Bizet became, during the last years of his life, a close student of Wagner, whose dramatic effects were especially appreciated, and the influence of this admiration is apparent in "Carmen," for it is essentially theatrical, in which indeed its interest is probably most largely found. But the music of "Carmen" is always delightful, picturesque, melodic, and descriptive, and it is entitled to rank with the most popular of the grand operas.



CHARLES CÉSAR LEOPOLD BIZET.





THE JEWESS.

MUSIC BY HALÉVY.—WORDS BY SCRIBE.

THE JEWESS is distinctively mediæval in color and sentiment, and intensely dramatic, almost to the point of being sensational, but the treatment by Halévy is masterly, though the libretto is often trivial and strained. The story was originally written for Rossini, but "William Tell" was submitted at the same time, and he made choice of the latter, believing it to be better adapted for lyric representation, and also preferable because of possible prejudices which "The Jewess" might excite. At this time Halévy was in comparative obscurity, notwithstanding he had won the prix de Rome, and was so well thought of that to him had been entrusted the completion of Hérold's unfinished opera, "Ludovic," which was produced in Paris, in 1834, with considerable success. By chance he learned of Scribe's lyric poem called "The Jewess," and being a Hebrew himself, and strong in the faith of his fathers, he asked to see it. So favorable was the impression produced, that arrangements were quickly made with the author, and Halévy set resolutely to work upon the score, which he completed in the latter part of 1834, and the opera was given at the Académie, Paris, February 23, 1835, with most extraordinary success. The opera had its first production in London, July 29, 1846, but was not heard in America until

several years later, when the German version was given, the same that was received with great popularity in Germany, where it has long been a prime favorite.

The action of "The Jewess" takes place in the early part of the fifteenth century, at Constance, a city which at present belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, located on the Swiss boundary at the south end of Lake Constance. It will be remembered that this city was the seat of the famous ecclesiastical council of 1414-1418, which consisted of twenty-six princes, one hundred and forty counts, twenty cardinals, twenty archbishops, ninety-one bishops, six hundred prelates, and four thousand priests, which, under the presidency of Emperor Sigismund, condemned to death the reformers Huss and Jerome of Prague, and expelled the three rival popes, John XXIII., Gregory XII., and Benedict XIII., and elected Martin V. as the legitimate successor of St. Peter. The opera, accordingly, concerns the bigotry and intense religious prejudices of that troublous period and place.

As the story recites, Leopold, a prince, but masquerading as a young Israelite, after returning from a war of conquest wins the heart of Rachel, reputed daughter of Lazarus, a wealthy Jewish goldsmith. He assumes the name of Samuel and represents himself as a painter, which he contrives to act successfully until an untoward circumstance reveals his identity, and Rachel discovers he is the lawful husband of Eudoxia, niece of the Emperor. Driven to desperation by his deception, Rachel publicly denounces him as a perfidious wretch, taking advantage of her trustfulness. The proof being clear, the cardinal excommunicates Leopold, but because she, a Jewess, has bestowed her favors



"Well, then, say what you wish,
You savage, cruel horde!"

upon a Christian, even though she believed her lover to be a Jew, he pronounces a malediction upon Rachel and her father. By sentence of the ecclesiastical tribunal Leopold, Rachel, and Lazarus are thrown into prison to await execution of the sentence of death that has been imposed. During this imprisonment Eudoxia prevails with Rachel to save Leopold, and so works upon her sympathies that the poor Jewess is finally persuaded, by the prayers of the lawful wife, to recant her accusation. This disavowal secures Leopold's release and he is sent into banishment for neglect of his wife, but Rachel and her father are thereupon put upon trial again, for conspiring against the life of a Christian, and being found guilty are condemned to be immersed in a caldron of boiling oil. Lazarus shows no fear when his dreadful sentence is declared, but conceives a means of being revenged upon the Cardinal who imposed the awful doom. The Cardinal has a strange interest in Rachel, thinking of her as one near to him on account of a slight resemblance which she seems to bear to his infant child, who, he believes, perished in the burning of his palace in Rome years before. To save Rachel from a fearful death the Cardinal promises to release her and Lazarus if they will publicly make confession of the Christian faith, but Lazarus resolutely refuses, although he makes bold

to tell the Cardinal that his child is yet living, but he will not explain how she was saved or where she may be found. This obstinacy so angers the Cardinal that he sends the victims to their death without further delay, but just as they are thrust into the boiling caldron, Lazarus, making sure of his revenge, reveals that Rachel is his daughter by adoption only, but is the real child of the Cardinal, saved from the burned palace in Rome.

The opera is characterized by several numbers that are especially grand, sometimes reaching the truly sublime. Of these there is to be noted in the first act the Cardinal's reply to Lazarus' hatred of Christians, Leopold's romanza, sung as a serenade to Rachel, the choral drinking song by the wine-flowing fountain, and the pageantry music, hailing the Emperor's arrival. In the second act is an impressive prayer at the Passover celebration, and two passionate and intensely dramatic duets between Leopold and Lazarus, followed by a grand terzetto that voices Lazarus' anathema.

A concerted number of magnificent power, in which the Cardinal pronounces his malediction, is the particular feature of the third act, devoted as it is chiefly to festivities and royal pageants. The fourth act is remarkable for a splendid and powerful duet between Lazarus and the cardinal, succeeded by a still more impressive scene, in which Lazarus welcomes death and hurls defiance at the enemies of his faith. The last act is spectacular and declamatory rather than melodious, leading up naturally to a thrillingly tragic conclusion, which is accomplished with superb effect.

Act I, Scene I.—The opening scene of "The Jewess" shows a square in the city of Constance, in the year 1414. On the right is a church, and on the opposite corner is the shop of a goldsmith. The church doors are open and many people are seen kneeling on the steps outside as sacred music calls them to their devotions. Near his shop Lazarus, and Rachel, his adopted daughter, are standing talking, when Leopold, in disguise, and Albert, an officer of the imperial guard, enter. They are greeted by a chorus, inviting all the faithful to lift their voices in hymns of praise, when Ruggio, first magistrate of the city, appears, escorted by guards, who demands to know what impious hand on this solemn day continues boldly to work in defiance of the law. The populace answer by pointing to Lazarus, whom they accuse as infidel and usurer that doth profane the day. At Ruggio's command his guards seize Lazarus to bear him away for



What audacity! The very temple threshold profaned by the feet of an infidel Jew.

punishment. Rachel clings to her father and implores for mercy, but Ruggio bids her make appeal to Cardinal de Brogni president of the Grand Council, who alone has power to grant remission of the Jew's offence.

Scene II.—In the following scene the Cardinal issues from the church, and seeing Lazarus and Rachel in custody of the officers, asks who they are and of what they are guilty? Ruggio replies that they are two infidels worthy of death for having defiled their hands by labor on this holy day. The Cardinal thereupon questions Lazarus, who confesses he is a Jew, and when the Cardinal recalls having seen him once before, Lazarus reminds him that he was not at that time a follower of the altar, but had a wife and child. De Brogni exhorts him to respect his hapless state, that though husband and father once, he is such no longer, for by the will of Heaven he has lost both wife and daughter.

Lazarus accuses the Cardinal of being a persecutor of the Jews, and when he would deny, Lazarus tells him fiercely, "Never have I forgotten that in those days from Rome thy stern voice pronounced my banishment!" Striving to conciliate his hatred, de Brogni replies in amiable speech, "I grant thee now full pardon; to liberty I restore thee; I will be thy brother, and though once I did expel thee I pray thy forgiveness now," and in a beautiful aria he calls God to bless the erring and to forgive those that hate our holy laws.

Rachel is touched by the tender expressions of love and clemency uttered by the Cardinal, but Lazarus is unrelenting, and declares his hatred can never abate. Ruggio interposes to suggest, that if gentleness be of no avail, terror and violence may be used to compel the Jew to cry for mercy.

Scene III.—The populace enter the square from all sides, and with them Leopold mingles, still in his disguise as a Jew, while in chorus they sing of the feast which they have come to celebrate:

"On every side a joyous sight,
Our hearts are filled with pure delight.
Behold how from the fountains flowing,
Wine gushes forth, its color glowing!
Our gracious sovereign we thank this day,
For bounty of wine to make us gay!
Come sing, rejoice, let your joy be great,
Our Emp'rор approaches in splendid state," etc.

Rachel shows some alarm at the gathering multitude, at which Lazarus takes her arm and leads her to the church, where he promises she will be safe. Ruggio is shocked by what he pronounces a desecration of their holy temple, at seeing a Jew thus impiously invading the most sacred shrine of Christians. His speech inflames the populace, who cry out in their anger, "Let them into the lake be plunged; they are of a cruel race, a vile, unfaithful tribe and haters of our creed." Thus menaced by the mob of infuriates, Lazarus draws his daughter closely to him and thus defies them:

"Well, then, gnash your teeth and say what you will.
Ye savages cruel as the imps of hell;
My life I offer up, my blood I'll waste;
Here with firm heart I wait your malignant hate."

By this daring challenge the populace are set in a frenzy, and declare such audacity is beyond the pale of pardon, and that the anger of Heaven demands that the two shall die. Discovering their peril Leopold rushes to the side of Lazarus and Rachel and drawing his sword he lustily exclaims to the howling mob:

"You base cowards, who thus insult
them,
Disperse, or this day shall be your
last."

Albert, of the Imperial Guard, recognizing Leopold as a prince of the empire, commands his soldiers to halt, as he contemplates with astonishment this bold attitude of the prince; but the



populace desist, and at the same moment the royal procession comes in sight, which in chorus the people acclaim, and declare that never before have they beholden a more magnificent sight of glittering armor, superb accoutrements, and resplendent faces of brave cavaliers. Rachel is impressed by the pageantry, and in her wonder she marvels what power Leopold possesses that the soldiers so promptly obey him, for to her he is only a Jew, whom the people might be expected to despise. Lazarus tries to persuade her that the power is from God, who makes the impious tremble. A duet now follows between Leopold and Rachel, in which she strives to penetrate the secret of her lover's influence and he entreating Heaven that she may not discover his identity as a prince. Albert, concerned for Leopold, whose secret he possesses, assists him in concealing it, and the act closes with a quartette, of great dramatic force, and a chorus of the populace glorifying the council and the Emperor.

Act II, Scene I.—When the curtain rises again there is shown the interior of Lazarus' house, and seated at a table, with Lazarus in the centre, are Rachel, Leopold, and several Jews and Jewesses celebrating the feast of the Passover, who begin the service with a solemn invocation to the Deity to expose the perfidious and to protect the faithful. The unleavened bread is distributed, which all take and eat, except Leopold, who secretly casts his piece under the table, but the act is perceived by Rachel, who is horrified thereby, yet restrains her impulse to expose his sacrilege. Lazarus offers up a fervid prayer, beseeching God to stretch His protecting hand above afflicted Israel, and to save his people from the terror of persecution. The prayer is interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and by voices demanding admission in the name of the Emperor.

The Jewish company show much excitement at the disturbance, but Lazarus, more composed than the rest, orders the sacred vessels to be put away, and then requesting Leopold to remain, he asks all the others to withdraw. Everything having been arranged to receive the visitor, whoever it may be, Lazarus now opens the door and to his astonishment finds a woman upon the threshold. Leopold trembles at beholding before him Eudoxia, his wife, but Lazarus does not know her and, therefore, requests the purpose of her visit. She thereupon questions him of Leopold, whom she fails to recognize in his disguise, to which Lazarus answers that he knows him as a painter of great repute, but if so desired he will retire that she may speak more freely. Eudoxia replies that her visit is no secret, which the more confuses Lazarus, who wonders who she may be, sent by the Emperor, and attended by officers and many servants. To relieve his surprise she tells him she is niece of the Emperor, come to ask if he has not a splendid necklace, a holy relic once worn by the great monarch Constantine, and in a delightful aria she sings:

"I fain would see the jewel rare.
A hero's neck once more shall bear," etc.

Leopold is profoundly agitated with a fear that his faithlessness may be revealed to his wife, whose grief he foresees and whose loveliness appears greater to him now than ever before. Lazarus fails to mark his confusion, being absorbed with prospect of gaining a handsome sum of gold, which is the crown of his desire. At sight of the chain Eudoxia expresses the joy which will be hers when her lover comes to behold this precious jewel. This remark arouses a jealousy in Leopold, which is increased when she exultantly exclaims: "Oh, how rich and beautiful! I admire it; it is worthy the noble cavalier whose pledge of sincere love it shall become." "The price," says Lazarus, "is thirty thousand ducats." "Well, be it so," replies Eudoxia, "for him nothing costs too much." Such generosity delights Lazarus, who gleefully remarks, "What a glorious thing is love! Commerce and the arts derive benefit therefrom. Is it not true?" he asks Leopold, at which the guilty husband recoils with consuming jealousy. Eudoxia buys the chain and orders Lazarus to engrave upon it her name linked with that of her lover, and to fail not to have it ready for her on the morrow, for it is then she will, in the Emperor's presence, at the imperial banquet, present the chain to a brave warrior as an embleme of her



"Farewell! I never shall see thee more!"

faith, and a token that her heart beats for him alone. Having thus directed, Eudoxia retires and Leopold exclaims, out of the depth of his grief, "Alas, am I convicted! She hath not penetrated my disguise, yet my woe is greater than I can endure, for she loves another!"

As Lazarus retires with Eudoxia and her suite Rachel enters, and in Scene III a spirited duet is rendered by Rachel and Leopold, in which she tells of the various emotions that fill her breast, which she has kept hidden from her father but cannot conceal from the All-Seeing power above. In the presence of Leopold her strength forsakes her, for his actions and the deference paid him by officers of the court, convince her that he is hedged about by some mystery. With effort to compose her agitation, Leopold asks: "Does sight of me strike terror to her whom I adore?" "Touch me not!" she commands him, with spirit. "How do I know that here, when thou professest love, thou bringest not perjury and dishonor? Thou whom mystery envelopes! Thou who pale, confused, and trembling, thus I behold? Is not thy name Samuel?"

Unable longer to continue his deceptions, Leopold confesses that he has cruelly wronged her by professing a faith which he does not hold, by masking his identity, and claiming to be a Jew when he is Christian. By this revela-

tion Rachel is put into a transport of grief, crying: "When I gave this heart to thee, I wronged my father, stained my honor, but knew not, unhappy me that I outraged avenging Heaven!" Her sorrow deeply touches Leopold, who vows that so great is his love that he will forfeit fortune, splendor, and honor, since his devotion is far above these.

But this pledge of sincerity fails to reassure her, for the crime may not be atoned. "Thy faith," she reminds him, "condemns us ooth; already do I merit death: the Jewess who loves a Christian, and the Christian who loves a Jewess are doomed to die! Dost thou not know it?"

Leopold is conscious of this rigorous law, but he entreats her to disregard it, for if she will keep his love he promises to abjure his faith and share with her whatever fate may decree. Consoled somewhat by his devotion, she confesses that her love is great, but this love is cause of her unhappiness, for her debt to Heaven will not permit betrayal of her faith, and that even now her father, pursued by his persecutors, may be preparing to meet his death at their hands. If it be peril to remain, to become victims of the cruel law, Leopold begs her to fly with him to some obscure retreat where, safe from discovery, they may live, love, and in a serener day die together. She is shocked by his proposal to leave her father, mindless of the sacrifices he would make for her, and hears in the fierce thunder the warning voice of Heaven that threatens punishment of their broken faith to God. But he persuades that love is from Heaven, and a merciful Deity will not condemn those who appreciate His most precious gift, which reasoning at length prevails, and she consents to fly with him, but as they are departing Lazarus returns and divining their purpose he angrily upbraids Rachel: "Whither are ye running? Whither to avoid me do ye bend your steps? And will ye find upon this earth a place where an offended father's curse attains not? and thou, which till now I so loved!" Then turning to Leopold he thus arraigns him: "Whom I so welcomed, couldst thou betray my hospitable roof? Wert thou not a child of Israel, a believer of our creed, this arm of mine, though weak, would strike thee dead!"

One of the most intensely dramatic episodes of the opera occurs at this point. Leopold, angered by the threatening manner of Lazarus, and stung by disappointment at the miscarriage of his designs, exposes his breast to the Jew and daringly bids him strike, since it is death that he covets most, but admonishes, "If slain by your hands, remember, I am a Christian!" At this acknowledgment Lazarus is astounded, the confession betrays to him Leopold's perfidy, and

Whither are ye running? Whither to avoid me do ye bend your steps!"



exposes him, in the Jew's estimation, as a villain whose crime is damnable in its enormity, a guilt that is multiplied by denial of his faith, and the defilement of innocence. "A Christian! A Christian!" Lazarus hisses in the intensity of his hate, and advances upon him menacingly, but Rachel throws herself between the two angry men, and makes her petition in a beautiful aria, which is one of the most passionate numbers of the opera:

"Hold thou, father! Guilt is also mine.
And I deserve a punishment condign.
But pardon, father, who through love doth sin,
The sinful one that to our faith we'll win.
From Gentile darkness he may pass to light,
And save my heart's affection from a blight.
From all threat'ning perils let us fly,
Without his love I shall surely die."

To Rachel's beseechings Leopold adds his own, but declares himself the guilty wretch who has basely betrayed her trusting heart. Lazarus is moved to pity by the merciful entreaties of Rachel, and by her earnest prayers in the name of her dead mother who implores his love for an unhappy child, and from her bright estate on high longs to bless the bonds that will make her wife to him she adores; he consents to give a full pardon, saying: "It is heaven that speaks within me, and bids me grant her wish. Well, then, since the fury of thy father's wrath has ceased at seeing thy grief, may heaven pardon thee as doth thy sire. Let him be thy spouse!"

The gift of a father's forgiveness that promises to make her happy wife fills Rachel with unutterable joy, but scarcely does this blessed light of glorious expectation fall upon her when the darkness of despair succeeds. Appreciating his situation as husband and prince, Leopold turns her bliss to anguish by declaring that he cannot be her spouse, and when explanation is demanded he despairingly replies, "Desist, leave me. Heaven and earth already prepare for me a curse." The flame of anger now springs up afresh in the heart of Lazarus, who, in solemn and awful words, pronounces an anathema on all the Christian race, calling upon Heaven to multiply its curses, blighting and deadly, and pour them unceasing on this wicked man who is apostate, villain, ingrate, defiler, and emissary of hell. The scene and act closes with a grand trio, in which Rachel pronouncing him infamous, Leopold voices his own despair. "And yet, my treasure, I love thee more than ever; but this hymen, oh, heaven, is a crime. Do not speak to me so. Ah, no. I will depart, will fly, afar from thee to die. Farewell, I shall see thee no more forever," so exclaiming he rushes from the room.

Act III, Scene I.—We are introduced to a magnificent hall, in which the Emperor appears seated in state under a velvet canopy, with Cardinal de Brogni by his side. Near by are Leopold and Eudoxia. On the left, at lower tables, are the princes, dukes, and electors of the empire, and upon other tables are gold and silver vessels from which pages serve the royal persons present, while in the background is a file of soldiers keeping the thronging people from pressing into the hall. A pæan of victory is sung by the chorus, which Eudoxia approves, and triumphantly she applauds the valiant hero who is this day to receive a token of the merit in which he is held by his sovereign, and by lords of the land. In the midst of these praise-offerings to the victor, Lazarus enters with Rachel, and bowing low delivers to Eudoxia the

jewel necklace purchased of him for thirty thousand ducats. Taking the splendid chain from Lazarus' hand she reverently places it round Leopold's neck, saying, "In the name of the monarch, of honor, and of love, which fires the hearts of warriors, I must reward and honor you, my husband and my lord." As the word "husband" is pronounced, Lazarus utters an exclamation of astonishment, and Rachel rushes forward, in a very frenzy of passion, and snatching the chain from Leopold's neck declares him unworthy to wear a badge of honor. Eudoxia calls the people to avenge this indignity to her husband, but Rachel



"Take back the noble pledge. A badge of honor he is unworthy to wear."

defends her act by saying. "He is thy husband no longer! but a vile coward whom I will now unmask before you all." The cardinal stops her harangue to inquire what crime is imputed to him, to which she fiercely answers: "The most fearful and black which your laws enjoin to be punishable with death. A Christian, he has sustained relations with an Israelite woman; and that Jewess, his accomplice in guilt, who must partake his fate; who must, like him, be doomed to death,—it is I!—it is I! Dost thou not know me? Wilt thou dare deny it?"

Leopold, oppressed by the great weight of his guilt, can make no defense, but freely confesses: "I succumb to fate. Filled with remorse and horror, I invoke death, in order to conceal my shame." Eudoxia, faithful even in the face of this proof of her husband's perfidy, implores that mercy may be shown him, but Lazarus fiercely clamors for a fit punishment according to the strictest requirements of the law. Cardinal de Brogni now advances and pours a malediction on Leopold, Lazarus, and Rachel, upon whom he calls down the wrath of Heaven, the gates of which, he declares, are closed to them forever. As the malediction is being pronounced all withdraw, with signs of horror, from the three culprits, save Eudoxia, who stands beside her husband loyally, pleading for mercy, while feeling that she is doomed to bitter woe. The act closes with a concerted number, of magnificent power and dramatic effect, during which Leopold draws his sword and casts it at the feet of Ruggio, being no longer worthy to wear it. The curtain falls while the company raise their eyes to heaven in dismay and terror at this terrible impiety.

Act IV, Scene I.—A view is now afforded of a Gothic apartment that leads to the council chamber. Eudoxia hands a paper to the guards, which she explains is an order from the Cardinal which permits her to hold an interview with Rachel, who is now in prison, as is also Leopold and Lazarus. The guards go out, and Eudoxia is ushered into the presence of Rachel, whom she approaches to plead with her to save, by renunciation of her charges, the life of Leopold. Tearfully the betrayed wife entreats: "I wish for nothing more! My love was but a dream: all is ended for me now, since I am by him betrayed. But let him live! Yes, live! Ah, do not let him die! Oh, let the prayers of love appeal to thy heart and soften it to pity. Ah, yes, but grant his life, and in return take mine. Thou alone canst change the sentence of the judge by declaring him to be innocent of the crime."

To Eudoxia's pleadings Rachel replies: "No! For you alone I was betrayed, and made to languish thus; you wish with him to pass your life, and I consent with my father to die. Innocent, do you say? And knowest thou not that he betrayed my honor? Knowest thou not that I adored him, and that I adore him still?" Finding Rachel unmoved by her tearful entreaties, and hearing chains rattling in the adjoining prison, Eudoxia appeals once more: "Do you not hear that fatal signal, those footsteps and that noise? It is he, alas! dragged to the council! One moment more and all is lost. He dies! Oh, hasten at my wish! Have pity on him and on me!" This cry of anguish Rachel cannot resist, and the two unite their prayers for mercy, that Leopold may live.

Scene II.—Cardinal de Brogni enters, lamenting that the law has condemned Leopold, whose life must pay the forfeit of his crime unless Lazarus can be persuaded to save him through an abjuration of his faith. Having a design to use this expedient, the Cardinal sends for Lazarus, who being brought before him, he thus addresses: "Thy daughter is at this moment before the tribunal which will pronounce her sentence. Thou, her accomplice, know that in her behalf



"Oh, let the prayers of love appeal to thy heart!
Grant him his life, and in return take mine."

my heart would vainly wish to attempt a useless effort. The unfortunate girl is in thy hands, from the stake, by renouncing thy faith, thou alone canst save her."

The appeal made by De Brogni falls upon ears that are closed against every proposal that might shake his unflinching faith, and with stoical indifference to his fate Lazarus replies, "If from their victor foreheads the laurel wreaths are fallen, he who has hitherto led forth our race to battle will yet restore his children to liberty and honor. Oh, no! the glittering sword and the flames that sparkle round have no terrors for the faithful. I shall destiny defy, and after death shall pass to the realms of bliss on high."

De Brogni reminds him again that naught else can change the court's decree, "And Leopold dying for his sin thou also will die with him, being accused as accomplice of his crime." To this threatening Lazarus defiantly answers. "I know that I must die, nor do I hope in vain; but first it is my wish, on one of the Christian faith my sorrows to avenge, and it shall be on thee. When Ladislas, the King, did enter Rome, that poor, unhappy city was given up to pillage. Thy palace all in flames, thy wife breathed out her last. Thy helpless babe expiring almost as soon as born thou hast thyself beheld." De Brogni begs him to forbear reminders of that dreadful day, but Lazarus continues: "All was not lost as thou believed. Thy daughter was rescued by a Jew, and while she was alive, she was by him borne away in safety. That man is known to me alone!" Hearing these words of hope, De Brogni supplicates, and promises to adore him as a deity, if he will tell where his daughter may be found; but Lazarus reminds him that he has not himself shown pity, and though he assures him that his daughter is still alive, and that he knows the dwelling where she may this very moment be seen, the secret shall not be exposed. Thus to himself he gloats: "Now go, pronounce my death! My vengeance is most sure. It is I who have infused poison into thy breast; it is I who have condemned thee to never-ending woe. Now I can gladly die. But Rachel! Ah, yes, that horrid thought weighs heavily on my mind. Oh, fate, thou art severe! To avenge myself, great Heaven, it is she my fury immolates! I vowed that my life's aim should be her welfare and protection, and yet I have designed to yield her to death. Oh, horrible purpose. I must renounce the fatal thought. No, no! thou shalt not die!"

While Lazarus is contending with his tempestuous emotions, in which the instinct of mercy battles with his thirst for revenge, voices of the populace reach his ears, shouting: "Life is the forfeit of their crime!" which cry of vengeance destroys all merciful inclinations in his breast and he resolves to accept martyrdom rather than disavow his faith, and to commit Rachel to the fate that Heaven has decreed: "To Thee, all-powerful Deity, I devote her in death; she is ours—she is our child! I might, through futile fears, prolong her life awhile, of heavenly bliss depriving her, doom her to endless woe. No, no, with me she dies!" At this moment Ruggio and guards enter and summon Lazarus to follow them, which he obeys with enthusiasm, counting it a joy to perish in the full tide of his religious fervor.

Scene III.—A large tent, supported by Gothic pillars, is shown, set upon an eminence overlooking the city. Before the tent is a great caldron on a burning brazier, around which is a crowd of people awaiting the execution, who in chorus sing exultantly of the pleasure they soon will have in seeing two culprits expiate their crimes in boiling oil.

Scene IV.—Lazarus enters on the right, guarded by soldiers and preceded by monks habited in black. On the left Rachel appears, barefoot and clad in white, and thus prepared to meet their death they are brought before the Cardinal and members of the council. Ruggio, acting as court crier, announces that the council has pronounced sentence of death upon the culprits, according to the will of Heaven. Lazarus, stolid, resolute, and defiant, asks



"Oh, at my bitter tears, oh, at my prayers move thee!"

if the sentence is passed upon Leopold also? to which Ruggio replies that the supreme decree preserves his life, but has sent him into banishment, as a witness adjudged competent has declared him innocent. Lazarus, with amazement, but considering it a trick of Christian injustice, looks about him, and struggling with his passions demands to know who is

the false witness. Rachel now steps forward and makes this public declaration: "To you people; to Heaven for whose clemency I hope; to our protecting Deity who reads my inmost thoughts, I attest anew. Impelled by foolish love I have dared to proclaim that which was untrue!" The people are astounded by confession of her falsehood, and Ruggio condemns them as basest of criminals for having conspired against a prince of the realm, for which crime death in its most abhorrent form is not too terrible for a just punishment.

Rachel is supported by the purity of her intentions, by the merciful spirit that prompted her to become a sacrifice to save the life of an erring husband and to relieve the sorrows of a despairing wife. She is more affected by the dreadful fate that has befallen her innocent father than by the decree that consigns herself to the most horrible of deaths, and turning to him now, in loving pity she implores his forgiveness and begs him to give her his blessing before she quits the earth, and to plead for her at heaven's bar when their souls shall be brought to final judgment. While Rachel is thus prevailing with Lazarus the executioner reminds them that the fatal hour is arrived when he must perform his duty. The Cardinal,

touched with deepest compassion, once more entreats Lazarus to save himself and child by embracing the Christian faith; but he remains obdurate until the funeral procession moves forward, when, seeing that the last instant for intercession is at hand, he bids the procession halt, and to Rachel he speaks: "My daughter, I am about to die. Hast thou a wish to live? Life is promised me and thee if I but renounce my faith!"

Rachel quails before the suggestion, marveling that her father, ever faithful in his allegiance to the creed of the Jews, could entertain such thought of surrender even in the face of death; but strong herself in the faith, she answers spiritedly, "A thousand times rather would I die. My dreadful lot seems not unkind, since it is Heaven that calls me hence." Refusing to yield one jot or tittle of his faith, Lazarus blesses Rachel for her steadfastness, and bids the procession proceed. At the last instant, as preparation is complete for casting Rachel into the steaming caldron, the Cardinal implores Lazarus to tell him, in pity's name, if his child, who it is said was saved from the flames in Rome, is yet alive, and where she may be found. As Rachel is plunged into the caldron Lazarus points his finger towards her and exclaims, "Behold! She is there!" The Cardinal falls on his knees and calls to Heaven to show him mercy, as Lazarus proceeds firmly to execution, and the curtain descends while the populace intone, "Ah, all is over! the guilty pair is dead!"



My daughter, I am about to die
Hast thou a wish to live?"



A SKETCH OF HALÉVY.



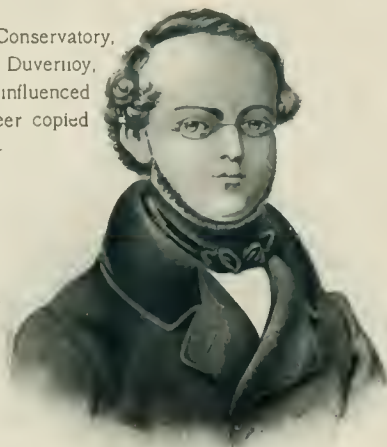
ACQUES FRANÇOIS HALÉVY was born in Paris, May 27, 1799, and died at Nice, March 17, 1862. The family name was Levy, but was changed conformatory to a proposal of the French government in 1807, and in concert with a decree of the Sanhedrim convoked in Paris, with a view to preventing confusion that had arisen from so many Jewish families having the same name. His father was a man of considerable means and influence who, after the custom of the Jews, gave his children the advantages of excellent training and education. Jacques, at a very early age, manifested musical proclivities, and, in 1809, he was placed in the Paris Conservatory, where he remained until 1816, when he was graduated therefrom with the highest honors, being awarded the prix de Rome for a cantata composition entitled "Hermione." In the following year Jacques proceeded to Rome and remained there a faithful student during the usual period of three years. While at this post-graduate conservatory he wrote several miscellaneous pieces and one opera, but his work failed to receive particular attention, and, much disappointed, he returned to Paris, thinking for awhile of changing the vocation for which he had prepared himself by much expense and many years of toil, and seriously thought of entering a commercial business, but his passion for music prevented.

It was not until 1827 that Halévy succeeded in having any of his compositions publicly performed, when his opera, "The Artisan," was given in Paris at the Theatre Feydeau, with deservedly small success. His progress was so painfully slow that he was several times upon the point of abandoning music as a profession, but his friends continued to encourage him, until finally influence was brought to bear so effectively in his behalf that he was engaged to complete Hérold's opera, "Ludovic," for the Opera Comique management. This work he performed not only conscientiously, but with consummate ability, for its production was a pronounced success. He was, nevertheless, little known, outside of a small circle who had faith in his talent, up to 1835, when he obtained a definite triumph by the production of "The Jewess," which must ever hold its place among the distinctively great operas.

Six months after the first public performance of "The Jewess," Halévy wrote "The Lightning," which, notwithstanding its feeble title, is a brilliant opera, though without choral features, and confined to two tenors and two sopranos. This work was enthusiastically received, and his reputation was now secure. In 1838 appeared his "Guido et Ginevra," which, though it is characterized by great beauty, failed to gain popular applause. Though he continued to write industriously, Halévy did not compose another successful opera until 1841, when "La Reine de Chypre" (Queen of the Cyprians) brought him a fresh success, though it is not comparable with his two masterpieces. "The Jewess" and "The Lightning," and is now seldom heard.

Halévy was for some time instructor in composition and counterpoint at the Paris Conservatory, and had for his pupils several who subsequently gained great fame, such as Gounod, Bizet, Duvernoy, Bazin, Cohen, Thomas, and others of much distinction. As a composer he was undoubtedly influenced considerably by Meyerbeer, especially in dramatic effects, but on the other hand Meyerbeer copied somewhat from Halévy, notably in "The Huguenots," which shows some striking resemblances to a few of the choral features of "The Jewess," an imitation somewhat excusable considering the remarkable popularity of the latter, produced just one year before Meyerbeer's masterpiece.

Halévy enjoyed many very high honors, showing the lofty estimation in which he was held both as man and musician. He was elected a member of the Institute for his composition of "The Jewess," and was made permanent secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. When he died, of consumption, at Nice, his body was brought to Paris and given burial with the highest honors that his station permitted. At his funeral a De Profundis was sung, written by four of his most distinguished pupils, and evidences of mourning were displayed throughout Paris. Altogether Halévy composed thirty-seven operas (not all performed), five cantatas, three ballets, several choruses, four sonatas, and numerous ballads, duets, and fugitive pieces.

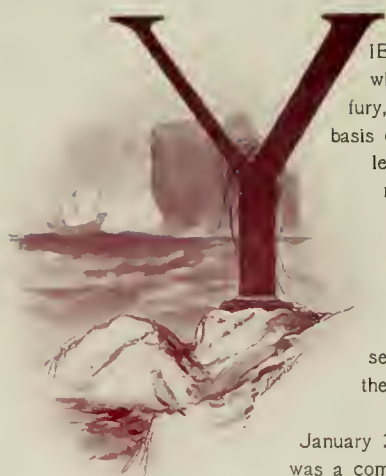


JACQUES FRANÇOIS HALÉVY.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

SCORE AND WORDS BY RICHARD WAGNER.



YIELDING to the fascinations of the sea, and especially to the superstitions associated with it, which never fail to be brought to mind when fell demons of the storm lash it into dangerous fury, Wagner resolved to tell in song the strange story of the "Flying Dutchman." For the basis of his romantic opera, Wagner made choice of Heinrich Heine's poetic version of the familiar legend, which was suggested to him by a terrible hurricane that overtook him while he was making a three weeks' voyage from Pillau to Paris by way of London. Of this suggestion Wagner writes in his autobiography: "'The Flying Dutchman,' whose intimate acquaintance I had made at sea, continually enchained my fancy. I had become acquainted, too, with Heine's peculiar treatment of the legend in one portion of his 'Salon.' Especially the treatment of the delivery of this Ahasuerus of the ocean gave me everything ready to use the story as a libretto of an opera. I came to an understanding about it with Heine himself, drew up the scheme, and gave it to M. Leon Pillet (manager of the Grand Opera), with the proposition that he should have a French libretto made from it for me."

Wagner's opera of "The Flying Dutchman" had its initial representation at Dresden, January 2, 1842, and later in the same year it was produced in Paris as "The Phantom Ship." It was a complete failure in Dresden and Berlin, and the measure of its success in Paris was so small that the opera was withdrawn after a few performances. It was revived in London, at the Drury Lane, in 1870, in Italian, as "The Accursed Dutchman," and was first presented in English, by Carl Rosa, in 1876, as "The Flying Dutchman," since which time the opera has been a favorite throughout Europe and America

The opera is founded upon the well-known legend of a Dutch captain who set his head upon doubling the Cape of Good Hope during the prevalence of a furious opposing gale. After the manner of the proverbially profane sailor, the Dutch captain was so angered by the elements that he swore with a great oath he would accomplish his purpose, though he should have to sail forever. This oath reached the ever listening ear of Satan, who thereupon doomed the rash captain to sail the sea until the day of judgment, unless meantime he might find a woman who would love him faithfully until death. This harsh condition Satan tempered somewhat by permitting the captain to go on shore once in every seven years to seek a woman who might gain his release. The opera, therefore, opens with the appearance of the Dutchman's ship set with blood-red sails beating her way into a bay of Norway. Just before him is another ship, commanded by Daland, a Norwegian, who has

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"Thou careless girl! Wilt thou not spin?
Thy lover's gift thou wilt not win!"

found anchorage here after a heavy storm, and gone on shore to meet his family. The first seven years of his aimless journeyings have expired, and the Dutchman is allowed to visit the land, where he meets Daland, and after a brief conversation asks the hospitality of his house, offering great treasure for the accommodation. Daland is pleased by the prospects of so much wealth, and willingly entertains his remarkable visitor. Very soon the Dutchman learns that Daland has a daughter, and he requests permission to woo her, which is likewise joyfully granted, whereupon the two set off for Daland's home, which is not far away.

The opera begins with a spinning chorus, by Senta, Daland's daughter, Mary, her old nurse, and several Norwegian maidens. On the wall of the room in which the women are working hangs a portrait of the Flying Dutchman, whose story is a familiar one, and generally believed in. Senta has such confidence in its veracity that she has come to love the portrait through pity for the unhappy Dutchman, and in a pretty ballad she tells the story to the maidens and reveals her compassion. While Senta is repeating the legend, her huntsman lover, Erik, enters to announce the coming of her father's ship into port, at which the girls rush out to give a welcome to the sailors, leaving Mary to prepare dinner for the men. Senta is eager to meet her father, but Erik restrains her to tell his tale of love, and beg her to be his bride, confessing his misgivings aroused by a dream in which he says he saw her given in marriage to one whose portrait hangs on the wall.

Senta interprets Erik's dream as a warning of her fate, and thereby conceives that she is to be bride of the Flying Dutchman, whom she has learned to love for his unhappy fate. In a little while Daland and the Dutchman arrive at the house, and at first sight Senta recognizes in the stranger a likeness to the portrait. When he is presented to her, Senta receives him as both guest and husband, and thereupon ensues a charming scene between the two, in which they pledge mutual vows. Daland now goes off to announce the betrothal of his daughter, and prepare for a wedding feast. The Norwegian sailors receive the tidings with many manifestations of joy, but it is in vain the maidens who have brought food try to attract the attention of the Dutchman's crew, no signs of life being shown on board. But while the Norwegian sailors are feasting, the crew of the Dutch ship appear, and in lusty chorus sing the story of their captain. A dark blue flame rises from the ship, and the sound of a storm is heard, which the Norwegian sailors try in vain to drown with their voices, but perceiving that some mysterious influence possesses the Dutch crew, they make the sign of the cross and retire within the cabin of their ship. The song now ceases, the flame as quickly expires, and the storm is hushed, leaving a deep silence to reign.

In the succeeding scene, Erik once more tries to persuade Senta to be his bride, and while he is thus making his final appeal he is discovered by the Dutchman, who believes Senta has violated her pledge, and in despair he rushes off to his ship, for should he remain loveless her penalty would be eternal death. Senta discards Erik and pursues after the Dutchman, followed by Daland, Mary, the maidens and Norwegian sailors. The Dutchman, no longer willing to keep

his secret, declares his identity, and going hastily on board his ship raises his red sails and puts to sea. Senta tries hard to follow him, but is held by her companions until the mysterious ship is far from shore; when at last she frees herself protesting her faithfulness until death she flings herself into the restless waters. At the same moment the mysterious ship sinks with all her crew. The opera concludes with a tableau, showing in the glow of a sunset the wreckage of the ship, from which the Dutchman and Senta rise, embracing each other, and float upward, thus typifying the triumph of love over death.

Act I.—The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" is one of the finest of Wagner's compositions, in which he uses the leit-motif with remarkable effect, and introduces the characterizations of the drama, the curse laid upon the Dutchman, the deep surge of the rolling sea, howl of the storm, the maiden's romantic yearning, the voice of mercy, the pride of Daland, and the chorus of sailors at their work. The opera proper opens with a picturesque scene of a steep rock-bound shore, beaten by tremendous waves driven by a violent storm. Daland has brought his ship to anchor in the haven, and the sailors are noisily singing as they furl the sails, while he prides himself upon his knowledge of the bay, and his ability



to bring his good ship safely to anchor. Though the vessel now rides within the harbor, Daland cautions his steersman to be watchful, as the tempest is not yet spent, to which the steersman answers with an assurance that he will keep well his charge, and then sings a stirring roundelay to the maiden he loves:

Through thunder and storm from seas that are far,
My maiden, I come to thee,
Over turbulent waves by the heavenly star,
My maiden, I come to see," etc.

As the steersman sings, a ship appears in the distance, which drawing near reveals her blood-red sails and jet-black masts. She quickly comes to anchor, near Daland's vessel, and her captain, who proves to be the Flying Dutchman, goes on shore, where he tells the story of his doom, the curse put upon him by Satan. Sadly he bewails his unhappy lot and his hopeless search for a woman whose love may end his misery, believing that on earth a changeless heart cannot be found. He accuses Satan of mocking his hopes by imposing a condition which it is fruitless to combat, and sorrows that the day of judgment is so far removed, for the crushing of the world and the resurrection of the dead can alone free him from the curse.

Daland is first to discover the strange ship, and from the shore calls to his steersman, who confesses that he must have slept, not to have seen it sooner. The steersman is about to challenge the crew, when Daland perceives the Dutchman and calls out: "Hello, there, sailor, captain! What name of ship; what country hail you from?"

The Dutchman answers in kindly manner: "From very far have I come. Would you, in the face of tempest such as this, drive me from anchorage?"

"God forbid that I should be so churlish. A hearty welcome do I give you, but would know your name, my friend?"

A melodious duet is rendered by the Dutchman and Daland, the latter, after greeting, telling of his home near by, which he is now anxious to reach, and the former, to inquiries answering, mournfully describes how a cruel fate has driven him from sea to sea, ranging the watery wastes of the endless world, hopeless of ever reaching his native shore. Seeking a friendly hand, the Dutchman craves his hospitality, the shelter of his home a little while, promising to reward his kindness well with treasure from every clime, with which his ship is richly laden.

Daland is astounded by this princely proposition of the stranger, and half doubting asks what his ship contains? "A store of costliest jewels, treasures beyond compare, pearls of rarest beauty, gems the earth has been ravished to obtain; behold them yourself; and these I will freely give that I may find a friendly shelter beneath your roof for a single night! What good are they to me, since I have neither wife nor child; nor can I reach my native shore again, since it is my doom to wander evermore!"

Daland is filled with amazement, and his cupidity so aroused that he gladly gives the stranger shelter, and he accounts his good fortune as being greater when the Dutchman asks him for the hand of his daughter. A melodious duet follows between the two, in which the Dutchman tells of his doom to wander until he shall find a woman who, by faithful love, will deliver him from the curse, and promises his store of jewels for such an one. Daland sympathizes with the stranger's woe, and promises his daughter's hand for the offered wealth. Desiring to hasten his good fortune, lest it prove a dream or the Dutchman change his decision, Daland assures him: "My promise here I give; thy sad lot I deeply deplore; thy great bounty doth prove to me thy generous heart; therefore, my son I wish thou wert. Even if thy wealth were but half so large, still would I choose thee before all others."

The Dutchman is so pleased by Daland's promise to bestow his daughter, that he is all eagerness to behold her, and to his request to see her quickly, Daland tells him they will proceed to the house at once that he may greet her.



The term is past, and once again the weary sea e upon the land."

At the prospect of lifting the curse that lays so heavily upon him, the Dutchman exults. "Mine she shall become, my angel she will prove. Driven whither by unceasing torment, my heart has longed for peace it could not find. Is the hope that had almost perished to be gained at last? Am I to find one who will secure my release? Despairing though I long have been, my soul revives with joy of what I soon shall be."

Daland thanks the storm for having driven upon this rocky shore so rich a stranger, whose fortune he so generously offers to divide, and cautions himself against permitting the golden chance to escape. The home of Daland lies across the bay, and the Dutchman asks him to proceed thither, promising to follow as soon as his crew has had a little rest. Daland, fearful that the stranger may

change his decision, and thus the wealth promised for shelter and the hand of his daughter may not be given him, urges the Dutchman to follow at once before the wind dies away. "Have no doubts about the wind," answers the stranger, "it is not one to fail, and my ship being a fast one, will quickly overtake you." Thus reassured Daland orders the sails to be set, a task the sailors perform while singing their song of a maiden that waits them on a shore across the sea, which scene closes the first act.

Act II.—The second act is introduced by a brief instrumental prelude, and a scene showing a room in Daland's house, in which are hung maps, charts and mariner's instruments, and on the wall the portrait of a man characterized by a heavy dark beard, a pale face and a Spanish costume, which Senta gazes upon in dreamy contemplation. In the room also are Mary and several girls engaged at spinning, who sing in chorus a pretty song to the whirling accompaniment of violins imitative of the wheels:

" Hum, hum, good wheels, go whirling.
Swiftly, gaily turn thee round.
Spin and cast the strong thread curling—
Sing your song of humming sound.
Till the flax be firmly wound.
My love he roams a distant sea,
But coming soon he'll be for me;
Oh, faithful wheel, cease not your cheer
Until my sweetheart draweth near,
Maidens spinnings, true hearts winning
Tra la la la la la," etc.

The song of the maidens, rollicking and expressive, is frequently interrupted by laughter, as Mary rallies the girls upon their desire for a sweetheart. Through this merry scene Senta remains silent and melancholy before the portrait, until Mary calls her to work, declaring that if she does

not spin she cannot hope a sweetheart to win, and begs her to cease dreaming away what should be her happy childhood, pining before the picture of a stranger. To this complaint Senta makes no reply, but sighs over the hapless fate of the wretched man whose sorrows have been told her. The maidens, provoked by Senta's brooding and inattention, charge her to beware of Erik's hot temper, who discovering her infatuation, may in his jealous anger destroy his rival on the wall. Chided and persuaded, finally Senta seats herself in her grandfather's chair and reveals her secret in a weird and melancholy ballad, in which she tells the story of "The Flying Dutchman," and anticipates her own fate:

" Yo ho hoe! Yo ho hoe! Yo ho hoe!
Have you seen a ship on the raging deep,
With blood-red sails and jet-black mast?
Walking the deck is a master pale,
Watching a shore he can never round.
Though the wind blows fierce and the ship rides fast
No harbor safe can by him be found.
Doomed by a curse he must rove forever,
Till released by woman who'll love him ever.

"Why wilt thou dream away thy girlhood
With gazing at that picture so?"



Into the eye of a tempest fierce
 Around a cape he resolved to sail.
 Often beaten back, an oath he swore
 That, befall what might, he would prevail
 Hui! Yo ho heh! Now Satan heard!
 Hui! and cursed him to keep his word!
 Therefore condemned him to sail the sea,
 And never more to reach his own country.
 If a wife he shall gain, faithful in love,
 The curse removed, no longer he'll rove.
 Long has he ranged the wide seas o'er,
 But vain his quest, seeks he now our shore.
 I am that one heaven has called to save;
 Angels guide him hither o'er the wave."

At Senta's words Mary and the spinning maidens exclaim in alarm, "Heaven help us! and call upon Erik, the erstwhile lover of Senta, who enters at this moment, to aid them, since she must be mad. Mary's heart is filled with sadness at what she considers the wrecking of the poor girl's mind, and uttering abhorrence of the portrait declares it shall be burned as soon as Daland returns.

"Her father is already on his way hither," interposes Erik; "from the rocky eminence I viewed the sea an hour ago, and saw his sail approaching, so I came bearing the news."

Senta manifests neither surprise nor joy, nor does she turn her face from the picture, but continues to gaze upon it with intense contemplation. Mary commands the girls to busy themselves preparing food for the sailors, who will come with urgent hunger, demanding both food and wine. At this Senta is about to give them assistance, but Erik calls her aside and entreats her to deliver him from his torment of waiting and persuading. A charming and melodious duet ensues between

them, in which Senta, judging her destiny, tells him that it is with the inevitable her fate is sealed.

Erik, not fully understanding, asks what will become of him; that when her father comes again he will perform what he has intended, and give her as wife to a chosen husband. "Will I be agreeable to you should your father's favor fall upon me?" Erik asks. Senta refuses to answer the question of her lover, and impatiently requests him to leave her now, that she may give a welcome to her father; but Erik will not cease his beseechings, and when she insists on leaving him, to go on board her father's vessel, he accuses her of harboring a secret love for one whom she has not seen, and yet doth surely hold in her affections,—that strange one whose portrait hangs upon the wall, and celebrated in the ballad which she has just sung.

For a little while Senta tries to disguise her sentiments, but the directness of Erik's suspicions presently causes her to confess to a deep compassion for the unhappy man, whose doom she thinks of constantly and longs to avert. At this Erik is oppressed with the woe threatened in a



dream, which foretold to him how Satan would ensnare her. Thereupon, at her request, he tells this strange forewarning: "My dream was of the sea. As it seemed I lay upon a lofty brink looking upon the dashing waves beating into spray at the base, when behold, the vision of a strange ship appeared off shore. Strange, aye, more than strange did it seem, with fluttering sails of red and swart masts, as she came swiftly into harbor and let go her anchor. Then two men I saw together, one your father I did quickly recognize, the other, a stranger whom I marked well, for his garments were black as night of the grave, and his face was ghastly as that of a corpse. Then I saw you leave your home and hasten to greet your father, whose blessings first receiving, you bowed yourself low before the stranger as if entreating his regard. More woeful still, to me, my anger rising, I saw you embrace him, and with kisses ardently bestowed confess thy love, after which marks of your affection I saw you put to sea."

Senta becomes so greatly

agitated by Erik's dream, which she interprets as a premonition of the fulfillment of her day-dreams and heart ambitions, that in a spirit of great exultation she exclaims:

"I am sure he's coming seeking for me.
To him will I offer the best of my heart.
Ah, spectral seaman, how I long for thee,
Long to absolve thee, whoever thou art."

Erik, deeply despairing, bewails her hapless end, perceiving now that his frightful dream is about to be proven true, that her love is indeed possessed by that strange pale face that looked down from the wall of Daland's house, mysterious in its power of fascination, beguiling the girl who once promised him her love.

At this instant the door opens, and Daland and the Dutchman enter. Senta would give her father a hearty welcome home, but she stands as if transfixed by sight of the stranger, motionless and mute, till roused by Daland, who chides her for the cold reception, and asks if he merits such indifference. Thus called from the stupor of her surprise, Senta asks her father in God's name to identify the stranger, at which Daland breaks forth in song, the orchestra supplying the supposed emotions of father and daughter:

"I beseech thee, child, give the stranger welcome.
A true sailor he, who would our guest remain,
Long his wanderings in trials of aimless quest.
But wealth and treasures vast have been his gain.
Exiled from his fatherland and doomed the earth to roam
Riches he offers us if he may share our home."

Having bespoken hospitality of his daughter, Daland turns to the Dutchman, and with fatherly pride asks if Senta is not a beautiful woman, with graces greater than he has represented, worthy a praise beyond what he has spoken, and the Dutchman conceding, Daland pleads with his daughter to give her hand to the stranger, and for inducement bids her look upon his store of precious gems, which, however, are but trifles to what he possesses, for his wealth is incomputable. "All these are thine if thou but consent," he urges, "and on to-morrow happy bride thou shalt be to bless a doting father by fulfillment of his wishes."

No answer being made to Daland's plea, the two remaining silent in their mutual admiration, he perceives that his presence may be an embarrassment, and with an admonition to Senta to improve the opportunity rarely given, he leaves her with the Dutchman, that the two may consummate their confidences.

An exquisite duet follows, in which the Dutchman expresses the joy that he has gained at last in finding a lovely maiden such as he has often pictured in his hopeful ambition, and sought through countless years of sorrow;—how, often in the torment of his endless night of seeking, he has gazed upon a vision of angel fair, and when his direful doom seemed about to be dispelled by possession of a woman's true love at last, Satan's infernal power drove him on again, and renewed his anguish and despair. But his hopes revive once more, before a maiden fair as angel, but yet no vision, who would satisfy his years of yearning and bless him with devotion and repose. The Dutchman's griefs touch Senta's



"'Tis brooding makes her look so wan."

sympathies deeply, and serve to quicken her sentimental affections to sincere admiration. Rapturously, therefore, does she answer him by confession of a happy waking to realization of her fondest dreams. This charming love scene concludes with rapturous vows, and as their troth is plighted Daland returns, deeply solicitous, to ask:

" My sailors hungering for the feast,
 Bid me the board to set for all,
 The hour is late, the storm has ceased,
 We now await you in the hall.
 The chance is yours, are you content!
 Say, Senta, dost thou give consent? "

Senta gives her hand to the Dutchman in the presence of her father, pledging herself to remain true until death, and the Dutchman receives her vow as a blessing from heaven that will enable him to conquer the dread powers of hell that have so long held him in thrall, which dramatic scene concludes the second act.

Act III.—The most striking part of the opera, as well as the most characteristic, is the opening of the third act, with its remarkable chorus between the maidens and sailors. The introductory scene represents a bay and rocky shore. In the foreground Daland's house is shown, and out in the bay ride at anchor the two ships side by side. The night is clear, and Daland's ship is brilliantly lighted, showing the sailors making merry on the deck. The Dutch ship is in striking contrast, for the lights are out, and an unnatural darkness envelops it, while the stillness of death reigns.

The Norwegian sailors render in chorus a jolly song, commending their bravery on the sea, and praising their sweethearts on the land, to whom they drink in flowing bowls. The maidens answer in a chorus no less merry as they bring food and wine to the sailors, but all pause in the midst of their revels to remark the strange stillness on board the Dutch vessel, from which no friendly light beams. The maidens shout to the crew, telling them that food and wine is at hand, but no answer comes back, which causes the Norwegians to believe the Dutch sailors are either asleep, dead, or concealed like dragons in the hold of their ship, watching and gloating over their treasures. The maidens try to arouse them by asking:

" Awake, come out, have you no sweethearts on land?
 We call you to dance with us here on the strand."

This likewise fails to win a response from the silent ship, and the sailors excuse the death-like quiet by surmising that the Dutch are so old they are ashamed to be seen, whose sweethearts have died years ago. After long bantering the silent crew with many sallies of sailor wit and maiden compassion, there issues from the strange ship a choral cry:

" Yo ho hoh! Yo ho hoh! Huissa
 The storm drives hard to the rock-bound shore;
 Furl the sails, brail the spanker,
 Hurry the ship to a saving bay,
 Clear the decks and drop the anchor.
 In gloom our captain goes on land,
 Vain his quest for a maiden's hand;
 Seven more years at last have flown.
 Again he may seek a faithful one.
 A bridegroom soon may he become,
 Saved from the curse to gain a home.
 Winds be his wedding song,
 Waves bear him swift along.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Huissa! Hark! the pipes resound,
 Captain returns from his weary round.
 What sayest thou, spread the sail?
 Off to sea? Again we fail!
 Blow now in storm of angry wind,
 Sweep gale so fierce, we shall not mind;
 Our sails by Satan were supplied,
 Care not we for storm nor tide.
 Yo ho hoh! Yo ho hoh!"

This mysterious song, weird in tone, strange in words, affrights the Norwegian sailors, who hastily retire, begging the steersman to leave the watch, for the wind is now rising rapidly, and a storm is brewing which they identify with the powers of evil, fearful that death may ride on the angry gale.

As the chorus subsides, Senta comes hurriedly from the house, followed by Erik, who pursues after to reproach her for unfaithfulness. She implores him to ask her no questions, since she dare not give him an answer. He calls upon heaven to help him in his distress, and passionately he supplicates her to tell him what harmful power it is that has ied her astray; what hellish spell constrains her to break her pledges to him, to follow after a stranger. "Aye, my eyes are now opened to perceive that which I had not before understood," he continues, suddenly; "thy father brought to thee a bridegroom, father that cherished no other ambition than to make thee heir to wealthy marriage, whatever evil might betide; and though a stranger utter to both, yet scarce had this unknown one crossed the threshold when thou, heedless and faithless, didst give thine hand. Higher and holier vow thou couldst not pledge than that thou gavest to me; yet, at a hint from thy father thou dost not hesitate to leave me, to crush my heart, to sacrifice all that I hold dear for the favors and the bounty of a stranger." She tries in vain to still his chidings, but his passion will not allow her to escape; his love grows stronger as her fate becomes clearer, and to avert, if possible, the woe which must result from her blind infatuation, to win her back again, to make her his wife if he can touch her fickle heart, he sings most plaintively:

"Will the dear days no longer remembered be
 When from the valley thou didst call to me;
 When up the rugged heights I mounted far,
 To pluck the fairest flower to deck thy hair?
 Callest no more to mind how on one summer day
 We stood together looking out upon the bay.
 And saw thy father's vessel riding on the tide.
 'Twas then thou gavest promise to become my bride —
 With arm about my neck so softly twining.
 Thine head upon my cheek tenderly inclining.
 That sacred troth art thou now forgetting?
 That pledge of love art thou now regretting?"

Senta cannot resist the touching pleas of her erstwhile lover, and with compassion hears his wail of anguish, which the Dutchman perceiving, he believes Senta has repented the vows made to him. Long years of suffering, and repetition of disappointment, have rendered him suspicious of fortune, and seeing Senta, his promised bride, in pensive attitude before her pleading suitor, he feels that the curse is still upon him, since faithful one he has not found. Recreant to one lover, he has no doubt she will prove false to him, and should he remain to espouse her, a doom of endless wandering must likewise be hers; therefore does he quickly resolve to tear himself away. With a despairing cry, "Abandoned! All is forever lost!" he rushes off to the ship. She calls after him to stay, but he answers: "I must return to the sea till time shall be no more.

Thy sacred promise forgotten, I have no wish to bear thee hence to fate unhappy. Farewell." To his sailors he commands that the anchor be lifted and the sails set to leave this land where sorrow can only



"Stay, Senta! Stay a single moment!"

attend. Senta, racked of grief, entreats him to remain, imploring him to believe in her faithfulness, pledging again to sacredly keep the troth which she freely promised. Hearing this confession, Erik, horrified, exclaims: "What do I hear? Heaven preserve and forgive her for this rash act. Surely Satan hath bound her by some direful spell against which I may not contend"—thus giving utterance to his wounded affection:

"O righteous heaven! No question it is true!
Oh, say, what harmful power led thee astray?
What is the spell constraining thee so soon,
Coldly to rend in twain this faithful heart?
Thy father, ha! the bridegroom he did bring,
Him know I well: I feared what might befall!
Yet thou, amazing, gavest him thine hand,
When scarce across the threshold he had passed."

Senta is moved by Erik's condemnation of her ambition, that would reject the love he has loyally given, and violate her sacred vows for sake of a stranger, to whom she is attached by no stronger bonds than those of pity and lust of gold; feeling the justice of his accusing she betrays her impatience to end the painful interview. Erik, however, is unwilling to see her so readily sacrificed, and with a lover's earnestness he continues to plead with her to remain faithful to the promises she gave him in happier days, and to show mercy to him, a suppliant for her favor. Senta cannot refuse to listen, her very soul distracted by conflicting emotions, but she is like one constrained by some irresistible bewitchment, the victim of a spell that holds her in a fell embrace, for even while drawn by ties of love towards Erik, she feels the springs of a higher power, an indefinable attraction, and conceives a duty which she cannot comprehend, dragging her towards the Dutchman, and therefore she tries to excuse her appearance of fickleness by asking Erik to spare her feelings, and say no more: "I may not see thee more, nor thee remember; higher calls are mine," and even denies that she has ever vowed eternal love to give him. Answering Senta's discardment, the cruel denial of her pledges, Erik pathetically reminds her of the dear times when they were confidants and lovers, rendering one of the sweetest solos of the opera:

"Is that fair day no more by thee remembered,
When from the vale thou calledst me to the height,
When fearlessly o'er rugged peaks I clambered,
And gathered for thee many a wild flower bright?
Rememberest, as on rocky summit standing,
Thy father's ship we saw ride on the tide,
We watched the sails with favored breeze expanding,
Did he not thee unto my care confide?
Thy arm so sweetly round my neck entwining,
Didst pledge thy love anew, how happy both!
Didst press my hand, as on my breast reclining,—
Say, was not that the sealing of thy troth?"

This heart-affecting interview between Erik and Senta is witnessed by the Dutchman, who is persuaded by his former disappointments to believe that Senta is already regretting her rash promise to be his bride. Compassionating the grief of both, the Dutchman thereupon, out of the depths of his despair over what he believes now to be his eternal love-lorn condition, gives this last warning and counsel to Senta:

"Hear my parting words, hope for thee I'd save,—
My fate may not be ended with the grave.—
Condemned am I to roam the seas for aye,
Till faithful woman shall my debt repay.
When such an one is found who'll love me true,
Nor recreant prove till death shall claim his due,
The promise is mine, from heaven given.
The curse shall leave me, my sins be forgiven.
Faithful didst thou pledge thyself to prove,
But not yet art thou bound by ties of love;
So mayst thou escape the threatened doom,
That would have brought thee to a living tomb.
The peril is great, ask me not to stay:
Rather say farewell and speed me away."



"Vo ho ho! Ho! oh! Huissa!
Spread the sails, and thy bride, say, where is she!"

This voice of warning fails to repress the ardent sympathy of Senta, who vehemently assures him she knows full well his doom, and with anxious heart desires to be the good angel of faithful womanhood who will end his affliction, whose love till death shall take his curse away. To this last promise the Dutchman answers as his ship moves seaward

"Thou hast not seen me before, nor reck who I am,
But ask thou the sea, in its might or its calm,—
Or sailors who have roved the wide ocean waste,
Who full oft have seen the phantom ship race,
And gazed with terror upon her captain's pale face.
It is these who will tell you beneath bated breath,
Hush! 'tis the Flying Dutchman, precursor of death!"

Hearing these ominous words, Senta rushes towards the cliff, and in vain Daland, Erik, Mary and maidens try to restrain her, who perceive that she is resolved upon some desperate purpose. Disregarding their protestations, and thinking only of the passing ship of the Dutchman whom she would save, despairingly she cries to him from the beetling crag, beseeching him not to forsake her:

"List, lover, list to these last words I saith,
Here stand I faithful even till death!"

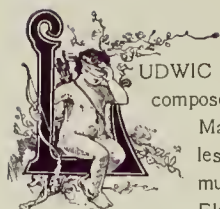
Her voice is drowned by the howling winds; for a moment she stands a picture of grief on the perilous rocks, until seeing the red sails of the Dutchman fading away, with a wild cry she flings herself into the raging sea, a victim to sympathetic love. Immediately the phantom vessel and her spectral crew sink beneath the waves that break high and then fall into sudden calm. A glow as of sunset spreads over the water, and out of the whirlpool where sank the ship rise the transfigured forms of Senta and the Dutchman, embracing each other. Faithful till death, her troth has redeemed him, and love triumphant has gained him a heavenly peace at last.



"Senta casts herself into the sea."



A SKETCH OF BEETHOVEN.



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, who bears the most honorable distinction of being probably first of the greatest composers, was a native of Bonn, Germany, where he was born December 16, about 1770, and died in Vienna, March 26, 1827. The name has undergone many changes, and hence is written, like Shakespeare's, in no less than six different ways, finally reverting, however, to the original, as above. Ludwig belonged to a musical family, his father, Jean, and grandfather, Ludwig, both being members of the court band of the Elector of Cologne. Ludwig, who was eldest of six children, began to study music, under his father, at the tender age of four years, and from the beginning betrayed extraordinary precocity; at nine he was so far advanced that his further instruction was committed to Pfeiffer, an accomplished musician and tenor singer at the Bonn Opera.

At ten years of age Ludwig began to study the organ under Van den Eeden, organist of the court chapel, and continued under his successor, Neefe, who regarded him as the most promising pupil of the time, an estimate which was soon to be verified, for in another year Ludwig was considered competent to act as a substitute for his master during the latter's absence. In 1783 he was appointed to perform regularly on the harpsichord, in the King's orchestra, and conducted the opera orchestra at private performances, which though it yielded him no salary, was a position of remarkable prominence for one of his years; that he was highly appreciated is attested by the fact that in 1784 he was made second organist with a yearly salary of 150 florins, equal to \$63.30 of our money. From this time may be dated his career as a professional musician.

Ludwig continued in his position as second organist at Bonn, taking violin lessons meantime, under Franz Ries, until 1787, when he made a trip to Vienna, where he remained for three months under the instruction of Mozart, who showed him the warmest attentions. Mozart was himself extremely poor, but he was highly esteemed by the Emperor of Austria, and his influence therefore enabled him to introduce Ludwig, now a young man, into the exclusive circles of court and gentry, before whom he was frequently requested to play. But his opportunities in Vienna being small, Ludwig returned to Bonn and was invited to become tutor to Von Breuning's children, a position which he gladly accepted, as it afforded him an income much in excess of what he had ever before received. But the benefit to him was not confined

to the salary, for he had a greater in the literary taste which was cultivated through his association with this very highly educated family. Circumstances, however, compelled him, in the latter part of 1788, to relinquish his position as private instructor, when he engaged as second viola with the orchestra of the National Theatre. The salary was a very meagre one, and his circumstances at this time were of the saddest character, for notwithstanding his own poverty, he had to make some contribution towards the support of his younger brothers, who were left in the most extreme condition of indigency through the habits of his father, a confirmed inebriate.

It was not until 1792 that any specially good fortune came to Beethoven. He was locally regarded as being a good musician, but small



BEETHOVEN PERFORMING ON A SPINET BEFORE A COMPANY OF HIS FRIENDS.

Julio Guliclandi Beethoven
Countess of Gallenborg.

Mozart.
Baroness
Dorothea Von
Erdmannsdorf.
Mozart's Wife.
Anton Kraft.
Abbe Golinek.
Princess Erdody.

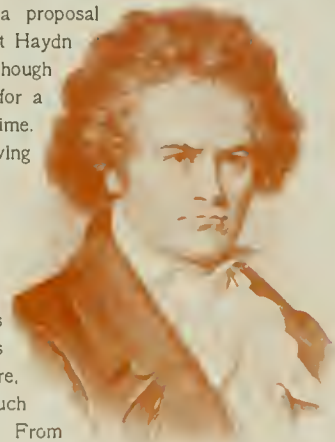
attention was given him, nor did his few musical compositions excite the slightest interest until, during a passing visit in Bonn, Haydn heard him play a cantata composed some time before. Haydn was so florid in his praises of the work that the Elector offered to pay the expense of a course of musical training at Vienna, a proposal which Beethoven thankfully accepted, by which he fell under immediate direction of the great Haydn himself. Mozart had died the year before, and Haydn, sixty years of age, was failing, though he did not die until 1809, and Vienna, a recognized centre of musical art, was ready for a new idol. Beethoven's appearance at the capital was therefore made at an auspicious time. He began his studies accordingly at the Alservorstadt, of which Haydn was the director, giving his attention almost exclusively to counterpoint, and continued them in 1794 under Albrechtsberger, when Haydn went to England, and afterwards took violin lessons from Schuppanzigh, and studied composition with Salieri and Forster.

The first of 1795 the Elector of Cologne stopped his remittances, and thereafter Beethoven was left dependent upon his own exertions, but he had been introduced to so many distinguished persons, and had attained so great a reputation as a pianist that his career henceforth was comparatively an easy one. In March, 1795, Beethoven made his first appearance before the general public at the annual concert given at the Burg Theatre, in a benefit performance for the widows' fund of the Artists' Society, where he scored such a pronounced success that in the following year he played with Haydn in a similar concert. From this time he belonged to the public, for thereafter he played at the Berlin Court, at Prague, and Nuremberg, at each place being given an ovation. His compositions were chiefly chamber music up to 1800, when he brought out his C Major Symphony which gave him a standing with the greatest composers of his time. The premonitory symptoms of deafness appeared in Beethoven in 1798, but he took great pains to conceal the growing affliction by applying himself more diligently to composition, producing one piece after another in rapid succession. He was a favorite, too, of distinguished amateurs, notwithstanding he was noted for his brusqueness, and not a few charged him with being absolutely indecent in his social intercourse. His disregard for conventionalities was excused as the eccentricities of genius by his large circle of admirers, and his influential patrons never deserted him, though he was often made the object of bitter strictures and invectives by prominent critics.

Perhaps the greatest of Beethoven's works was his ninth symphony, with its superb and colossal choral setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," in 1824, but all his compositions were marvelous examples of musical harmony and expression. He composed an immortal group of sonatas for the piano, and developed chamber music far beyond the attainments of Mozart or Haydn. He has been called the great tone-poet, but he was also master of feeling and expression in music.

Beethoven was never a rich man, but he was the recipient of munificent allowances from several noble patrons as well as large royalties from publishers. He had a considerable sum in bank when he undertook the maintenance and education of his nephew, Carl, in 1826, through whose reckless extravagances and ingratitude nearly all his savings were

wasted. Beethoven brooded greatly over the dissipations of his nephew, which affected his health and brought upon him a premature decline, and so aggravated his old affliction that he lost wholly the sense of hearing. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy, superinduced by cold. His funeral was attended by 20,000 persons, among whom were many nobles and notables, to the Wahinger Cemetery, Vienna, where his body was interred beside that of Schubert, but subsequently, in 1888, his remains were removed with imposing ceremonies to Central Cemetery, and marked by a splendid monument set up by the Gesellschaft der Musik-Freunde.



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



BEETHOVEN AND THE RASUMOWSKY QUARTETTE.


C. Czerni. Princess Lichnowsky. Beethoven. Schuppanzigh. Sina. Haydn. Baroness Dorothea of Erdmannsdorf. Anton Kraft. Weiss.



FIDELIO.

(FAITHFUL LOVE.)

MUSIC BY BEETHOVEN.—WORDS BY SONNLEITHNER.



FIDELIO has been pronounced by not a few competent musical authorities to be the greatest opera ever written, remarkable, superior, in its perfect purity, moral grandeur, exquisite melody, and splendid interpretation of human passions, so that it is commonly regarded as being the ideal of lyric expression. It is surprising that Beethoven, the divine-like master of music composition, for a compeer of whom the world and its history may be sought in vain, produced only one opera, the story of which is scarcely less strange. It was originally written in three acts, and called "Leonore," taken as it was from Bouilly's libretto, "Leonore, or Conjugal Love," which had been previously scored by Gaveaux, and also by Paer. The translation by Sonnleithner was a free one, and was first given in Vienna, November 20, 1805, where it was so coldly received that the opera was withdrawn after the third performance, a result due, no doubt, to the poverty of the voices that were in the cast, for it is told that Beethoven refused to hear his opera first sung in order to spare himself the mortification of a sore disappointment. Beethoven's opinion of the cast was so accurate that the audience, wrought to a pitch of impatience, left the theatre before the close, and the general criticism passed was that "never before had anything so incoherent, coarse, wild, and ear-splitting been heard." Beethoven had achieved great fame before the production of "Fidelio," but his reputation could not save a poor performance, of very bad singers contending with a very difficult score. He

was himself quick to perceive some of the opera's defects, and modified it to suit a revised libretto by Breuning, but the change was of no avail, for there was certainly no improvement, except that the opera was considerably shortened. After two performances it was withdrawn, and remained so until 1814, when Treitscke drew it from its dust-covered repository and rewrote the libretto, and persuaded Beethoven to rewrite a considerable part of the score. When again the opera was sung, in Vienna, the same year, its success was tremendous as its first representation had been disappointing. Notwithstanding "Fidelio" became one of the most popular operas of Austria and Germany, it was not produced in London until May 18, 1832, and in Paris, very strange to say, it was not heard until May 5, 1860, yet wherever sung, since Treitscke's revision, the opera has been received as one of the greatest musical creations of any age. The improvements which Beethoven made were considerable, but the most marked change was in the overture. The first one he composed in 1805, the second in 1806, the third in 1807, and the fourth in 1814, but the third, known as the "Leonora overture," which many maintain is really the second, is the grandest of all, though the last contains a new set of guiding themes, and is a favorite with strictly musical people. The argument of the play is as follows: Florestan, a noble Spaniard, friend of Fernando, the prime minister, had, by exposure of Pizarro, governor of

"Here in this dark tomb is nothing known
But my deep anguish. Oh, most cruel torture!"



the prison of Seville, incurred the latter's hatred. By exercise of his arbitrary powers, Pizarro caused Florestan to be seized and confined in the fortress prison dungeons, and then had reports circulated that the unfortunate man had died. Leonora, wife of Florestan, refused to believe him dead, but suspecting the designs of Pizarro, assumed the disguise of a young man, and calling herself Fidelio, she sought and obtained employment from Rocco, a prison-keeper under Pizarro. In this position she began to make love to Marcellina, Rocco's daughter, anticipating benefits from the assistance that might be thus gained. Before meeting Fidelio, as Leonora must henceforth be called, Marcellina had a lover named Jacquino, an assistant to Rocco, whose importunate love-making is a pleasingly humorous introduction to the more serious performance. Fidelio not only wins the affections of Marcellina, but also the implicit confidence of Rocco, through which influence he is permitted to visit the most secret parts of the prison, and by persuasion obtains for the inmates of the outside cells the privilege of exercising a few hours in the courtyard. This indulgence, however, is not long continued, for Pizarro, as soon as he learns of Rocco's kindness, orders that the prisoners be closely confined at all hours. About this time Pizarro receives notice that the Prime Minister, Don Fernando, is on his way to make an inspection of the prison, abuses of management having reached his ears, on which account Pizarro is deeply concerned lest discovery be made of his brutal mistreatment of Florestan. To prevent exposure of his inhumanity and deception he commands Rocco to kill and bury Florestan in the inner dungeon. This horrible order Rocco refuses to obey, but consents to

dig the grave, leaving Pizarro to perpetrate the greater crime, as he promises to do. Rocco accordingly repairs to the dungeon with Fidelio to prepare a grave, and

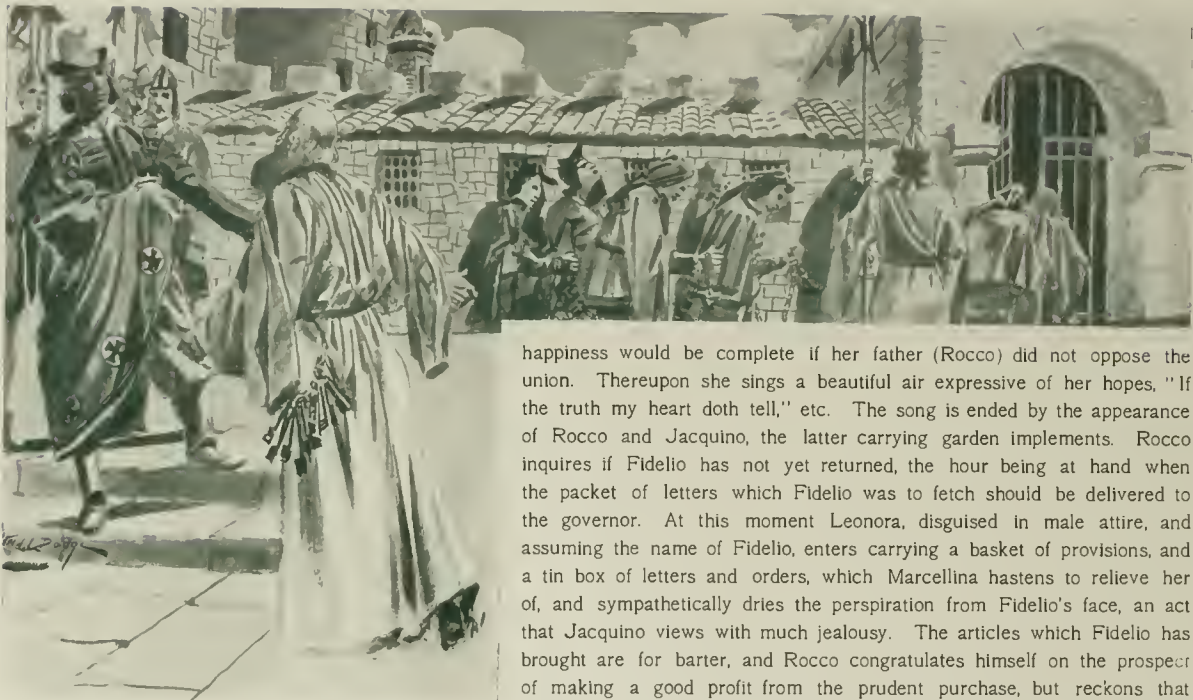
while they are at work opening an old cistern that is to serve as a sepulchre, Florestan awakes and is recognized by Fidelio. Pizarro enters to dispatch his victim, when Fidelio rushes between, but finding his purpose determined she points a pistol at his head, before which threatening demonstration Pizarro recoils. A moment later the trumpets sound, signaling the arrival of Fernando, and Pizarro is quickly summoned before him to answer for his crimes. Rocco brings forth Florestan,

weighted with chains, which Fidelio is ordered to remove, and thereupon follows complete recognition and reunion, the triumph of faithful love. The jailer's daughter is astounded to learn the true character and station of Fidelio, but in her disappointment at losing a lover of her first preference, she consoles herself with the old love of Jacquino, so that there is a happy termination to the adventures.

Act I, Scene I.—When the curtain rises, it is to show the courtyard of the state prison, by the entrance gate to which is the porter's lodge. Marcellina is seen ironing clothes, and Jacquino is attending at the door, whose duty it is to answer callers upon the turnkey. A humorous duet is rendered by the two, Jacquino pressing her to marry him, and Marcellina answering with dexterous evasion, but at every critical period of the interview a knocking on the door disturbs his resolution, until at length he is called out into the garden by Rocco, but in leaving he tells Marcellina not to go away, for in two minutes he will return again. Left alone, Marcellina acknowledges that she is touched by Jacquino's ardor, but that she more dearly loves Fidelio, and that her



"I give you information that the minister has learned that the state prisons over which you preside contain several victims of arbitrary power."



"Inadient old man! how darest thou set the prisoners free?"

happiness would be complete if her father (Rocco) did not oppose the union. Thereupon she sings a beautiful air expressive of her hopes, "If the truth my heart doth tell," etc. The song is ended by the appearance of Rocco and Jacquino, the latter carrying garden implements. Rocco inquires if Fidelio has not yet returned, the hour being at hand when the packet of letters which Fidelio was to fetch should be delivered to the governor. At this moment Leonora, disguised in male attire, and assuming the name of Fidelio, enters carrying a basket of provisions, and a tin box of letters and orders, which Marcellina hastens to relieve her of, and sympathetically dries the perspiration from Fidelio's face, an act that Jacquino views with much jealousy. The articles which Fidelio has brought are for barter, and Rocco congratulates himself on the prospect of making a good profit from the prudent purchase, but reckons that Fidelio's heavy burden is borne not so much for his benefit as out of consideration for Marcellina, for whom Rocco thinks Fidelio has developed a secret passion. Fidelio betrays embarrassment at Rocco's remarks, which are not uncomplimentary, but always tempered with suspicion. An exquisite canon quartet, "My heart and hand are thine," etc., which is one of the sweetest numbers in any opera, follows. Jacquino finds himself supplanted by Fidelio, and Rocco expresses his own satisfaction with Marcellina's choice, and promises to unite them in marriage as soon as the governor departs for Seville. Fidelio is much perturbed by Rocco's consent, for pressing her to fulfill her obligations to Marcellina may expose her sex and designs. Rocco reminds them that though they love each other truly, love is not the only thing wanted to make housekeeping agreeable, and moving his hands as if counting money, he renders a characteristic and catchy song, "If we have not gold to fly to," etc. Fidelio confesses to Rocco that money is a very necessary thing for even lovers, but that there is also something else which she very much desires, viz: his confidence, which she is entitled to possess, since he has nominated her to be his son-in-law. To his request to know how he may show his trustfulness, Fidelio tells him she desires permission to accompany him upon his visits to the subterranean vaults of the prison, and to help him perform his irksome duties. To this request Marcellina adds her own, which, notwithstanding it is against imperative orders, Rocco consents to grant, though he tells her there is one dungeon to which he cannot admit her. This exception doubles Fidelio's suspicions that her husband is therein confined, and she questions Rocco closely as to the time the prisoner has occupied the dungeon, his name, and the crime imputed. To these inquiries Rocco replies: "For people of our position, it is best to know as few secrets as possible. However, he will not trouble me much more—he cannot last much longer!" Marcellina begs her father not to introduce Fidelio to so awful a sight of suffering, but Fidelio declares she has courage to share his labors, whatever they may be, and entreats to be allowed to visit the prisoner. The sentiments and feelings of the three are expressed in a pretty terzetto, followed by an orchestral march as the approach of Pizarro is announced. Fidelio hands a tin box to Rocco, and retires into the house with Marcellina.

In the succeeding scene Pizarro enters with a detachment of troops which he posts at the drawbridge, on the walls, and in the garden, to guard against intruders, and then asks Rocco for the dispatches. The tin box is handed him, which Pizarro opens, and looking through the papers he finds one in familiar writing which he reads, as follows: "I give you information that the minister has learned that the state prisons over which you preside contain several victims of

arbitrary power. He sets out to-morrow to surprise you. Be on your guard." This note gives Pizarro a genuine alarm, for he is in terror lest the minister shall discover that Florestan, long reported dead, has been for two or more

years chained in the dungeon, a victim of malignant hate. To prevent such an exposure, Pizarro decides upon a bold deed that will at once dissipate his anxieties—he will murder Florestan and conceal his body securely, a resolution which he expresses in a furious dramatic aria, "Ah! the moment has arrived," etc. Having fiercely declared his terrible purpose, Pizarro orders the captain of his troop to ascend the tower with a trumpeter and watch the road to Seville, and to give signal the instant a cavalier with noble escort is seen approaching. Having posted the guards, Pizarro looks steadfastly at Rocco a moment, and producing a purse, offers him wealth and other favors if he will kill Florestan. A powerful duet reveals the emotions and promptings of the two. Rocco is horrified by Pizarro's proposal, and refuses to perform such a hellish deed, but at length

is induced to consent to dig the grave if Pizarro will commit the crime, after which arrangement the two retire to the garden. Fidelio now rushes in, having overheard the infernal plot, and reveals her terror in an aria, "Oh, hope, dear solace of the desolate!" which is "one of the most impassioned illustrations of dramatic intensity in the whole realm of music," as it has very properly been pronounced, thus concluding:

"Love will thither guide me.
By love and hope supported.
No more with fear I tremble.
Oh, thou, whom alone I love,
Soon will thy wife thy torments end."

When her song is ended, Fidelio passes into the garden, and Marcellina enters, followed by Jacquino. He immediately resumes his love-making, and when she commands him to leave off his sighing and nonsense, he accuses her of heartlessness in having shown a recent preference for Fidelio, a young vagabond whom her father housed in charity. Marcellina answers angrily that however poor and despised he may be, yet this same Fidelio shall be her spouse. Losing his patience at this frank declaration of Marcellina, Jacquino threatens to make her suffer if he ever catches them together again.

While Jacquino and Marcellina are quarreling, Rocco and Fidelio come in from the garden, and being asked the cause of contention, Marcellina runs up to Fidelio, exclaiming, "He wishes me to love him, to marry

him!" Rocco shows his displeasure at Jacquino's persistence, and tells him his daughter, of sixteen summers, is suited for a finer gentleman than he, and laughs at his pretensions. Fidelio ends the dispute by reminding Rocco that weightier matters must now engage them, and begs he will quickly fulfill his promise, often made, to allow the poor prisoners the privileges of the courtyard for a brief spell, and pleads so earnestly, with Marcellina's assistance, that Rocco consents and orders Jacquino to open the prison doors. As the prisoners emerge from their cells into the sunlight, they sing joyously in chorus, "Oh, what pleasure once again," etc.

In the succeeding scene Rocco appears with Fidelio and tells her that by his request Pizarro has given consent that she shall be his assistant, and that this day he will take her with him into the dungeon. Thereupon he

"No! I'll not lend myself to such an act,
Let happen what may!"



"Oh, how freezing cold it is in this dismal vault!"

explains to Fidelio Pizarro's design to kill the dungeon prisoner, and that they have only to dig the grave for the victim. In a dramatic duet, Rocco explains Pizarro's purpose, and Fidelio voices the intensity of her horror, but gives thanks that chance may be given her to defeat his infamous plans.

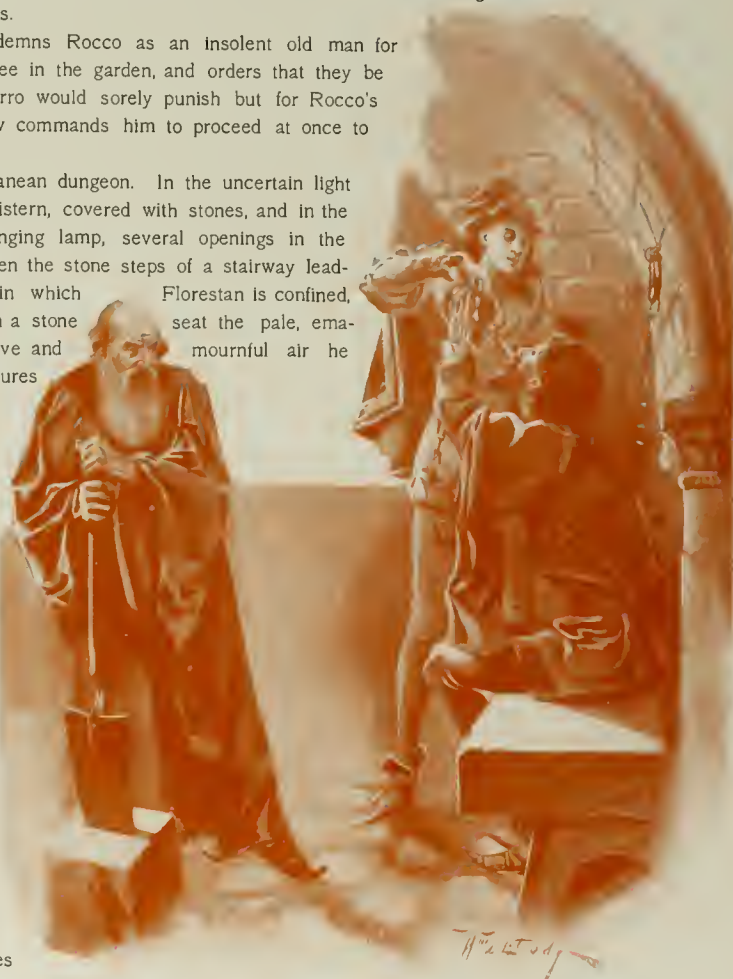
Pizarro reappears, with two officers, and condemns Rocco as an insolent old man for having, in defiance of his orders, set the prisoners free in the garden, and orders that they be immediately locked up again. His disobedience Pizarro would sorely punish but for Rocco's promise to prepare the grave, and this duty he now commands him to proceed at once to perform, as the prisoners go back into their cells.

Act II.—The next act is played in the subterranean dungeon. In the uncertain light of the place is dimly distinguishable an old unused cistern, covered with stones, and in the background is discerned, by the faint light of a hanging lamp, several openings in the walls guarded with gratings, through which can be seen the stone steps of a stairway leading from above. This is the damp, dark prison in which Florestan is confined, with a chain round his body fastened to the wall. On a stone seat the pale, emaciated prisoner is reclining, and in a plaintive recitative and mournful air he reveals his sorrows, but in a rapturous finale, he pictures a vision of his wife:

"Oh, vision of brightness, why comest thou to me?
Behold! 'tis an angel from heaven I see," etc.

This momentary delusion, when dispelled, leaves him so exhausted that he falls back on the stone, when Rocco and Fidelio descend to his cell carrying a pitcher of wine and implements for digging. Fidelio shivers with the cold of this damp place, but anxiously peers about her, with a hope of distinguishing the prisoner. Rocco presently points to the prostrate man, who appears to be dead. Fidelio is so agitated that she talks at random, and as if forgetful of the duty at hand, until Rocco calls her attention to the cistern, and orders her to help him dig. As they proceed with the work the orchestra accompanies their strokes with sepulchral music, but Fidelio continues to steal furtive glances towards the prisoner despite Rocco's insistence that she shall perform her duty more earnestly, reminding her that Pizarro will soon be here. Presently Florestan raises his head, at which Rocco goes towards him muttering that the prisoner, so long confined, may desire to ask some questions which it may be well to answer, since he has so short a time to live. The

words that Florestan utters are hollow and indistinct with faintness, but Fidelio's ear, quickened by love's anxiety recognizes the voice of her husband, and when she draws nearer all her doubts are removed, and staggering back she falls senseless on the edge of the grave. In the conversation that ensues, Florestan is told that the governor of the fortress is Pizarro, and knowing now that he is in the hands of his deadly foe, he implores that a messenger be sent to his wife in Seville, to inform her that he lies here in chains. Rocco denies this request as against the orders of the governor, whereupon Florestan begs that he may not be allowed to die a lingering death of thirst and starvation. Fidelio has recovered, and the piteous appeals of her suffering husband make her wild with grief, but she wisely restrains herself until a more propitious moment. When Florestan asks in pity's name that his parched lips may be bathed, Fidelio brings quickly the pitcher of wine, which he drinks voraciously, after which he asks Rocco who his assistant may be, and is told that he is a young man lately appointed to the post, who will soon be husband of Marcellina. At these words Fidelio's emotion is so great that both the prisoner and Rocco perceive it, and Florestan, touched by her compassion, in an aria prays heaven to reward her for her kindness. Rocco also manifests his deep sympathy, but answering the



"There is but little wine, but what there is you're welcome to!"

call of duty he draws Fidelio aside and admonishes that it is needless cruelty to prolong the interview. But Fidelio pleads with Rocco that she may a little more comfort bestow on the poor sufferer, and at least that she may give him a bit of bread which she has carried in her pocket for the last two days. Rocco tries to persuade her to give over attempt to succor the prisoner whose death at most is but a few moments removed, but by pleading Fidelio gains his consent, and the piece of bread is eagerly devoured by the famishing prisoner, she the while assuring him that though he feels deserted, a kind Providence is still watching over him.

The painful interview, that touches the heart of an audience with profoundest pity, is terminated by Rocco, who goes to the door and blows a loud blast on a whistle as a signal that the grave is ready. Fidelio, begging Florestan to be composed, and to put his trust in Providence, goes towards the cistern, as Pizarro enters, his face and body wrapped in a mantle. He bids Rocco send the lad (Fidelio) away, whereupon she withdraws to the background, but secretly approaches Florestan again by creeping among the pillars, that she may be near in the moment of supreme danger, to aid him with her life if need be. Rocco asks if he shall remove the prisoner's chains, but Pizarro roughly answers, "No!" and drawing his dagger advances upon the helpless captive, saying:

"He shall die! his fate is sealed.
But first he shall know by whom he falls;
Whose hand the mortal blow shall strike.
Yes, yes, the traitor all shall know.
(Throwing open his mantle.)
Pizarro all thy projects has foreseen,—
Pizarro, whom thou wouldst overthrow,
As avenger stands before thee!
No more will I withhold my rage—
There is but an instant
Between thee and death, and
Thus I sate my fury—"

Florestan, undismayed, welcoming a quick death to end his years of suffering, boldly charges Pizarro with being less an avenger than a murderer, which so enrages Pizarro that he rushes upon the defenceless prisoner and tries to stab him, but Fidelio throws herself between, and protecting Florestan's body with her own, she exclaims: "Through this breast to his! In vain shall be thy fury, with my body I'll protect him!" Rocco is all amazement at Fidelio's rashness and implores her to desist, but she disregards his protestations, and when Pizarro savagely pushes her away she returns and again, more passionately, declares, "I am his wife, and have sworn to save him and punish his oppressor." At hearing this revelation Florestan's heart is filled with joy, but Rocco is thrown into a state of dismay, as much by the imposition of Fidelio, who has so skillfully concealed her sex, as by the bold act that may imperil them both. Pizarro also pauses for a moment, dazed by her courage; but recovering himself he raises his dagger again and threatens to kill her too if she interposes to save the wretch he has resolved to slay. Fidelio stops his rage by drawing a pistol, and pointing it at his head, threatens, "Another word and thou art dead!" This defiance causes Pizarro to shrink back, for he now realizes that a desperate woman is before him, but at the same moment the sound of a trumpet is heard from the tower, signaling the approach of Minister Don Fernando. Pizarro and Rocco stand confounded, and Fidelio hangs upon Florestan's neck when the trumpet sounds louder.



"Oh, God! it is he!"

Jacquino now enters, with officers, and soldiers bearing torches, who, during a brief pause in the music, informs Rocco that the minister, with his suite, has arrived at the postern. Pizarro is terrified by the prospect of being brought to a speedy punishment for his abuses, but Rocco, Fidelio and Florestan utter praises that the cruel tyrant is about to be deposed, and justice avenged. Pizarro rushes away, motioning Rocco to follow, who obeys, but he first embraces Fidelio and Florestan and commends them to a merciful God for His protection.

Left alone, Fidelio and Florestan manifest their happiness by a duet, "Oh, joy! oh, rapture past expressing!" which, for expression, moving sentiment and melody, has probably never been surpassed:

"Oh, joy! oh, rapture past expressing,
My love again this bosom pressing!
Wildly throbs this bursting heart!
We no more, sweet love, will part.
The world is bright to me—
My soul but lives in thee!"

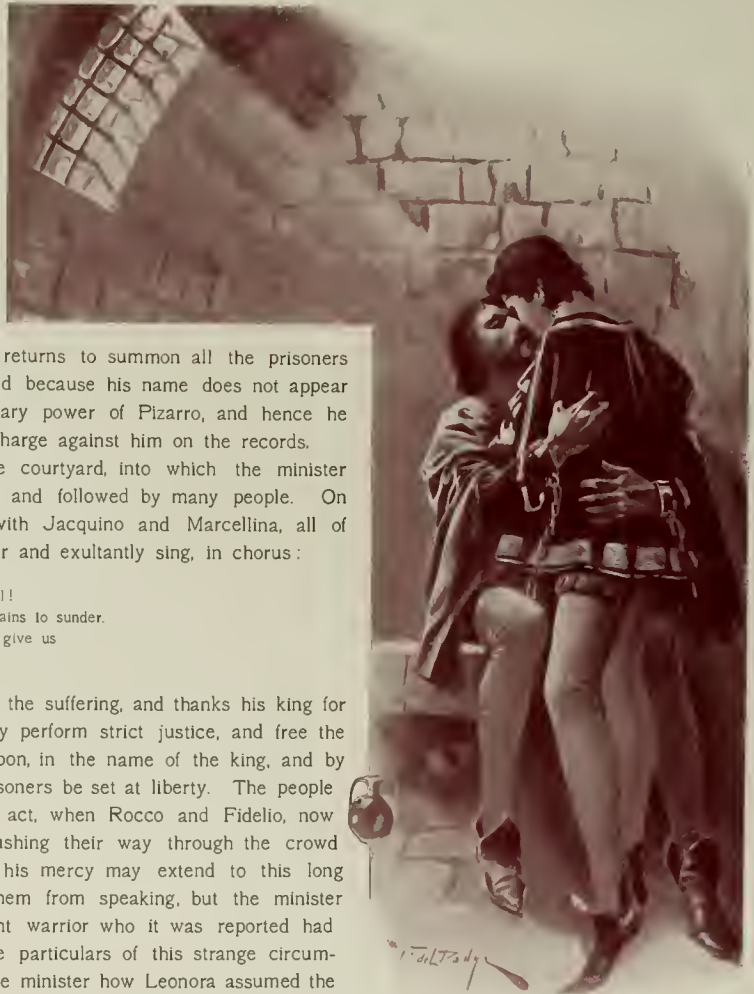
When the song is concluded, Rocco returns to summon all the prisoners before the minister, but Florestan is not called because his name does not appear on the list, he being confined by the arbitrary power of Pizarro, and hence he must soon be released because there is no charge against him on the records.

The final scene represents the castle courtyard, into which the minister enters, accompanied by Pizarro and officers, and followed by many people. On the opposite side are the state prisoners, with Jacquino and Marcellina, all of whom prostrate themselves before the minister and exultantly sing, in chorus:

"Thanks, thanks, and all hail!
To him who comes our chains to sunder.
Justice comes at length to give us
Long-lost liberty!"

The minister betrays his sympathy for the suffering, and thanks his king for appointing him to a position where he may perform strict justice, and free the unhappy victims of vicious tyranny. Thereupon, in the name of the king, and by his decree, the minister orders that all the prisoners be set at liberty. The people set up a great shout of joy at this merciful act, when Rocco and Fidelio, now Leonora, appear supporting Florestan, and pushing their way through the crowd bring him before the minister, and beg that his mercy may extend to this long suffering captive. Pizarro tries to prevent them from speaking, but the minister immediately recognizes Florestan as a valiant warrior who it was reported had died years ago, and eagerly seeks to learn the particulars of this strange circumstance. Rocco now steps forward and tells the minister how Leonora assumed the disguise of a lad and entered his service as assistant jailer, bearing the name of Fidelio; that he had come to like the boy, as he supposed him to be, and had hoped to make him his son-in-law, until it came to pass, by singular discovery, that the supposed lad was really a woman, and wife to Florestan, the prisoner. He also recites how Pizarro tried to bribe him to murder Florestan, and how, while digging a grave in the dungeon, Leonora discovered that the prisoner was her husband, and saved his life by defying the anger of Pizarro. At this revelation of his crime, that he had villainously sought to perpetrate through others in order to conceal his own perfidy, Pizarro becomes purple with rage, and with clinched teeth he calls down curses upon Rocco, at which the people cry out in chorus:

"Punishment befall the wretch
Who oppresses the innocent.
Justice holds aloft, for punishment:
The sword of revenge."



"Oh, joy! Oh, rapture past expressing!"



You, heroic woman! You alone deserve
The happiness completely to set him free!"

Fernando, pleased by the conduct of Rocco, orders him to take the chains off the guiltless prisoner, but on the instant, appreciating the heroism and faithfulness of Leonora, he turns to her, saying: "You, heroic woman! You alone deserve the happiness completely to set your long suffering husband free;" and therefore he bids her to strike with her own hands the gyves from Florestan's limbs, and before the company to receive him as one honored by the state, for to his former position he will be restored.

So transported by joy is Leonora, that with trembling hands she receives the keys, and is so agitated that it is only after long trying she is able to unfasten the chains, but the moment they fall from his wrists, Florestan clasps his faithful wife in a rapturous embrace and the chorus break forth in joyful celebration of the liberation:

"Whoever has possessed such a partner of his heart,
Let him join in our jubilee!
Never can the praise be too loudly sounded
Of the wife that is the preserver of her husband!"

Responsive to Florestan's love and gratitude, for a wife whose virtues have unnerved the wicked and restored him to life, Leonora returns his caresses with an ardor that manifests the rapture which she feels, and exultantly she exclaims:

"Having succeeded in delivering
You from captivity!—Loving and beloved!
Loud let it be proclaimed!
Florestan is again mine own."

There is now a general jubilation, and a rapturous embracement of wife and husband. Only Marcellina and Jacquino appear ill content with the situation. She has lost a new lover by discovery that Fidelio is a woman in the

clever disguise of a lad, but accepts Jacquino's suggestion to take back the old lover, that nothing may be lacking to make the occasion one of universal joy to all but Pizarro, who, of course, is duly punished.





Lohengrin



LOHENGRIK, one of the sweetest of Wagner's operas, belongs to what may be called his earlier works, or before his theatrical writings, which gave him an individuality and marked him as the author of a distinct school. The composition was begun in Paris, but was completed some time after (1847) in Zurich, whither he had fled to escape punishment for participation in the revolution of 1849. The opera was first produced at Weimar, in 1850, under the direction of Liszt, but his exile prevented Wagner from hearing it until 1855, when he was called to London to conduct the Philharmonic Society. It is probably the most popular of his operas, and was first to win general acceptance, although "Tannhäuser," performed fifteen years before, undoubtedly possesses deeper human interest, and is the superior except in picturesqueness, in which latter respect "Lohengrin" is one of the most powerful operas ever staged. The story is derived from more than one source, being a blending of three legends, like that of

Wagner's "Nibelung," but its basis is from King Arthur and the Holy Grail, and is substantially as follows: Henry I, surnamed the "Fowler," King of Germany, has arrived at Antwerp for the purpose of raising an army with which to oppose the Hungarians, who are about to invade his dominions. At the time of the King's visit, Brabant is in a state of intense excitement, caused by report that Godfrey, who has suddenly disappeared, has been murdered by Elsa, his sister. In consequence of this report, Telramund, the husband of Ortrud, daughter of the Prince of Friesland, has set up a claim to the dukedom, and offers to confirm his right by the arbitrament of battle with any one bold enough to dispute his claim. The contention is carried before King Henry, where Elsa stoutly declares her innocence, but the King must be governed by the law to which Telramund has appealed, viz: of supporting his pretences by the ordeal of battle, with any knight whom she may name. The King accordingly allows Elsa a champion. If one shall appear, and in the lists defeat Telramund, she shall be acquitted of the crime charged, and be recognized as heir to the duchy, but if her chosen knight shall fall in the encounter, she will be condemned, and Telramund be established as Duke of Brabant.

Elsa makes choice of a champion such as she has seen in a vision, and prays that he may quickly appear, but twice have the signal trumpets sounded, and no one yet offers to stand for her cause. Telramund is vainglorious, and confident of his triumph by default, until the heralds blow a third summons, when, behold, there suddenly appears in a distant bend of the river Scheldt a boat, drawn by a snowy white and graceful swan, bearing a knight clad in silver armor. The stranger knight disembarks beneath the King's oak, and dismissing the swan, offers his knightly services to Elsa upon condition that she will accept him as a husband and never ask his name. These she joyfully agrees to abide, whereupon a battle takes place between Telramund and the stranger knight, in which the former is defeated and he is thereby deprived of the title and estate of Brabant, while the just claims of Elsa are established.

The immediate marriage of Elsa with her deliverer is ordered, but while preparations are being made in the church, Telramund and Ortrud are without, trying to concert a plot by which their lost honors may be retrieved. As Elsa steps out upon the balcony of the Kemenate, or abode of the monastery ladies, Ortrud accosts her with such pretensions of humility that she obtains the fair maid's confidence, by promising to give her a magic powder that will keep her secure in the affections of her lord. Having by such professions of loving concern established herself in Elsa's trust, Ortrud ventures to suggest that she should inquire as to the name of her future husband, as a safeguard to her happiness and honor.

When the nuptial procession approaches the Cathedral, Ortrud makes bold to oppose Elsa at the door, and Telramund declares to the guests and King that the unknown knight is a sorcerer who gained his victory by means of a magic sword. This interruption does not avail the conspirators, for they are expelled by the King, and the marriage is consummated; but directly the bride and groom leave the church, Elsa, prompted by the evil suggestions of Ortrud, begins to question her husband as to his origin. He tries to persuade her of the binding nature of her promise, but her womanly curiosity will not be satisfied, and when she appeals again to know his name, Telramund and four of his fellow knights rush upon the stranger, who in defence of himself draws his sacred sword and strikes the false duke dead. On the following day, before the assembled army of the King, the stranger knight answers Elsa's question, by announcing that he is Lohengrin, son of King Percival, keeper of the mysterious cup used by our Saviour in passing wine at the last supper, and known as the HOLY GRAIL. His mission, he explains, is to help the deserving needy, but that when his name is revealed his secret power vanishes, wherefore he can now no longer remain in Brabant. While Lohengrin is thus speaking, his swan-drawn boat reappears, and when it arrives at the landing Lohengrin kneels upon the river bank in prayer, in answer to which a white dove flutters down from the sky and releases a chain from about the swan's neck, when, behold, Godfrey, the restored brother of Elsa, stands before the people, to claim his dukedom and to punish Ortrud for her conspiracy. His mission accomplished, but sorrowing for his lost bride, Lohengrin departs in his boat to be seen no more, to the great grief of Elsa and all the people.

Act I, Scene I.—The opening scene of the opera shows a meadow on the banks of the river Scheldt, near Antwerp, with King Henry seated under the Oak of Justice, surrounded by his army and nobles. Opposite the King are the counts and nobles of Brabant, at the head of whom is Telramund, with Ortrud, his wife, by his side. The Herald advances from the King's

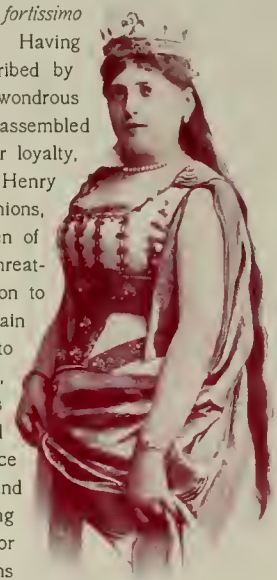
side to the centre of the stage, and signals the four royal trumpeters to sound the muster call. The play is introduced by a remarkable prelude, in which the Grail motive, that furnishes a key to the whole work, is submitted by powerfully descriptive instrumentation, revealing, in most delicious harmonies, the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith.

This wonderful descriptive theme is almost a miracle of contrapuntal ingenuity, the most poetical and impressive of Wagner's many dramatic conceptions. The music is rhetorical, poetic, dreamy, sacred, and triumphant as the subject suggests, by which is portrayed with soulful excitement, a band of radiant angels bringing to earth the Holy Grail, the sacred cup for which so many knightly quests have since been made. With the opening orchestral strains, the heavenly portals seem to swing wide

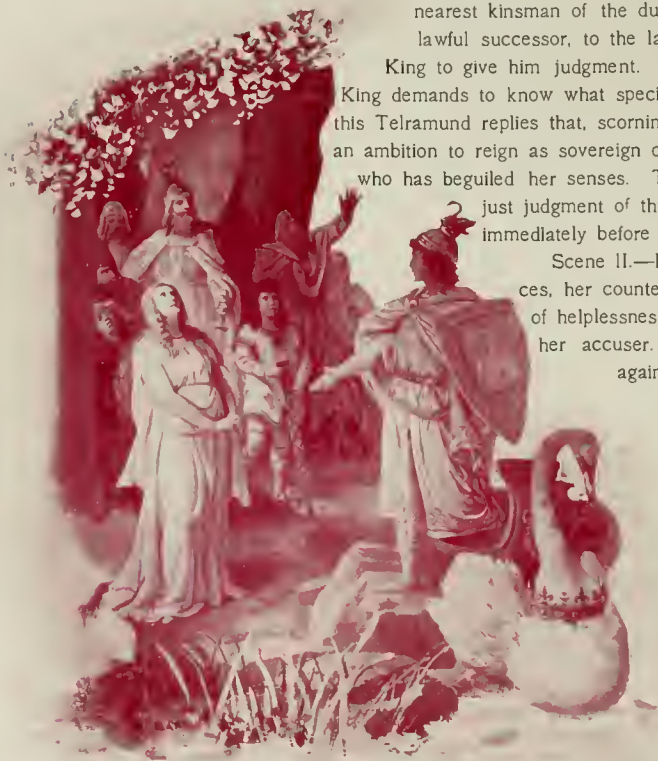


¹¹ A fair swan, leading yonder pinnacle on; and lo, a knight,
A warrior full fair, standing on the prow! ¹²

to permit the exit of angelic messengers, and as the violins pour out their *pianissimo* in the highest registers, sounding the Grail motive, a small flocculent mist gathers in the heavens, increasing and descending with the music until the cloud is resolved into a choir of angels bearing the sacred cup. The descent is slow, indicated by the low notes, until the heavenly band touches the earth, when the orchestra bursts into a passionate *fortissimo* of triumph, as the Holy Grail is delivered to the faithful knights consecrated to preserve it. Having performed their mission, the angels return to their celestial abode, their upward flight being described by fading strains, until the cloud again diminishes, gradually, and presently disappears, leaving a wondrous calm, serene, blissful, heavenly. When the orchestral prologue ceases, the Herald asks the assembled lieges and vassals if they will faithfully serve the king, to which the men of Brabant declare their loyalty, and dedicate themselves to his service. Having thus received their pledges of devotion, King Henry announces that he comes to warn the people that Hungarian enemies are about to invade his dominions, and reminding them of what he has done to benefit and strengthen the nation, he calls all men of German blood to rally about him, and to stand united in a common defence against the dangers of threatening foes. The Saxons and Thuringians strike their arms and loudly proclaim their resolution to guard the German land. The King is pleased by this loyal demonstration, but he views with pain the strife, disunion, and civil warfare that now disturbs Brabant, and calls upon Telramund to explain the cause of this internecine trouble. In response to this request of the King, Telramund, in a declamatory scene, tells how upon the death of the old duke he was chosen guardian of his children, of Elsa, a maiden, and Godfrey, her brother, whom he has tenderly nourished and carefully protected. That one day Elsa and her brother wandered forth and after a long absence she returned without the boy. Being questioned where Godfrey might be found, Elsa faltered, and her confusing answers confirmed suspicion that she had killed her brother. Straightway her willing heart he had resigned, though claim upon her hand the old duke had conferred, and chose for



ELSA



wife Ortrud, daughter of Radbod. That here he arraigns Elsa, Princess of Brabant, charged with fratricide, and as nearest kinsman of the duke, he now claims dominion, as lawful successor, to the land by right, for which he asks the King to give him judgment. The men exhibit dismay at such a charge, and the King demands to know what special cause the maid could have for such a crime. To this Telramund replies that, scorning his proffered hand, she no doubt was prompted by an ambition to reign as sovereign of Brabant, and to indulge a secret love for some one who has beguiled her senses. The King petitions heaven to direct him in forming a just judgment of this awful accusation, and orders that Elsa be brought immediately before him to be placed upon trial.

Scene II.—In response to the King's summons, Elsa slowly advances, her countenance sorrowful and her manner timid, such a picture of helplessness and purity that the men pity her condition and hate her accuser. When the King asks her if the charge preferred against her be true, she is able to return no other answer than to wail: "Oh, my poor brother!"

Urged to speak, Elsa responds in a melodious utterance, "Oft when the hours were lonely," called the dream motive, in which she sweetly and pathetically tells of a vision she has had of a knight of glorious mien, who in the hour of her sorest need shall be her champion. Her sorrowful song awakens fresh sympathy in the King and his retainers, but Telramund construes it as a confession that she has a secret lover, and vaingloriously offers to contest his claim to the dukedom with any one who

"Oh! Elsa, think what joys thy doubts have ended!
Couldst thou not trust in me for one short year?"

is disposed to oppose him. Perceiving that the King's sympathies are with Elsa, Telramund reminds him how on one occasion he saved the royal life when beset by murderous Danes, on which account he now claims the right to expect the King's favor. A partial judgment the King may not give, even though he esteems Telramund as one of his most valiant knights, and of glorious service, but asks if he is willing to submit his claims and proofs to the arbitrament of the sword with any champion of the accused maid who may appear, to which Telramund replies, "Yea!" To a like question propounded to Elsa, she resignedly answers in like manner, and when requested to choose she promises her hand and fortune to him whom heaven shall send to aid her in this extremity. Upon order of the King, four trumpeters

blow a summons, while the Herald cries, "Who will do battle here on life or death for Elsa of Brabant, let him appear!"

There is no answering response, at which Telramund triumphantly declares her cause is of too little worth for any champion to stake his life and honor upon it. Elsa protests to the King that her knight dwells afar, and heareth not, and begs that the trumpet summons be sounded again, but the second call is likewise unanswered, whereupon Elsa addresses a prayer to heaven, beseeching that, as in her distress the Lord hath not failed to succor her, she entreats His mercy again that the knight of her vision may be sent to her present aid. A third time the trumpets sound, and a moment thereafter those standing nearest the river edge perceive the approach of Lohengrin in a gleaming pinnace, drawn by a swan, and guided by golden reins. At this marvelous sight the men and women give thanks and welcome the stranger as a knightly champion, sent from heaven. Telramund and Ortrud are petrified with surprise and dread, but Elsa betrays no emotion, esteeming that it is her humility that the Lord has thus rewarded. When the boat gains the shore, Lohengrin steps upon the bank, and his appearance is dazzling, clothed as he is in a coat of silver mail, a gleaming helmet, surmounted by a swan, on his head, a burnished shield at his back, a golden horn and flashing sword at his side. All deferentially bare their heads, at which Elsa turns about and first discovers the ideal of her dreams, and recognizes that it is the knight that heaven has sent to be her champion.

Leaving his boat, Lohengrin dismisses the swan in a graceful air, "I give thee thanks, my gentle swan," and then salutes the King as gracious sovereign, to which the King makes answer that he conceives the power and purpose that has brought so valiant a knight to this place in this dread hour. The King has judged aright, for Lohengrin is quick to announce his object, to appear as champion of the innocent maid, but turning at once to Elsa he proffers his service upon condition that, shall he prove victor, she will pledge to him her hand,

and vow never to question him as to his origin or name, promises which she freely gives, with protestations of her unflinching confidence and unchanging love. The King and nobles are impressed by this scene of sweet enchantment which partakes of the divine.

Lohengrin, in professing his love for Elsa, makes declaration of her innocence, and charges Telramund with falsehood which, with heaven's assistance, he will compel him to recant. The Brabantians, believing that some mysterious power is possessed by the stranger, counsel Telramund to refuse to wage battle, since disaster must overtake him, but he disregards their warnings, and invites a combat. The King now orders that the field be measured, and that three Saxon nobles shall attend Lohengrin, and as many Brabantians appear for Telramund, who, after pacing the space, set spears into the ground to indicate a fenced field. The Herald now gives the final words of caution, forbidding any one to interfere, and ordering that the fight shall be a fair and open quarrel without resort to magic arts. The Kin



"One day when Elsa had with her brother wandered away."

prays heaven that the guilty may be punished, a petition in which the men and ladies join, at the conclusion of which the two combatants, amid rapt excitement, take their positions within the fixed circle, as the King strikes his sword three times against the shield that hangs on the oak.

The battle that follows is a brief one, for Lohengrin presses the fighting and by a dexterous stroke fells Telramund to the ground, but his life, however, Lohengrin magnanimously spares. Ortrud and Telramund bewail the ill fortune that has brought them to disgrace, and marvel at the power of the strange knight, while Elsa, the King, and chorus rejoice and praise the valiant knight whose triumph and fame will henceforth survive in story, and whose name will fill the land with glory. The Saxon youths place Lohengrin upon his shield, and Elsa upon the shield of the King, and lifting them on their shoulders bear them away amid general rejoicing.

Act II.—The second act begins with a night scene, showing the fortress of Antwerp and palace of the knights, with the Kemenate, or women's dwelling, in the foreground, and the minster on the right. On the steps of the church Telramund and Ortrud, dressed in servile garments, are seated, plotting revenge, stung to passionate envy by the music and festivities that are heard in the palace, celebrating the approaching nuptials of Elsa and Lohengrin. Telramund bitterly reproaches Ortrud as the author of all his miseries, through whose vile suggestions and shameful falsehoods,

that have roused him to pursue the most evil ambitions, he has lost his knighthood and become a wretch, spurned of all men. After much recrimination, Ortrud tells him of a way by which revenge may be obtained, and thus assuaging his present anger she persuades him to be seated beside her, while she reveals a secret which she pretends to have read in the stars. Thereupon she tells him that this strange knight possesses a mighty power, but that if by any means he can be induced to expose his origin and name, the spell that lends him strength will be dissolved. Telramund becomes at once anxious to know how this information may be wrested from Lohengrin. Ortrud, continuing, assures him that no other may hope to draw from him the fatal secret than she whom he has espoused, and whom he has sternly forbidden to question him. Elsa must therefore be tempted, by first exciting her suspicions, to which end Ortrud advises Telramund to declare before the King that it was by sorcery the knight has triumphed over a righteous cause, but if these arts shall fail, force must be used. Telramund wonders how it is possible to contest successfully with one so powerfully endowed, to which Ortrud answers that the strength derived from magic arts fails, and his native helplessness will be shown, if so much as one drop of blood be drawn from him.

Telramund, half doubting Ortrud's words, but starving for vengeance, is prompted to follow her advice, but cautions her of his fell anger should it be proven that she has spoken falsely. As the two are thus concerting their measures for revenge, Elsa appears on the balcony of the Kemenate, where, leaning upon the parapet, she sings a beautiful aria, "Ye wandering breezes heard me," etc., reflecting her joy, to which Telramund and Ortrud respond with dark intentions



"All hail, thou hero from on high, be thou welcome!"



KNIGHT OF THE SILVER MAIL.

Ortrud bids Telramund to trust his fate to her, and then she accosts Elsa, who, disposed to listen to the voice of any in distress, asks what has brought her to this place at such a time of night. Ortrud, affecting the profoundest humility, appeals to the sympathies of Elsa by exposing the sorrows that have fallen upon her, and then deceitfully tells the maid that Telramund is the victim of a wild delusion, which prompted him to prefer an impious charge, but since his defeat he has confessed his shame, and is now filled with remorse. Elsa bids Ortrud be of good cheer, and leaves the balcony to come down to speak with her. During Elsa's brief disappearance, Ortrud gloats over the prospect of her triumph and calls upon the gods to grant her vengeance.

When Elsa returns to the waiting Ortrud, she finds her kneeling, and this attitude of prayer and grief excites afresh the compassion she had begun to feel when first accosted. Pitying her sorrow, which she would fain assuage by helpful promises, Elsa addresses Ortrud:

"Oh, Heaven! How sorely art thou stricken
Whom I in pride and splendor saw!
My heart's compassion it doth quicken,
Heaven's dark decree I mark with awe.
Arise! Oh, do not thus entreat me!
Wert thou my foe, I pardon thee,
And if through me thy heart hath sorrowed
I humbly ask thou pardon me."

Ortrud professes to be thankful for this show of kindness and sympathy, and promises to hold her heart in grateful homage. Elsa invites her to put on royal raiment and attend at the wedding on the morrow, but Ortrud reminds that since defeat of Telramund she is poor and lone, with no higher place than a vassal, but though fallen from a high estate, her friendship has lost none of its strength, and this she therefore has to offer at a time when counsel is most needed. Having thus spoken, Ortrud begins insidiously to instill suspicion into the heart of Elsa, who has been too pure and trustful to doubt the sincerity of others. Filled with happiness, and appreciative of her good fortune, Elsa wishes that Ortrud might be similarly blessed. Ortrud warns her, as a professed friend, that love is often blind, and bids her beware lest fortune change and leave her spurned, but promises to give her a secret that will save her from deception and keep her firmly in the affections of the stranger knight. The two conclude their interview with a duet expressive of their respective feelings, and retire into the Kemenate, as Telramund, who has been an unobserved listener, declares his resolve:

"Come life or death, my purpose shall not fail,
The cause of my dishonor shall not live."

Scene III.—In the following scene day is gradually breaking. Two warders sound the reveille from the turret, which is answered in the distance. Telramund, anticipating an early return of the populace, conceals himself behind a mural projection of the minster, and soon after servitors of the castle, nobles, and retainers of the King enter in great numbers. When the assemblage is completed, a herald steps forth to promulgate the King's decree, laying a ban upon Telramund, as a traitor, and prohibiting all subjects from giving him aid or countenance, which the men applaud. The Herald then further pronounces that it has pleased the King to designate the stranger knight as reigning duke and guardian of Brabant, a title



"Oh, thou, my hero, my defender, no doubt of thee is in my heart!"

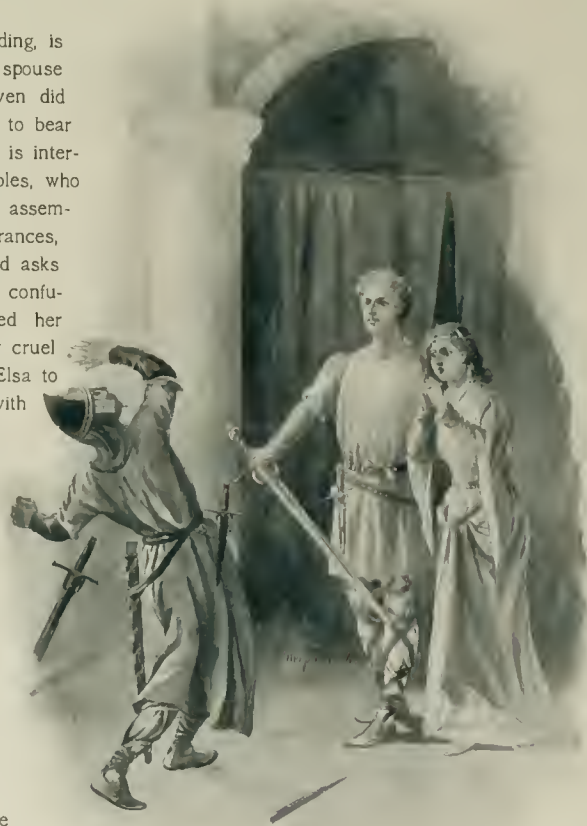
which he deserves as consort of Elsa, and to invite all men to repair to the church, where the nuptials are now about to be celebrated. As this utterance is made, four pages clear a passage for Elsa, who, arrayed in bridal robes, appears on her way to the altar. The men in chorus hail her as worthy of all honor, and wish her every happiness, but her progress is suddenly barred by Ortrud, who, with eyes betraying her passion, declares she will no longer follow like a slave, when her just rights give her precedence, and fiercely commands her to stand back! Elsa is astounded by Ortrud's action, so unlike her cowering humility of the night before, when she professed such ardent friendship, and begged for sympathy. Asked to explain her defiance, Ortrud launches bitter invectives against her enemies and declares that Telramund, whose virtue and renown have ever been great throughout the land, a valiant and glorious prince, has been tricked by a stranger whose lineage no one may divulge, and whose very name is a secret which even his bride cannot tell.

Elsa, though timid in her innocence, faithful and confiding, is roused to anger by the slanders of Ortrud, and defends her spouse as one pure and noble beyond compare, whose victory heaven did design over a recreant knight, and she calls the lieges present to bear witness that he is worthy of all honor. This passionate scene is interrupted by the entrance of the King, Lohengrin, and Saxon nobles, who approach from the palace in a stately procession, hailed by the assemblage. The King, having heard a part of the contentious utterances, demands to know the cause. Lohengrin perceives Ortrud and asks Elsa why this evil one is present, to which she answers, with confusion, that finding her weeping in great sorrow, she harbored her through the night, but this compassion Ortrud now requites by cruel taunts. Lohengrin, in anger, drives Ortrud away, and taking Elsa to his bosom, he tenderly inquires if her heart has been tainted with doubting by the corrupting influences of a designing woman.

Again the bridal procession starts, but it is a second time interrupted, by the sudden appearance of Telramund, who publicly accuses Lohengrin of sorcery, and when the men and King bid him begone, he begs they will hear him for the grievous wrong that has been done. The King is impatient at the interruption, but Telramund reminds him that the knight has disguised his name and race, and that coming in pinnace, drawn by a swan, gives suspicion that he is leagued with mystic powers, for which as a knight he is dishonored by the laws of the land. The King is shocked by this aspersion, and wonders how the charge will be refuted, but Lohengrin disdains to make answer to any earthly prince, declaring that not even a king shall command him, for that he is answerable to no one save to Elsa, the maid of his heart, to whom he has pledged his life, his services and his sacred honor. The boldness of Lohengrin's declaration, and the chivalrous devotion which he vows, begets the admiration of the King, which Lohengrin promises he shall have no cause to repent. Unable to gain a judgment from the King, Telramund makes his appeal to Elsa, and when she repels him, he whispers in her reluctant ear:

"Give me but leave the smallest limb to maim him;
One drop of life blood, and I swear to thee,
What now he hides he shall freely declare,
Nor ever from thy side to wander dare."

Elsa implores him not to tempt her, but Telramund beseeches until Lohengrin observes his persistence and bids him begone, threatening him with deadly peril should he dare to cross his path again. The bridal procession moves again, and as the pair reach the altar Elsa, with deep emotion, turns to Lohengrin, who clasps her in his arms. At this



"Woe! all our joy now is fled for aye!"

moment she looks towards the foot of the steps and sees Ortrud, who lifts an arm as an encouragement of her certain triumph if she will obey his suggestions, at which Elsa is so terrified that she hides her face.

Act III.—The concluding act opens with a solemn bridal march, "Faithful and True," in the bridal chamber, whither Lohengrin and Elsa have been conducted, Elsa by noble ladies, acting as maids of honor, and Lohengrin by the King, pages going before with lighted torches. In the succeeding scene, Lohengrin and Elsa are alone, and an enchanting interview, ending in a domestic tragedy, takes place. Lohengrin expresses the rapture that he feels in having consummated his holiest ambitions, the attainment of love in its glorious fullness, which is a bliss great as mortals may experience. Elsa is no less happy in her boundless love, and sings of her joy in measures that stir the heart with blissful excitement. But the curiosity that Ortrud and Telramund have implanted by their taunting inquiries as to Lohengrin's name disturbs her serenity, and presently so completely dislodges her trust and faith, that even while declaring she would esteem herself blessed dying for his sake, Elsa forgets for the moment her solemn vow, and curiously questions:

"Say, do I love thee?
By what blissful token is shown that power so dread
And yet so blest? or like thy name, ah, may it not be spoken?
Must what I prize the most be never expressed?"

Lohengrin is startled, and calls her, "Elsa!" as if to remind her of her promise, but she, disregarding his admonition, tells him how sweet does sound her name spoken by loving lips, and begs him in this happy hour to confide his name to her, that shall be a sign and seal of his love. Tenderly he cautions against such request, but denial only serves to increase her desire to discover the secret. Earnestly she entreats him to tell her while there are no other ears than hers to hear it. The duet, of persuading and evading, is one of the most charming musical recitations ever composed, which becomes tragic when with increasing vehemence she implores:

"Tell, oh, tell me!
Reveal thy name adored to love—
Thy race and name—all that befell thee!
My power of silence thou shalt prove!"

Lohengrin, expressing the grief that follows her questioning, reminds Elsa of the trustfulness he has shown by believing her innocent of every stain, and in loving tones entreats that he may enfold her in his arms, where with radiant joy he may hold her as his better life, a wife confiding, devoted, faithful and true in fulfillment of her pledge, worthy the sacrifices he has made, that he may find in her a goodly reward for the blest delights which he has abandoned.

This sweet speech, instead of composing, serves only to increase Elsa's fears. She is mistrustful that some day Lohengrin may grow tired of her, and long to return again to the glamorous joys of his former abode. Thus dejectedly reflecting, anticipating evil where trustfulness should abide with love, that happiness might endure, she painfully tells him:

"What magic can I borrow to bind thy heart to me?
A spell is cast around thee—by magic thou art here.
What lies so'er have bound thee, thou by a spell canst tear!
Hark, there are sounds!"

While she is thus addressing, Elsa beholds the swan approaching, the same that brought Lohengrin to her assistance, and ruefully she surmises it has come to bear him away from her. He strives still to console and dispel her fancies, but she becomes more insistent as her doubts increase, and will not be appeased save upon his promise to reveal his name and



"Arouse thyself, companion of my shame!
The dawning day we here may not wait!"

country. While Elsa is persisting, and Lohengrin is trying to avert the calamity that must follow her fatal request, the door is burst open and Telramund and four of his knights rush in. Elsa, quick to see his danger, hands Lohengrin his sacred sword, with which he strikes Telramund dead, at which exhibition of strength and valor the four knights drop their swords and kneel before him, as Elsa falls fainting upon his bosom. After a long silence, Lohengrin pronounces that all his joys are now fled forever, and bids the knights carry Telramund's body to the King's judgment hall, and to conduct Elsa into the royal presence, where he will disclose the secret which she has urgently questioned to know.

In the third and last scene, the audience is taken back to the meadow banks of the Scheldt, as in act first, where as the day dawns brightly the army of King Henry is assembled, before which Lohengrin appears to answer Elsa's inquiry. As the King takes his seat, he compliments his army, and praises the patriotic valor which his soldiers show in opposing the wild Hungarian foe. Casting his eyes about over the gathering he marks the absence of Telramund, and failing to see Lohengrin, he asks where lingers the heaven-sent knight in whom every virtue is united. The four knights now enter bearing the body of Telramund, and following soon after comes Elsa, slowly and sadly. Lohengrin is next to appear, and is hailed by the King and men, who tell him they are waiting his command to lead them forth against the enemies of Germany. When the acclaims cease, so that he may be heard, Lohengrin begs the King to hold him blameless, but for reasons which he cannot give, he requests the King to excuse him from participating in the campaign. The King and men are astounded by his words, and ask an explanation, thinking he may have determined to assist the enemy, to which Lohengrin answers :

"I come not here to lead ye forth to battle ; neither did I seek the life of Telramund, but your just decree to me is due, for he did attack me without cause, and in my own defence I slew him. My joy, I hoped, was to have no end, when in blissful sense I led this beauteous one to the bridal altar ; but from her fair allegiance hath been driven the wife that heaven on me bestowed. Ye all did hear her give a faithful promise that she my name or country would never ask ; yet the sun had not run his diurnal round when she her pledge did violate and pressed me oft for answer. Her request doth wreck my heart, but yet I must fulfill it, nor have I cause to shrink from any test, for when my name and lineage is unfolded, 'tis then ye'll know that I am noble and that my ancestry is honorable as the best !"

His secret the men are impatient to learn, and Lohengrin therefore discloses that he is from the distant mountain called Monsalvat, which holds a sacred shrine, to which only the pure of heart are admitted, for here is kept the immortal cup, even the Holy Grail, that whoso looks upon it is cleansed from earthly sin. This cup was brought from heaven by the angels, and once every year a dove from heaven descends to strengthen it anew for works of grace. He whom the Grail to be its servant chooses is armed thenceforth with invincible might, nor will he lose his power, if called to



"Arise ! Oh, do not thus entreat me !
Wert thou my foe, I pardon thee !"

distant lands to defend a virtuous cause. But guarded by this spell, as champion knight he must not be known, for if men shall learn his secret he must forthwith depart. Disdaining craft and disguise, Lohengrin tells them it was the Grail that sent him to right Elsa's wrongs, for that he is son of Percival, keeper of the Holy Cup, and that Lohengrin is his name!

At this revelation the men and ladies express their grief, and Elsa grows so faint that she calls for help! The swan is now discovered by all, drawing rapidly nearer and Lohengrin, sorrowing that fate should separate him from Elsa, addresses to her his farewell, the dignity and impressiveness of which can hardly be surpassed:

" Too long I stay— I must obey the Grail!
My trusty swan! Oh, that this summons never had come!
I thought the year would soon be over,
Then by the Grail's transcendent power,
I might my secret give thee at last.
Oh, Elsa, think what joys thy doubts have ended!
Couldst thou not trust me for one short year?
Then thy dear brother, whom the Grail defended,
In life and honor thou hadst welcomed here.
If he returns when our sweet ties are broken,
This horn, this ring and sword give him in token
This horn succor on battlefield shall send him,
And with this sword he'll conquer every foe
This ring shall mind him who did most befriend him
Of me who saved thee from the depths of woe!
Farewell, my love! my wife, farewell!
Henceforth the Grail commands my life!"

Ortrud is gleeful over the triumph which seems at hand, a realization of the hopes she has entertained to become heir, by default, of Brabant. She rushes forward and proclaims that the swan is no other than Godfrey, Elsa's missing brother, who by magic arts has thus been transformed, by placing a golden band about his neck. The chorus curse her for a witch, and threaten that her crime shall be fully atoned, but she warns the men to stand back, that the gods may smile upon her vengeance. But the power of Lohengrin is not yet departed. Sinking upon his knees, he offers a mute petition to heaven, in answer to which the white dove of the Holy Grail descends and hovers above the pinnacle. As it comes nearer, Lohengrin loosens the band about the swan's neck, when—marvellous transformation!—in place of the swan Godfrey appears, a beautiful prince in shining raiment, and Lohengrin proclaims him the rightful heir of Brabant. At this wondrous sight, which destroys all her ambitions, Ortrud falls fainting on the bank, a victim to her evil machinations. All contemplate the restored prince with joyful surprise, and kneel to him in homage, as Elsa clasps him to her bosom. Turning from embracing her brother, she discovers that Lohengrin has vanished, but as she gives utterance to her anguish, she catches a glimpse of him in the distance, borne away in the boat, at which all break into loud lamentations, and Elsa, unable longer to support her grief, sinks lifeless into Godfrey's arms.

" This horn succor on battlefield shall send him!"





HANSEL AND GRETEL.

MUSIC BY HUMPERDINCK.—WORDS BY WETTE.



A DISTINCT creation in the opera world, a musical wonder in a marvelous setting, is the charming operetta that Humperdinck conceived in an hour when his fancy was most active, and which he produced by a chance that lends interest to the story. The fabric which Frau Adelheid Wette chose for the rich embroidery she designed to work for the pleasure of little folk chiefly, was one of the most popular of nursery tales, "The Babes in the Wood." This she put into dramatic form for a private performance, in which her own children were to appear, and then sought her brother's (Humperdinck's) aid to increase its interest by writing a few simple melodies to enliven and beautify with music the tragic passages. This was the origin of "Hansel and Gretel," now one of the most famous, because thoroughly delightful, though childish, pieces on the stage.

At his sister's request, Humperdinck composed several little selections, with no thought at first of their value; but when the drama was completed, he suddenly discovered the possibilities of the play, operatically treated, which led him to address himself seriously to producing it with full orchestral score. By this determination, "Hansel and Gretel" was elevated from its chimney-corner place to the dignity of an opera that has been applauded by critics, and which has furnished delightful entertainment for thousands, old and young. German fancy and sentimentality has ever been characterized by its pleasing richness, to which fact we owe much, and German literature has a charming handmaiden in German music, for which the whole world confesses indebtedness. Wagner was the father, so to speak, of descriptive melody, the musical interpreter of deeds, the imitator of sounds natural, and simulator of the unreal, which he personated by magical notes. Humperdinck is a disciple of Wagner, and has not hesitated to use his master's musical methods in lyrically treating legends and fairy tales, the best of his work being seen in "Hansel and Gretel."

As an opera, "Hansel and Gretel" was first performed in Berlin, December, 1894, where it was most favorably received, and in January following, it was sung in London with great success. Constance Bache rendered the words into English, which has been the generally accepted libretto used in this country. In the fall of 1895, the opera was given in New York, and after a highly successful run in that city, it went upon a triumphal tour through all the large American cities, and was always given before crowded houses.

The opera contains no more than the thread of a story, upon which are strung rare musical gems, exquisite and expressive, embracing rich melodies, descriptive pieces, and imitative fantasias, rich, varied, and extremely pleasing. The opening instrumental prelude, a favorite concert piece, is especially beautiful, that prepares the audience for a delicious repast which is not disappointing, but charming to the end.

Act I.—When the curtain rises it is to present an interior view of the humble home of Peter, the broom-maker, an honest old man, with a less amiable wife, who though poor, are not wholly unmindful of God's providence. Being reduced by poverty to the necessity of catching stray straws for a living, when broom-making is unprofitable, the parents are abroad on an excursion of this character when the play begins, leaving their two children, Hansel and Gretel, alone at home, the former making brooms, the latter knitting stockings. The two grow tired of their work, and hungry as well, for there is no food in the house; so, to cheer themselves, they render a pretty nursery rhyme



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about geese that go barefoot because they have no shoes, and of going to bed to lie all day, because where there is naught to eat, there is nothing to pay. As hunger increases, the children lament their ill fortune, but Gretel is disposed to make the most of her hard lot, relying upon Heaven for relief when necessity is greatest. Hansel grows despondent, however, and declares that he can never make a satisfactory meal off maxims; that it has been so long since he had any eggs, or butter, or suet-paste to eat, he has quite forgotten how they taste, whereat Gretel rails at him as a veritable crosspatch, looking like a fright, and acting like a goose. Under her chiding Hansel is made to see the folly of his grumblings, and thereupon Gretel tells him a great secret, a very great secret, which cannot fail to please him. Cautiously, she whispers in his attentive ear that here in the corner is a fresh jug of milk, brought over this morning by a kind neighbor, and that when mother returns she will surely make them a nice rice porridge.

His sister's report that milk is in the house dispels Hansel's hunger-pains, and he goes dancing about the room singing of fresh milk, and ending his romp by dipping his fingers in the cream, determined to get a taste. Gretel gives him a rap for his greediness, and orders him back to his work, but Hansel refuses to resume his task, preferring to dance instead. A merry scene now ensues in which Gretel, being the older and more expert, undertakes to teach her clumsy brother the different steps. The music that accompanies this effort of the children is remarkable for its imitation of tapping of feet, clapping of hands, clicking of fingers, and happy tra-la-las. They pause in the dance, at intervals, to chaff each other, but

HANSEL AND GRETEL LEFT TO WORK AT HOME.

finally seizing hands, they move in a circle quicker and quicker,

until unable to control their movements, they take a hard tumble and go sprawling on the floor.

Scene II.—As the children fall, making a great noise, their mother, Gertrude, enters, to their consternation, and demands to know the cause of this disturbance. The two accuse each the other of being the guilty one, and as the facts cannot be learned from them, Gertrude unstraps a basket from her back, and shaming them for idling their time in yodeling and carousing, while their parents are toiling, she gives Hansel a box on the ear. Her ire now being thoroughly aroused, the mother calls Gretel to account for not finishing the stocking, and threatening the children with greater punishment, she starts to bring a stick, but in her hurry she upsets the jug of milk, thus losing the last hope of supper, for she has brought home no food herself. Hansel cannot conceal his mirth at his mother's indignation and awkwardness, as she looks down at her dress splashed with milk, and this so increases her anger that she thrusts a large basket into their hands, and in an energetic outburst drives them into the woods for strawberries, threatening to whip them soundly if they return without it being filled. After the children are gone, mother Gertrude sits down, exhausted, and contemplates



HANSEL TASTING THE JAR OF CREAM.

the pieces of her poor jug, a valued house relic, which she has broken in her blind excitement. Then she begins to think of the children, sent away without a taste of food, because she had not a crumb to give them, neither milk in the jug, nor crust in the cupboard. Wearied, hungry, hopeless, she calls upon God to send her help, for no other aid does she know, then laying her head upon her arms, resting upon a table, she falls to sleep.

Scene III.—The next scene is one of charming vivacity which Humperdinck has treated with his remarkable genius for interpreting the gleeful nature of a poor but contented man, thankful for the little good that heaven vouchsafeth. A happy voice is heard in the distance, singing a merry tra-la-la, and making sport of poverty, which draws gradually nearer, until Peter, the cheerful father, pokes his head through the window to see who may be in the house, before venturing in. He soon enters the room, still singing blithely of the poor man's small needs, and putting down his basket he reels over to his sleeping wife, whom he awakes, with a smacking kiss, to show what he has brought. Peter has been successful in disposing of his stock of besoms, and with the price obtained he has bought some food, and some drink as well. The former he will share with his family, but the latter he has already used, as his jolly mood plainly shows. Gertrude exhibits a bad humor for having been disturbed from a good sleep, but Peter continues his song, about the wild beast of hunger that pinches and gnaws. Believing he has squandered his profits of the day in drink, Gertrude calls him a wild beast that has given himself a feast while mindless of the hunger of others. He tries to console her with caresses, but she pushes him away, declaring that she is in no mood to

receive his kisses. Unable to cheer her with words, Peter opens his basket and begins to

display the good things he has brought home. Gertrude can scarce believe her eyes, that dance with delight as she beholds butter, ham, eggs, flour, sausage, vegetables and a whole pound of tea, a quantity of food which she is sure must have cost a fortune. Turning the contents of his basket onto the floor, Peter seizes his wife by the arm, and the two execute a rollicking dance, singing: "Now won't we have a festive time," etc.

Having concluded their jubilant exercises, Gertrude sets about packing the things away and getting supper ready while Peter tells her how he came to have such a profitable day selling his brushes in the city. He thereupon lifts a cup to drink to his good fortune, but at that instant he marks the absence of Hansel and Gretel, for whom he anxiously inquires. Gertrude answers that she does not know where they may be, but that she cannot forget how Hansel made her break the cream jug, and thus lose all its precious contents. Peter strikes his fist on the table, affecting much anger, and speaks of the children as scapegraces, that are always falling into mischief. Gertrude bewails the loss of her jug, and soundly berates the children, but her greater anger quells his own, and Peter falls to laughing over the spilled milk. Again he asks where thinks she can be Hansel and Gretel, which question Gertrude snappishly answers by telling him for aught she knows they are at Ilsenstein! He seems to be horror-struck by this information. Letting a broom fall from his grasp, which he has just taken from the wall, he wrings his hands, and to the



GRETEL TEACHING HANSEL TO DANCE.



accompaniment of the most gruesome music, he tells her of the gobbling ogress that haunts the forests about Ilsestein. Taking up the broom again, he explains to his now terrified wife how witches ride the stick when at midnight they congregate for a dance. Seriously, he pours into her startled ear the story he has often heard of a certain old witch of the wood, who resides thereabouts, that is in league with the powers of hell; that this uncanny old crone goes stalking about with a munching sound, seeking for children, tender and fat, whom she entices to her haunt by pieces of magic gingerbread, and then pops them into a hot oven, where they are baked into sweetmeats for her dinner. At this horrible relation, Gertrude is in a frenzy of fear for her children, and runs out of the house to search for them. Peter cries to her to wait for him, but determined not to leave his whisky behind, he seizes the bottle and rushes after her, as the curtain descends on the first act.

Act II.—When the play is resumed, a scene in the forest is represented, with Ilsestein, surrounded by fir trees, in the background. Under one of the trees Gretel is sitting busily occupied weaving a garland of wild roses, while among some bushes, on the right, is Hansel searching for strawberries. The time is sunset, and the action is introduced by a characteristic instrumental prelude, "The Witches' Ride." Little Gretel hums to herself:

"There's a funny little man as tall as he is round,
He wears a pretty coat made of finest velvet brown
I wonder who this little man can be,
Standing so still beneath that fuzzy tree;
His hair is golden, his cheeks they are red,
A cap of black he wears upon his head!"

She holds up a wreath of flowers which she examines critically, then looks about her for Hansel, who now comes out of the bushes swinging his basket and joyously boasting that it is filled with berries, which he is sure will please his mother. Gretel is no less happy at having completed her garland, which she tries to place on Hansel's head, but he refuses to accept a gift that better becomes a girl, and gives her a nosegay, telling her she shall be queen of the wood. In mock adulation he kneels before her and makes an offering of his berries, which, however, he charges her not to eat. At this moment the notes of a cuckoo are heard, which they imitate in a beautiful duet, with echo accompaniment, as they feed each other with the strawberries. Presently, through much eating, they begin to quarrel over the berries, and Hansel puts an end to the object of contention by devouring the last of the berries himself. Gretel is alarmed by the disappearance of the fruit, for she thinks

"You naughty children, thus idling away your time!"

of the punishment that will follow their return home with an empty basket, and she proposes that they hunt for more.

It is now growing dark, and the search for berries they soon discover to be a hopeless task. Gretel begins to show timidity, and wishes they had gone home sooner, but Hansel tries to be brave until a cuckoo calls from the nearby bushes, at which sound his courage shows signs of failing, and he turns to his sister with signs of despair, admitting that he cannot find the way. They now realize the lonesomeness of their situation; darkness has settled about them, and the mysterious noises of night in a deep wood harass their ears. Gretel, oppressed by fears, discovers strange images, gleaming lights, and grinning faces, which succeed each other as rapidly as Hansel explains them away as natural objects. But even though feeling his responsibility, as the stronger of the two, he cannot long maintain composure, but to encourage himself he calls to a will-o'-the-wisp that is hopping about, "Who's there?" and receives an echoing answer back, "*You there!*" Some dreadful creature, man or thing, goblin or beast, they now have no doubt is stalking



them, but Hansel, tremblingly, offers to protect her as long as his faltering courage will allow. A thick mist rises and completely obscures the background, and out of it Gretel weaves mysterious forms that animate her growing fears:

"Look, Hansel! a troop of sheeted ghosts;
See them coming with nods and leerings.
I cannot count so great the dreadful hosts;
I must close my ears to their cruel jeerings."

Believing that they are about to be carried away by this army of female goblins, Gretel shrieks and cowers behind Hansel, under the roots of a big tree; at the same moment, as the mist lifts somewhat, Hansel observes a little gray man on the left with a bag on his shoulder.

Scene II.—The strange little man, who proves to be the sleep-fairy that carries dust to cast in sleepy eyes, comes towards the children scattering his magic powder, and lulls them to repose with a soft and beautiful lullaby:

"My office is to bring sweet sleep,
And o'er each child my vigils keep.
The little ones I dearly love,
And peace I call for them above.
By their beds I softly stand,
And close each eye with friendly hand.
Angels guard them when I leave.
Sweet thy slumber be this eve.
Thus a tender watch I keep,
Sleep, little sister,
Sleep, little brother, sleep!"

The children become calm under the soothing words of the sleep-fairy, and when, waiving his adieux, he disappears, they kneel upon the soft earth, fold their hands in reverent attitude, and utter an evening prayer, which is a veritable marvel of sympathetic musical invocation, an exquisite and most impressive portrayal

OLD PETER RETURNS TO FIND HIS POOR WIFE ASLEEP

of feeling, in which instrumentation is made to express deeper sentiments than words are capable of describing:

"When at night I go to sleep
Fourteen angels watch do keep;
Two my head protecting,
Two my feet directing,
Two do guard me on the right,
Two upon my left in sight,
Two there are who warmly cover,
Two above me always hover,
Two to whom the word is given,
To guide my steps to heaven."

Having thus pronounced their simple prayer, they lie down on the moss, and twining their little arms about each other fall asleep, as complete darkness ensues. Suddenly a light breaks, and clouds are seen rolling together, which soon assume the form of a stairway mounting, in perspective, towards the sky. The mists disappear, and as the forest again comes into clear view, fourteen angels, two by two, are to be seen floating down the celestial passage-way, and gaining the earth they arrange themselves about the children as described in the hymnal prayer. When a circle of twelve angels is formed around the sleepers, two others take their places beside the children, and the



others now join hands and execute a stately dance, after which they group themselves in a picturesque tableau as the curtain slowly falls upon the conclusion of the second act.

Act III.—The third and last act is called "The Witch's House." When the curtain goes up, Hansel and Gretel are seen to still be sleeping in the woods. The background is enveloped in darkness, and the angels have vanished, thus presenting a night scene in the quiet forest. But morning draws apace; the rosy curtains of the east gradually roll up, and light breaks through the mists, brighter and brighter, until morning appears. Now comes the Dawn Fairy, lonesome and graceful, carrying a blue-bell heavy with dew-drops, which she shakes over the children, accompanying her action with a charmingly vivacious and cheer-inspiring song:

"I am up with the break of dawn,
To greet with joy the golden morn;
I banish sleep from heavy eyes,
I bid the children to arise.
Ding dong! ding dong!
The waking bell is ringing,
The birds begin their singing.
I gather dew from flowers,
And scatter thus in showers.
Awaken now, the dawn is here;
Be up, enjoy the morning cheer!"

As the dawn-fairy vanishes, the children begin to stir, Hansel turning over to go to sleep again, but Gretel rubs her eyes, and sitting up she expresses surprise to find herself in the woods, wondering how she came here. The twittering birds gain her attention, to which she gives a greeting, and then turns to Hansel, whom she calls sleepy-head, and rouses him by tickling his ear with a leaf, at the same time singing a titillating melody that is as musical as it is catchy, and intensely pleasing. Hansel jumps up with a start, and shaking his head declares he has never had a better rest nor slept so well before.

Gretel is quite as satisfied as Hansel with her sleep in the woods, and tells her brother of a wondrous dream she has had. Thereupon she describes her vision of fourteen angels as they were represented in the tableau, which Hansel thinks is most strange, for he too has had a like dream, which seemed so real that he looks for the celestial stairway; but in the place where he

"My, my! Do you not know of the witch who lives in the Ilsestein wood?" expected to see it, he perceives instead the witch's house at the Ilsestein. On one side, among the fir trees, is an oven, opposite to which is a cage joined to the witch's house by a fence of gingerbread figures.

Scene II.—Gretel, observing the astonishment that is on Hansel's face, tries to calm him, suspecting some trap, or that the tempting vision is only a splendid delusion like that which has just regaled them in sleep; but the delicious odors that assail her hunger very soon beguile her quite as much, and the two express their wonder in a pretty duet:

"A beautiful cottage of chocolate cream,
As radiant and rich as a Turkish dream;
And look! around it a gingerbread fence,
And larts in abundance, worth many a pence
Oh, castle of magic, can it be true?
It gives me a hunger, does it not you?
The princess who lives there, happy must be.
Such good things to eat and so much to see!
If she did but know of our cottage so bare,
No doubt she'd invite us her dainties to share."



After thus giving voice to their admiring surprise, the children draw a little nearer, and Hansel, seeing no one stirring, suggests that they go inside, but Gretel reproaches him for his boldness in proposing to enter a house of which he does not know the owner. Hansel's desire rapidly increases, as he contemplates the delicious things that seem to be waiting his coming, and in his eagerness he fancies that the house is smiling at him, and that angels have guided his footsteps hither. Gretel is not long being persuaded that some kind providence has designed these good things to satisfy their hunger, and when Hansel proposes to nibble a bit of the cottage fence, she gives consent. The two now hop along, cautiously, hand in hand, and getting very near the house, they proceed on tip-toe, very slow, very wary, their desire barely stronger than their fears, until gaining the fence, Hansel breaks off a piece and mincingly devours it, for he is not sure that some punishment may not follow.

Scene III.—A voice from the house so startles Hansel that he drops the piece of cake and stares at Gretel. She thinking it may have been the wind, encourages him, and picking up the bit of cake takes a taste, and induces Hansel to eat a piece. Less timid now, the two eat voraciously, finding it the very finest of plum-cake. Their confidence restored and appetite whetted, they break off larger pieces, and are eating with gusto and declaring their good fortune, when presently a door of the cake-house opens gently, and the head of the old witch appears. The children do not at first see her, and proceed

with the feast, passing pieces of cake to each other, and laughing in their great joy. The witch meantime is preparing a rope with which to catch the two; warily she opens the door, and quickly snares Hansel and then seizes Gretel. They scream lustily, and struggle violently, having no doubt that an awful punishment awaits them, but the witch draws them towards her, despite their efforts, soothingly muttering:

"Angels both, you surely are,
(Goosey-ganders for a pair);
To visit me, it is so nice!
Now I will cook you in a trice!
Do not worry so, my dears,
I will calm your anxious fears;
Children two, so plump and neat,
Must be very nice to eat."

The witch treats them gently, but the children are horrified by her appalling features, and continue their attempts to escape; gradually they lose their fears, however, and show only their disgust for her as an ugly creature. She gloats over them as tender morsels, and tries to lure them into her house with promises of sweetmeats, tarts, raisins, almonds, peaches, and everything that pleases the tastes of girls and boys, for whom she confesses an over-fondness.

Hansel pronounces her a hideous fright, too awful for his company, and Gretel protests that she is too friendly for honest purposes, at which the witch offers them a life of bliss if they will trust her and come into her house, where so many delicious things will be given them to please their eyes and feast their appetites; goodies of every kind, that children mostly prize, and pleasures such as they have never enjoyed in their poor lives.



"My office is to bring sweet sleep,
And o'er each child my vigils keep."



HANSEL AND GRETEL LOST IN THE WOOD OF ILSSENSTEIN.

The children cannot understand the witch's strange words and singular actions, no more than her unnatural appearance, and while they long greatly for the good things she offers, they refuse to accept her enticements, and manage presently to get free of the rope. They run to the front of the stage, whither the witch follows and stops them by lifting her magic stick, and weaving a spell. The stage becomes gradually darker as the old sorceress mumbles: "Hocus pocus, by the witch's charm!" etc.

The witch produces a jack-o'-lantern of grim visage, and bearing it aloft goes before, leading Hansel, who is constrained by the spell, and conducts him into the house, the lattice door of which is shut upon him. In the meantime, Gretel stands motionless, unable to resist the incantation, until the witch returns and says to her: "Be cheerful, child, good and discreet, while Hansel's fatt'ning for the feast," etc.

Gretel remains in the position she is commanded to maintain, and when the witch starts again to enter the house Hansel charges his sister hastily, in a whisper, to watch sharply every action of the old witch, and pretend to execute all her wishes. The witch satisfying herself that Gretel is obedient, returns to Hansel and sets before him a basket of fruits and confections which she feeds to him while singing her magic rhymes. When Hansel is well fed, the witch turns to Gretel, whom she now disenchant's by waving an elder branch above her head.

Hansel is less plump than Gretel, therefore the witch concludes to begin her feast upon the girl. She opens the door of the oven and the flames dart up high as the wicked old creature piles fresh fuel on the fire, and her glee is great as she contemplates the splendid dinner that will soon be ready. Rubbing her hands joyfully, the witch tells how, while Hansel is asleep, she will creep behind Gretel and suddenly push her into the oven to make sweet gingerbread of her. In her ecstasy, the witch seizes a broomstick on which she rides around, vividly portrayed in the music, and tells in a joyous way of her wild gambols over hill and dale, from midnight hour till dawn of day. After riding about the stage for a while, she pulls up, and dismounting, conducts her broomstick to the stable. She then tickles Hansel with a birch branch until he awakens, when she asks him to show his tongue and expose his thumb; after examining these she affects to believe Hansel has not had enough to eat, and calls Gretel to bring him another basket of nuts and raisins. With these the witch feeds Hansel, and while she is thus engaged, Gretel gets behind her, where, with a juniper brush, she performs the act of disenchantment by waving it over his head while pronouncing the mystic formula. The witch discovers Gretel in the act, and stops her mouth with raisins, then she opens the oven door, congratulating herself meantime with the good fortune that has brought so plump a pudding to her door, and then coaxingly, she orders:

"Peep in the oven, my pretty one,
And see if the gingerbread is done!"

Hansel slips out of the stable and comes up close, where he whispers a caution in his sister's ear. Gretel appears to be very awkward, and protests that she does not understand, whereupon the witch explains by telling her to stand on tip-toe, and bend well forward. Gretel, still awkward, makes a show of obeying, but declares herself to be such a silly goose that she cannot quite perform the act until it be done by the witch herself. The old hag, with some impatience, creeps up to the oven, muttering to herself, and as she pokes her ugly head into the oven, the children give her a quick push and topple her in, shutting the door securely that she may not hop out again. Now follows the witch-waltz, one of the most delightful things of the opera, which Hansel and Gretel perform while singing triumphantly of the death of the witch, and of the house of sweetmeats in which they may feast to their fill. After dancing a while, Hansel breaks away from Gretel, and rushing into the house he closes the door after him; but immediately he appears at an upper window, from which he showers down confections and nuts into Gretel's outstretched apron. While the children are thus engaged sacking the house of its dainties, the fire burns fiercely, and in a few moments the heated oven falls apart with a loud report. The great noise so startles



"I'll stuff him full of sweetest food -
That'll please him well and make him good."

the children that they drop their sweetmeats and stand in mute astonishment gazing at the ruin until a crowd of children swarm about them. Wondering, Hansel and Gretel ask each other whence so many little ones have come.

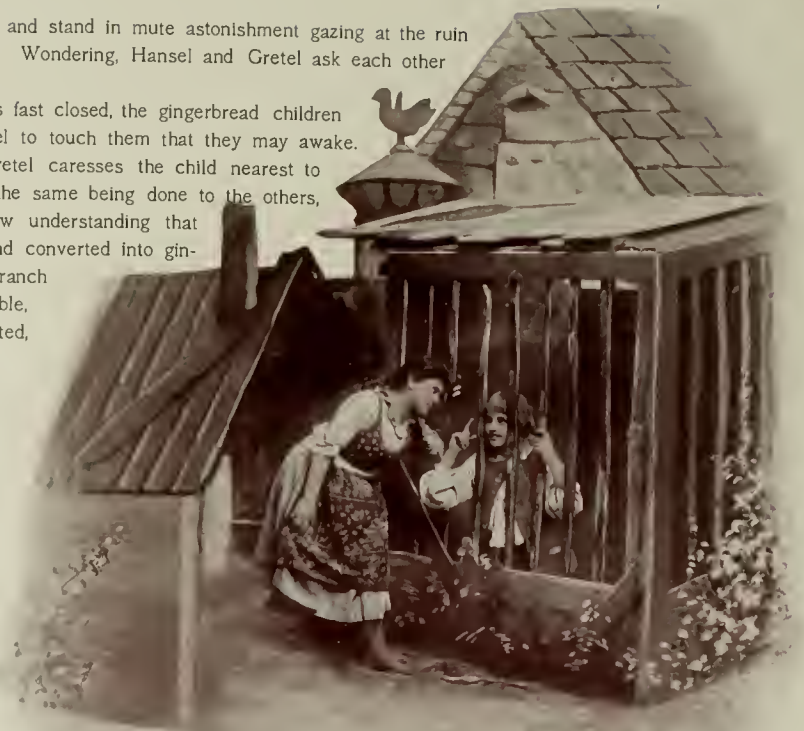
Scene IV.—Motionless, and with eyes fast closed, the gingerbread children stand and softly beseech Hansel and Gretel to touch them that they may awake. Hansel is too embarrassed to obey, but Gretel caresses the child nearest to her, which immediately opens its eyes, and the same being done to the others, they are all infused with life. Hansel, now understanding that these are children placed under a spell, and converted into gingerbread by the witch, waves the juniper branch over their heads, and repeats the magic mumble, by which act all the children are disenchanted, and with shouts of glee they dance and sing in honor of their deliverance.

The father and mother, who have had a long and painful search for Hansel and Gretel, now appear and joyfully embrace them. While the family is making merry over the happy reunion, two of the boys, who had been gingerbread children, drag the old witch out of the ruins of the oven, when to the astonishment of all they perceive that she has been baked into a big gingerbread-cake, and the father observes:

"Children, see the wonder wrought,
How the witch herself was caught!"

The children who have been restored through the trick perpetrated upon the old witch by Hansel and Gretel, join heartily in expressing and applauding the sentiment that the wicked in laying snares to entrap others often become the victims of their own ill-advised cunning. The entire company now celebrate with dance and gleeful shout the happy circumstance that has delivered many unfortunates from the dreadful spell of gingerbread children, and the opera concludes with a pious choral hymn.

"Be cautious now, what e'er you do,
The witch we'll make into a stew."





A SKETCH OF HUMPERDINCK.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK belongs to the younger class of composers, with Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini, although the three latter are all natives of Italy, now the most famous land of music. It is often remarked, that while Germany has given to the world perhaps the greatest musicians, yet since the death of Wagner no especially distinguished creator of song has hailed from that country. And equally strange is the fact that while opera was never so popular as it is now, there is a marked dearth of composers who have won permanent fame, so that comparatively few new grand operas are now put on the stage.

Humperdinck is concededly the most promising musical genius of Germany, and though his productions are few, they are of a character that gives the public large expectations of his future work. He is of the Wagnerian school, descriptive, melodic, with great individuality, and so decided is his talent that in 1882 he attracted the attention of Wagner, who honored him with an invitation to be his guest upon the occasion of a musical performance in Venice, where Wagner's only symphony was given.

Humperdinck was born in Siegburg, a small town on the Rhine, September 1, 1854. His parents were poor, but they encouraged Engelbert's ambition to the fullest extent of their ability by sending him to the Cologne Conservatory, where his musical training had its beginning under the most favorable conditions. Although he entered the Conservatory when but thirteen years of age, his talent was so great, and his application so studious that he won in succession the three chief prizes awarded by the school, known respectively as the Mozart, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer stipends. This success was not limited to honor, which, however, was large, but carried with it considerable material profit, by gaining which Humperdinck, who had much need for financial assistance, was enabled to continue his musical studies in the greater conservatories of Munich and Rome, graduating from each with special honors.

In 1885, Humperdinck's fortune was greatly augmented by the offer of a liberally paid situation as instructor of composition at the Royal Conservatory of Barcelona, where he remained for two years, much to his advantage, for his salary was not only a good one, but while there he acquired the Spanish tongue, his fondness for languages being a passion second only to that of music. In 1887 he returned to Cologne, and after a short stay in that city, he accepted a position as teacher of composition in the Conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main, which situation he still retains.

A singular thing about Humperdinck is the fact that while especially interested in composition, he did not undertake what may be called serious work until 1893, when, by accident, it may be truly called, he wrote the music to his sister's fairy story, "Hansel and Gretel." Previous to this, however, he composed a chorus ballad, "The Fortune of Edenhall," and a cantata, "A Pilgrimage to Kavelaar," the latter based on Henry Heine's poem, which he arranged for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, both of which pieces were well received, but are now rarely heard. He has also written several songs and piano pieces, none, however, that have attained any considerable popularity. It is therefore by a single production, "Hansel and Gretel," that Humperdinck's fame is at present supported, though he is fairly well known in Germany for the skill he has shown in some arrangements which he made of scenes from Wagner's works. "Hansel and Gretel" is pronounced by competent authorities to be the most important contribution to German opera since the death of Wagner, a remarkably melodic creation indeed, in which the author reproduces with infinite art the child-like charm of one of the most delightful fairy tales. His treatment of the guiding themes is amazingly elaborate and skillful, and the score throughout is kaleidoscopic without any sacrifice of naturalness, while the melody is always beautiful.

Recently (1897) Humperdinck composed a child's ballad opera, facetious enough in character as indicated by its title, "The Seven Little Goats," but its production was a disappointment to his admirers, and after a few representations it was withdrawn. At this writing (1899) it is said Humperdinck is engaged upon a lyrical composition, to be called "The Royal Children," which competent persons, who have heard some of the music in private, regard so favorably as to venture the opinion that it will prove a very great success, but the musically-inclined will await impatiently, and no doubt for some time, for another production of like character equal to that of "Hansel and Gretel," one of the sweetest of lyrical creations.



ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.





DON GIOVANNI.

(DON JUAN.)

SCORE BY MOZART.—WORDS BY PIERRE DA PONTE.

DON GIOVANNI is, in some respects at least, the most remarkable of operatic creations. Gounod wrote of it: "The score of 'Don Giovanni' has influenced my life like a revelation. It stands in my thoughts as an incarnation of dramatic and musical impeccability." The characterization is consummate perfection, and the differentiating of the natures of the three sopranis, Anna, Elvira, and Zerlina, is masterful beyond all example. Remarkable as is the work, from a strictly musical standpoint, still more wonderful are the circumstances connected with its production. Da Ponte is indebted to Tirso de Molino's old Spanish tale—in poetry—that has long ceased to be read, for the basis of his libretto. Moliere, the most famous of French dramatists, also used the story for his tragedy, "Le Festin de Pierre" (the stone banquet), and Byron no doubt received his inspiration from the tale for the writing of "Don Juan," though the adventures which he recounts are in little wise related to those in Molino's fiction. The opera came to be written in this wise: "The Marriage of Figaro" was produced with such extraordinary success in Vienna that the director of the theatre at Prague soon put it upon the boards there, and invited Mozart to witness the first performance, which he joyfully accepted. The success at Vienna was repeated at Prague, and Mozart was so delighted by his reception that he expressed a desire to compose an opera for "the intelligent and appreciative people of that city." The director, pleased with the opportunity, immediately made a contract with Mozart for an opera, the subject of which, however, was not selected until some weeks after, though the agreement provided that the score should be completed within two months.

Mozart set himself to work immediately, at Prague, stopping with Duscsek, and doing his writing on a stone table in a summer house. But though he entered upon the task with enthusiasm, his procrastinating spirit soon gained the mastery over his resolution, and he fell into his idle habit of playing skittles, to such an extent that at the expiration of the time in which he was to fulfill his contract, considerably less than one-half the first act was completed.

In the meantime the new opera, "Don Giovanni," had been extensively advertised, and postponement of the performance would have meant ruin. Nothing remained to Mozart but to do the work in one night that he had engaged himself to perform in two months. It seems incredible that such an extraordinary thing should be actually accomplished. The composer was in many respects a remarkable man, but in nothing else did he prove himself to be so truly wonderful as in the writing of the score of "Don Giovanni." He resumed work on the barely begun score in the afternoon of one day and turned the whole over to his copyist on the following morning. He applied himself most industriously through the whole night, with no person near him except his wife, who, it is said, told him many astonishing tales, and administered frequent glasses of weak punch in order to drive away feelings of drowsiness.

The copy of the score that Mozart prepared was finished towards noon of October 29 (1787), which was the date set for the performance. No time was therefore allowed for rehearsal, so that the opera had to be given wholly without preparation, save that the scenic accessories had been made ready. Notwithstanding the brief time in which it was written, and the impossibility of rehearsal, "Don Giovanni" was a pronounced success at its initial performance, though several lapses were apparent which were corrected soon after by Mozart, who wrote four new numbers, which were introduced in the performance at Vienna the following year.

The creation of a night we may pronounce "Don Giovanni" to be, and yet it is undeniably one of the very greatest operas ever produced, upon which Mozart's best biographer (Von Nissen) passes this opinion: "Whether we regard the mixture of passion in its concerted music, the profound expression of melancholy, the variety of its situations, the beauty of its accompaniment, or the grandeur of its heightening and protracted scene of terror—the finale of the second act—'Don Giovanni' stands alone in dramatic eminence."

The scene of the opera is laid in and about the city of Seville, and concerns the licentious escapades and final punishment of Don Giovanni, a rich nobleman, who is enamored of Donna Anna, daughter of Don Pedro, the commandant of Seville. The dissolute noble, who has deserted his mistress, Elvira, unable to wean the affections of Donna Anna from Don Octavio, her betrothed, secretly invades her apartment at night and attempts to carry her away

He is defeated of his infamous purpose by her loud cries, which speedily bring her father to the rescue. A fight with swords ensues, in which Don Juan, as we shall hereafter call him, kills the commandant, and then, by the aid of his rascally servant, Leporello, makes his escape. Shortly after this tragic adventure, Donna Elvira meets the murderous libertine pair and upbraids Don Juan for his cruelty in wronging and then abandoning her. Having no mind to listen to her railings, Don Juan runs away, leaving Elvira to tell her tale of woe to Leporello, which she does by exposing to him the amours and reciting the list of victims of Don Juan's lust in other countries.

The second adventure of Don Juan, as related in the opera, is with Zerlina, Elvira's maid, a pretty but unsophisticated girl, who is upon the eve of her marriage with a country swain named Masetto. So flattering is his speech, and so seductive are his promises that Don Juan is about to make a complete conquest of the credulous Zerlina, but before her ruin is accomplished Elvira appears and saves the girl by a warning. Almost at the same time Elvira meets Donna Anna and discovers to her the fact that it was Don Juan who murdered the commandant, her father, whereupon Donna Anna seeks her lover, Don Octavio, and obtains his promise to avenge the murder. Don Juan, in disguise, renews his once thwarted purpose to win Zerlina, and to gain his ends he gives a banquet, to which she is invited. By a subterfuge he lures her away from the other guests, and when persuasion fails him, he offers violence, which she resists with loud screams, that bring the dancers to her aid, whereupon to shield himself from reprobation he accuses Leporello with having insulted the girl, and declares himself to be the defender of innocence.

The second act takes place at night, in a public square in Seville. Don Juan and Leporello, in their disguises, appear before the house of Donna Elvira, where they have learned that Zerlina is concealed, and by many arts try to obtain an interview. Leporello, in his master's cloak, and assuming his voice, calls Donna Elvira, and when she appears he professes the most profound remorse for his past conduct, and pleads with her to live with him, which she presently consents to do, and the two leave together. This departure of her protectress leaves Zerlina a fair prey to the lecherous designs of Don Juan, who enters the house and would carry her away, but at the supreme moment Masetto and his friends appear, thirsting for vengeance. Mistaking Don Juan in his disguise for Leporello, Masetto demands to know the present whereabouts of his infamous master, and tells his purpose to kill him upon sight. Don Juan applauds his purpose, and thus sympathizing with him, by a ruse Don Juan gains possession of his weapons, and after beating the poor fellow in an unmerciful manner, runs away. In the meantime, Don Octavio comes upon Leporello, whom he mistakes for Don Juan, and almost kills him, but the servant contrives to save himself by flight, and soon after meets his master in a plaza before the Cathedral of Seville, in the centre of which stands a statue that has been set up to the memory of Don Pedro, the murdered commandant. Leporello is terrified by the eyes of the statue, which seem to follow him, and communicates his fears to Don Juan, who, however, dismisses them as cowardly fancies, and in a spirit of bravado

"Ah, the weakling dotard falleth!"

"My father! Father, dearest! Thou, mine own father!"

he invites the statue to sup with him. To his astonishment the stone image tells him he shall die before the morrow, but Don Juan laughs at the prophecy and dismisses the matter from his mind.

In the evening Don Juan invites some friends to take supper with him, and while the company are eating and drinking, in hilarious conviviality, an ominous knock at the door is heard, followed quickly by entrance of the statue. All the guests retreat precipitately, leaving Don Juan and Leporello alone with the statue. Don Juan loses none of his self-possession in the presence of even such a guest, but with courtly generosity he orders another cover to be laid for the stranger. The statue sits down, and after advising Don Juan to repent and amend his wicked ways, extends its marble hand and invites Don Juan to a feast prepared in another world. Fearlessly Don Juan grasps the cold hand, and in turn is seized with a relentless grip from which there is no escape. Again the statue admonishes him to renounce his evil manners, but Don Juan still remaining obdurate, the floor suddenly opens, flames leap high about them, and demons arise and drag the miserable man to the infernal regions for perpetual punishment, the doom of reprobates.

The story of Don Giovanni is repulsive for its immoral suggestions and situations, but the music is so charming that many of its illustrative melodies are frequently heard in our churches, and their popularity appears to grow with age.

Act I.—The scene of the first act shows a courtyard of the palace of the commandant of Seville. Leporello is to be seen on a stone settle half asleep, for the night is far advanced. He presently rouses himself, and coming forward with lantern in hand renders a humorous air, "How can brains unmatched in talent," etc.

Leporello ceases to sing when he hears approaching footsteps, and immediately Don Juan rushes from the palace, sword in hand. He has tried to conceal his features by a large slouch hat and great coat; therefore to discover who it may be, and to secure his arrest, Donna Anna, in robe-de-nuit, appears in pursuit, and tries to tear off his disguise. As she grasps him desperately, she calls him villain, and screams lustily for assistance, that the intruder into her chamber may be justly punished. Leporello is a spectator of this exciting scene, but lends no aid, preferring to await the outcome. Donna Anna's cries presently reach the ears of her father, the commandant, who in his night-robe dashes out, with sword in one hand and a lamp in the other, and challenges Don Juan. Donna Anna retreats into the palace, and the moment she disappears, Don Juan strikes the lamp from Don Pedro's hand, which leaves them in darkness. Don Juan is loath to cross swords with so aged a man, but is pressed so hard that to save himself he gives the commandant a mortal thrust, who falls, calling for help, upon the palace steps.

Don Juan, after satisfying himself that his antagonist is dead, coolly wipes his sword and tries to reassure his servant, who is much alarmed over the tragedy, and makes bold to accuse his master of the double crime of trying to force the daughter and then killing the father. Don Juan is in no mood to listen to criticisms, and compelling silence by threatening gestures he makes his escape, followed by Leporello. Directly upon the departure of Don Juan and Leporello, Donna Anna's voice is heard from inside the palace, and quickly she reappears, followed by Don Octavio, and attendants carrying torches. Almost at once Donna Anna discovers the dead body of her father, and frantically she falls upon the bleeding corpse, and piteously tries to call him back to life. Don Octavio commands the attendants to fetch restoratives, while he lifts the fainting form of Donna Anna and caressingly attempts to bring her back to consciousness. When she revives, it is to rave of her bereavement, to which her lover replies with tender assurances of his devotion, whereupon accepting his promises of fidelity and support, she puts him to the test by exacting a pledge that he will avenge the murder of her father. Solemnly swearing to requite the awful deed, Don Octavio leads Donna Anna, weeping, away.

In the succeeding scene, a desolate spot outside the walls of Seville is shown, with a road leading down a mountain, and on one side is the courtyard of an inn. It is now daylight; Don Juan enters, followed by Leporello, the latter expressing such dissatisfaction with the dissolute life of his master that Don Juan angrily lays his hand upon his sword, and has a mind to severely punish him, but restrains himself upon promise of Leporello to help him in his next adventure. Having obtained



this pledge of his servant's aid, Don Juan confesses that he is enamored of a glorious beauty, and is sure his love is returned; that this sweet object of his passion he expects to meet at the Casino to-night. While thus extolling her beauty, Don Juan suddenly stops to sniff the air, in which he detects the odor of some delicious feminine, and a moment later, as Leporello is drawn aside, Donna Elvira, deeply veiled, appears, soliloquizing of her faithless lover and the revenge she would seek. Don Juan, least suspicious that it is his discarded mistress, unblushingly tenders his services as a consoler, which Leporello observes he has done fully eighteen hundred times before. Immediately Don Juan addresses the lady she throws off her veil, thus revealing herself the deserted Elvira, and overwhelms him with invectives and reproaches, calling him monster of vice and prince of deceivers. In vain does he use the honeyed speech of persuasion to assuage her anger; refusing to be pacified she recites the particulars of how, with cozenings of falsehood and passion, he promised to be husband, and by such knavery did deceive and defile her. Contriving how he may escape her lashings, Don Juan calls Leporello and exhorts Elvira to address her complaints to him as a just judge of the matter between them. By this strategy Don Juan manages to slip away.

In the next scene, left alone with the irate Elvira Leporello endeavors to console her by exposing the character of Don Juan, who has deceived so many trustful ladies that he has made a catalogue of their names, sufficient to fill a book, he thereupon renders a buffo aria, known as the Catalogue Song. As Leporello finishes his solo, he kisses the book; and runs off the stage.

The following scene represents a charming rural prospect of the mountains about Seville, on the right of which is the palace of Don Juan, situated in the midst of a beautiful garden, with a glimpse of the Guadalquivir in the distance. It is in such a lovely place that many male and female peasants gather to celebrate the marriage of Zerlina, Elvira's maid, and Masetto. The scene is one of great festivity, but while singing and dancing are at the height, Don Juan and Leporello make their appearance. The former congratulates his servant upon having gotten rid of the old pest (Elvira), and then looking about him he sees many lovely girls and resolves to make a conquest of one or more, while Leporello hopes to secure some left from the pickings. The old roue fixes his eye upon the bride, whom he cheerily addresses and then pays compliments to both the bride and bridegroom to gain their confidence. Having ingratiated himself by much flattery, Don Juan bids Leporello conduct the party to his castle, and there serve them with wine, chocolate, cake, and to amuse them by showing his picture gallery, and to be especially attentive to Masetto. Being thus commanded, Leporello places himself between Zerlina and Masetto, and pushing the latter before him, he invites the company to follow. Masetto objects to parting from Zerlina, but she tells him to fear nothing, as no ill can befall her in a gentleman's hands. This confidence fails to satisfy the jealous Masetto, whose protestations Don Juan finally finds it necessary to silence by pointing to his sword and warning him to have a care of how he reflects upon the honor of a cavalier. The separation is at length accomplished, and Don Juan being now left alone with Zerlina, he begins his blandishments by speaking disrespectfully of Masetto. She resents his words by reminding Don Juan that Masetto is her affianced, whereupon the arch hypocrite and debauchee tells her it were a sacrilege that a woman so beautiful as she should waste her sweetness on a clownish clod-pole. When Zerlina remonstrates that she has promised to wed Masetto, the artful deceiver declares that such pledges are writ in water: "Thou wert not created merely to be a peasant; Oh, those glances that glow in light like lode-stars; Oh, those lips of a Hebe, that voice whose whisper breathes more music than a nightingale's soul, must win thee a daintier fortune." Zerlina is half persuaded by this tender speech, but in a moment of indecision she remembers how it is often said that gentlefolk use flattering words to deceive and betray the virtuous, to which fear Don Juan answers with assurance that it is a vulgar notion, since honesty is an attribute of noble birth. Beguiling her listening ear, he declares that the time is most propitious, and if she will consent he vows to make her wife, and mistress of the pleasant villa which he pictures in the valley. Thereupon, expressing their mutual passions, Don Juan and Zerlina sing a beautiful duet: "Nay, bid me not resign, love, coldly the hand I press," etc. Zerlina is unable to withstand the adulation and golden promises of Don Juan, and resigns herself into his hands for weal or woe, but as he leads her



"Descend, my joy! my beauty!
A truant lost to duty here receive!"

away, the two are met by Elvira, who, having overheard the interview, enters hastily and indignantly snatches Zerlina from her lecherous wooer's grasp. Don Juan starts angrily and places his hand upon his sword, but Donna Elvira boldly confronts him, and pronouncing him villain, declares her purpose to protect "this pure dovelet from the fowler." Zerlina is stricken with woe, which Don Juan tries to relieve by telling her this woman (Elvira) is mad with jealousy, and therefore deserves his pity, since his heart's chief failing is too much kindness. But Donna Elvira gives him no chance to longer deceive the poor maid, for fearing his power, she leads Zerlina away.

In the succeeding scene, Don Juan, left alone, bewails his ill-fortune, which he attributes to the caprice of Beelzebub. While he is thus complaining, Donna Anna and Don Octavio enter, who, anxious to secure Don Juan's assistance in bringing to punishment the to them unknown murderer of Don Pedro, greet him cordially. Donna Anna commends Don Juan as a man of generous spirit, and begs that he will lend the help of his courageous arm to revenge a deed most infamous. He promises to hold his hand, his weapon, his wealth, and his life at her service, and then asks what vile occurrence hath assailed her peace. Before Donna Anna can make reply, Donna Elvira enters and forthwith she assails Don Juan as a monster, with viper tongue, who caresses only to destroy.

One of the most powerful numbers of the opera is now rendered by the quartet, in which Don Juan begs Donna Anna and Don Octavio to believe that Donna Elvira is mad, but the earnestness of the latter finally induces Anna and Octavio to believe her accusations against Don Juan as a wrecker of susceptible hearts and a destroyer of virtue.

Donna Elvira quits the scene, vowing she will find redress for her wrongs by crying them to the world, which so alarms Don Juan that he follows after her. As he goes out, Donna Anna turns to Don Octavio and reveals to him that she has discovered in the voice and gesture of Don Juan the one who murdered her father. The story of the invasion of her chamber, by a man so disguised that no one might recognize him, her fight against his attempts to rob her of honor, the death of her father, all these tragic particulars Donna Anna recites to her lover, Don Octavio, who, roused thereby to seek revenge on the perfidious wretch, gives utterance to his feelings in an exquisite solo, "On her appeasing," etc.

In the next scene Don Juan meets Leporello, who makes report to him how he entertained the party committed to his care. The servant relates with much wit and show of decorum, that he feasted and wined the men and women

until the best part was half tipsy, and that he was getting on splendidly with Masetto, crowding all jealousy out of his cranium, when, most inauspicious moment, Zerlina came into the room accompanied by Elvira, who immediately set upon him where she had left off at their last interview, using every foul word that her mouth could be adjusted to utter, and kicking up such a row that the company was in a state of great excitement and indignation; finally, to save the guests from disgrace, he had led the irate vixen out of the garden, and doubly locked the gate against her return.

Having heard the report of his body servant upon this most unpleasant affair, Don Juan commends him for having made a good beginning, and gives him advice that young country girls can best be won by night-time amusements, and thereupon he sings the well-known solo, "Wine, flow a fountain," etc.

Don Juan, foiled in his first effort to accomplish the ruin of Zerlina, becomes the more determined in his purpose, and to this end he gives a fete, to which the victim whom he seeks is of course invited. The succeeding scene, therefore, represents the garden of Don Juan's palace, which is splendidly illuminated for the occasion. Zerlina and Masetto are the first to appear, she trying to wean him of his jealousy, but being in the worst of humor he calls her traitress, whose faithlessness has brought him to the verge of distraction, leaving him the butt of scandal. Coaxingly, Zerlina begs Masetto to condone her fault, for which she is sincerely repentant, and though admitting she was for the moment dazzled by the phrases of Don Juan, yet no wrong was done, for perceiving his evil intent, she had spurned him. As Masetto turns away impatiently she caressingly puts her arms about his neck and begs him to beat her, or do whatever he would as a punishment for her transgression, so that his anger against her may be appeased, "Chide me, chide me, dear Masetto," etc.

Masetto is ready to forgive Zerlina, when the voice of Don Juan is heard from within, at which Zerlina betrays much uneasiness, which rouses the jealousy of Masetto again, and to test the sincerity of her repentance he withdraws and



conceals himself in a niche of the pavilion, resolved to note how she will receive Don Juan. A moment later Don Juan appears, attired for the ball, and followed by a crowd of peasants in costumes and dominoes. Zerlina hides behind a rose bush and hears Don Juan invite the maskers to hail this night of joy, in which their pleasures shall be unbounded. As the peasants go out, Zerlina leaves the rose bush to seek the shelter of tall trees on the right, but she is perceived by Don Juan, who runs after and catches her. He at once renews his blandishments, which Zerlina, however, shows no disposition to hear, and while he is pressing her towards the pavilion, Masetto steps out from his place of hiding, whereat with greatest composure Don Juan addresses him with such cordiality as to completely disarm Masetto's indignation, and giving to each an arm he gallantly leads the two into the palace. Upon departure of Don Juan and his guests, Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Octavio enter the garden, all disguised in black dominoes, and concert their measures for exposing and punishing the villain. While they are thus contriving a window opens, and Leporello appears with Don Juan on the balcony. The servant seeing the strangers, calls his master's attention to them, at which Don Juan orders Leporello to give them a hearty greeting. The invitation is so generously extended that Don Octavio accepts the honor with thanks, and as Leporello and Don Juan retire from the balcony, the three remove their masks and render an exquisite terzetto, "Oh, guard all bounteous heaven," etc.

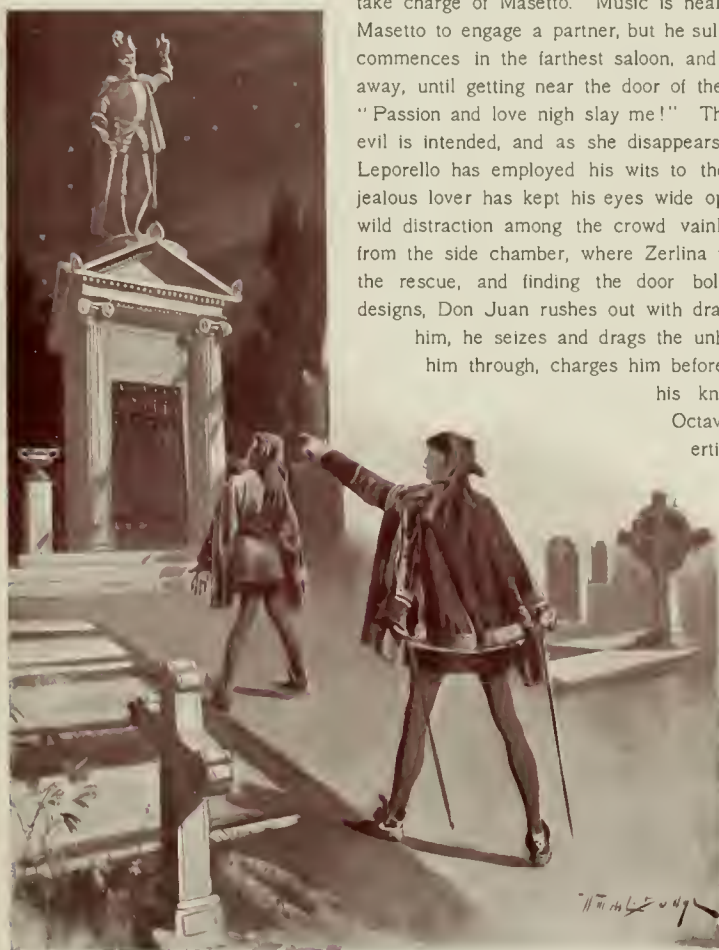
In the next scene a magnificent suite of apartments in Don Juan's palace is shown, with a raised orchestra stand, occupied by a band of musicians, beyond which is seen an open terrace, and the garden decorated with colored lamps. The stage is thronged with maskers, and many servants serve refreshments. Don Juan enters leading Zerlina and Masetto, with Leporello following: he shows the two the greatest attention, and presently conducting Zerlina to one of the tables, he orders coffee and ices. Don Juan bestows so many praises on the beauty of Zerlina that she, poor susceptible heart, cannot resist the vanity which they inspire, but Masetto, discovering her coquetry, feels a raging jealousy, which is repressed, however, by the compliments of Don Juan and Leporello. At the bidding of the host, the music starts up, and the dance is renewed, in which Donna Anna, Donna Elvira and Don Octavio join, hoping by taking a part in the festivity to better accomplish their designs. Don Juan selects Zerlina as his partner, leaving Leporello to

take charge of Masetto. Music is heard now in another room, and Leporello artfully tries to persuade Masetto to engage a partner, but he sullenly declares he wants no dancing. Soon a third dance, a waltz, commences in the farthest saloon, and Don Juan, dancing a gavotte with Zerlina, gradually leads her away, until getting near the door of the cabinet, he forces her to enter it, at the same time exclaiming, "Passion and love nigh slay me!" This action and remark excite the grave fears of Zerlina, that some evil is intended, and as she disappears her protestation is heard, "Oh, monster! wilt thou betray me?" Leporello has employed his wits to their utmost in diverting Masetto's attention from Zerlina, but the jealous lover has kept his eyes wide open, and noting the sudden departure of Zerlina, he runs about in wild distraction among the crowd vainly seeking her. A moment later, lusty cries for help are heard from the side chamber, where Zerlina is kept against her will. In an instant the three maskers rush to the rescue, and finding the door bolted, they break the lock. To avoid exposure of his infamous designs, Don Juan rushes out with drawn sword, and encountering Leporello, who is running in to warn

him, he seizes and drags the unhappy servant into the ballroom, and making a pass as if to run him through, charges him before the company with having insulted Zerlina. Leporello falls upon

his knees praying mercy, but Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Octavio now remove their masks and expose the dastard as villain, libertine, and murderer. Don Juan, finding himself in a desperate situation, draws Leporello towards him, and with his sword he opens a passage way for his flight, by which the two manage to reach the garden, as the curtain falls on the first act.

Act II.—The action is renewed in a plaza of Seville. On the left is shown a large mansion, with balconies, in which Elvira has her residence. The time is night, but from above the house tops the moon is showing a sickly light, by which Don Juan is seen to enter, carrying a mandolin, followed by Leporello. The servant, disgusted with the treatment of his master, tells him of his intention to quit his service. After much persuasion, however, Leporello consents to change clothes with Don Juan, who has a purpose to win the favor of Elvira's



"My lord, so bold and high, now
invites you—mark! not I—now
To join a drinking bout."

maid No sooner is the exchange of garments made than Donna Elvira appears at a window, bewailing her loss of Don Juan, for whom, despite his crimes, she still yearns. Don Juan, quick to take advantage of this confession, pushes the disguised Leporello under the balcony, and crouching behind him he begins his cajoleries by calling Elvira his idol and professing the most sincere repentance for his past conduct. So perfectly does he feign remorse, and so perfidiously does he promise to love and cherish her henceforth, that Elvira leaves the window to come down. As she withdraws Don Juan gives Leporello instructions how he shall act when the lady reappears, particularly ordering him to embrace her with the most passionate caresses, and then conduct her to a distance, so that opportunity may be given him to reach the maid. He then retires a pace to watch the proceedings. Very soon Donna Elvira comes forward, exclaiming, in the warmth of her joy, "Love, I am with you!" Leporello, not without many misgivings, puts his arm tenderly around Elvira's waist, and concealing his face with his cloak, endeavors to imitate Don Juan's voice. So well does Leporello play the part of an ardent lover that Juan puts them to flight, after which, finding the coast clear for his designs, he comes forth, and striking his mandolin, sings a serenade to Elvira's maid, "Ope, ope thy casement, dearest," etc.

Don Juan's voice is so charming that the maid is about to appear, but on the same instant Masetto comes upon the scene fully armed, accompanied by several villagers carrying muskets. He is in quest of Don Juan, with an intent to gratify a vengeance. Masetto soon discovers Don Juan under the balcony, but seeing him in the clothes of Leporello, believes it is the servant, and asks where he may find the infamous master, who shall die this night. Don Juan, finding safety in his disguise, wheedles the dull-witted Masetto by professing to bear a hatred for the same despicable varlet, and tells him of a plan whereby the villain may be found and duly punished. By instructions the villagers pursue the quest by going in one direction, while Don Juan (masking as Leporello) and Masetto go in another. As soon as the villagers depart, Don Juan asks Masetto if his intent be murder or a good flogging, whereat the irate fellow declares that nothing less than the death of Don Juan will satisfy him. Don Juan commends Masetto's purpose to thus defend his honor, but questions the service of his weapons, and asks that he may examine them. Completely unsuspecting, Masetto hands over his musket, bludgeon, and pistol, which Don Juan no sooner takes in his hands than he knocks Masetto down with the bludgeon and beats him until he is half dead. Zerlina, hearing her lover's cries, rushes out of the house to give assistance, at sight of whom Don Juan catches up his mandolin, and steals away. Finding Masetto less injured than he believes, Zerlina tenderly comforts him by singing an exquisitely coquettish aria, which for beauty and expression can hardly be excelled, "List, and I'll find, love," etc. After relieving his hurts by this charming solo, Zerlina puts her cloak about Masetto's shoulders and gently leads him into the house.

In the following scene there is shown a large courtyard in the palace of the commandant, which is now occupied by Donna Anna. Donna Elvira, and Leporello, who is still in Don Juan's dress and undetected by his gentle partner, enter by the side door. Leporello, imitating his master's voice, expresses fears that some one has been set upon their

tracks, and, designing to get rid of Elvira, he proceeds to make an investigation. So agitated is he by his anxiety to escape that he starts to leave by another door, when, to his consternation, he perceives Donna Anna and Don Octavio about to enter, escorted by attendants carrying torches. Leporello slips aside unseen by them, and both he and Elvira conceal themselves in opposite angles of the dark courtyard.

Leporello realizes that he is in a great extremity, and Donna Elvira is no less alarmed, lest she be found in the company of Don Juan, whom she believes Leporello to be. In their mutual trepidation, they try to make their exit, and groping about in the dark in search of the door, they both reach it at the same time, and at the precise instant Zerlina and Masetto push their way in, accompanied by peasants with clubs and torches. By the flickering light Masetto recognizes the dress of Don Juan on the person of the unfortunate Leporello, and having no doubt it is the author

of his troubles before him, he drags the poor fellow to the front, declaring that he shall not escape the punishment his infamous conduct merits. Donna Anna and Don Octavio wonder how Don Juan came into this place, but they join heartily in the resolution expressed by Masetto to show him no mercy. At this juncture, thinking her lover is about to be murdered, Donna Elvira entreats Masetto to spare him, thus exposing her own perfidy.

Unable to escape while wearing his disguise, to save himself Leporello throws off his hat and bids them all behold—Leporello! Leporello, by his quick wits, explains how by Don Juan's deceptions he has been made to bear the odium of his profligate master. While telling the story of his own wrongs, Leporello moves gradually up to the door, and when he finds opportunity he takes to his heels so rapidly as to defy pursuit. Don Octavio requests the others to comfort Donna Anna while he goes to seek out the ministers of justice, and work vengeance beneath their protection.

The next scene represents a plaza before the cathedral of Seville, in the centre of which is a marble statue, set up to the memory of Don Pedro, the commandant. On the pedestal of the statue is an inscription which reads as follows:

I HERE AWAIT THE VENGEANCE DECREED BY HEAVEN UNTO THE WRETCH WHO SLEW ME.

The time is shortly after midnight, but the moon is shining so brightly that every object is plainly distinguishable. Don Juan comes upon the scene extolling the beauty of the night, and a moment after Leporello scrambles upon the wall of the terrace, where he sits until persuaded to come down from his perch to hear Don Juan tell of his dozen adventures since the parting. Leporello is much interested in the gay narrative, which is suddenly interrupted by a grave voice from the statue: "With laughter changed to woe, greet you, Aurora!"

Don Juan asks who has spoken, to which the terrified Leporello answers that it is surely the spirit from another world. Don Juan calls him a blockhead, and in bravado challenges the unknown voice to speak again, whereupon in sepulchral tones he hears these words: "Stay, ribald, this violence; leave to the dead their silence!" Don Juan now for the first time notices the statue and orders Leporello to read aloud the inscription on the base. The terrified servant pleads excuse that it is bad luck to read by moonlight, but driven to it by threats he slowly reads, and trembles at every word that is uttered, the statue meantime rolling its stony eyes and bowing solemnly. The terror manifested by Leporello furnishes amusement to Don Juan, who now orders his servant to invite the statue to sup with him this very evening. Leporello is seized with a fit of horror at this most sacrilegious command, beholding a supernatural light in the staring eyes, and perceiving an effort of the statue to speak. Urged by direful threatenings, Leporello finally approaches timidly and delivers the invitation, but with much faltering:

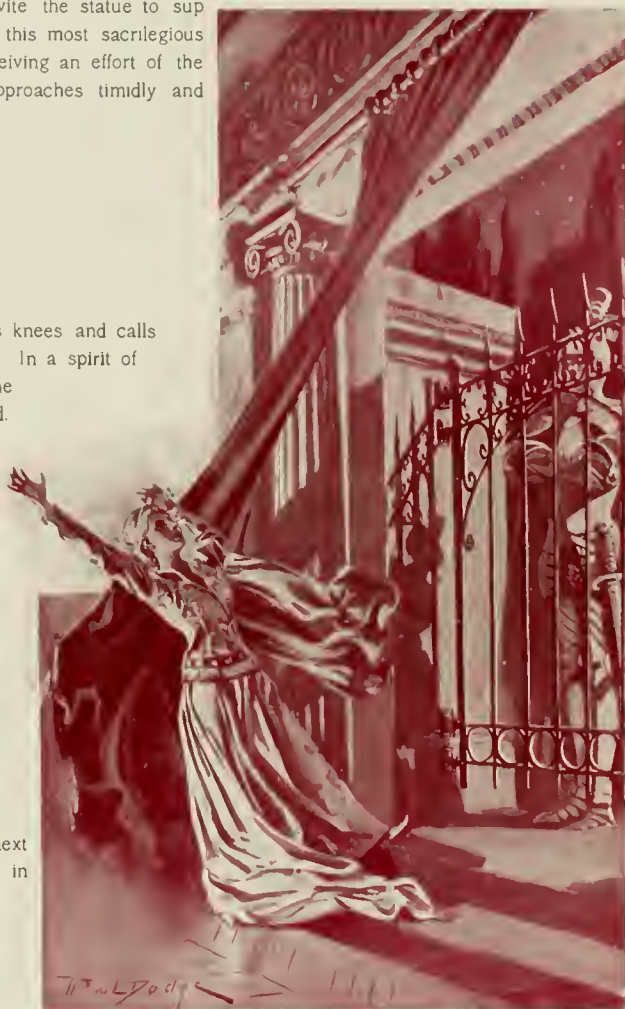
"So please your marble mightiness,
Most statuesque commander
Most petrified of gentlemen,
Most polished marble statue
My lord, so bold and high, now
Invites you. Mark! not I. now
To join a drinking bout."

The statue bows its acquiescence, at which Leporello falls on his knees and calls Don Juan to look at the now flaming eyes, and the nodding helmet. In a spirit of boastfulness Don Juan advances towards the statue and delivers the invitation, which is accepted by a hollow "yes," and a bowing of the head. Though slightly awed by the voice and movement of the marble figure, Don Juan orders Leporello to repair to the palace at once and there prepare a feast for the stony guest.

The succeeding scene shows a vestibule in Donna Anna's palace. Don Octavio enters, tenderly leading Donna Anna, and in the most endearing accents he tries to assuage her anguish, by promising to soon make the arch-ribald suffer his deserts, if she will consent to become his wife. She reminds him that revenge cannot give back the life of her father, but peace to her heart comes through her lover's pledges, and she returns his passion in a charming aria:

"Calm, ah, calm thy gentle sorrow,
If you grieve, my woes are double;
Haply these brief hours of trouble
Gern with smiles our future path."

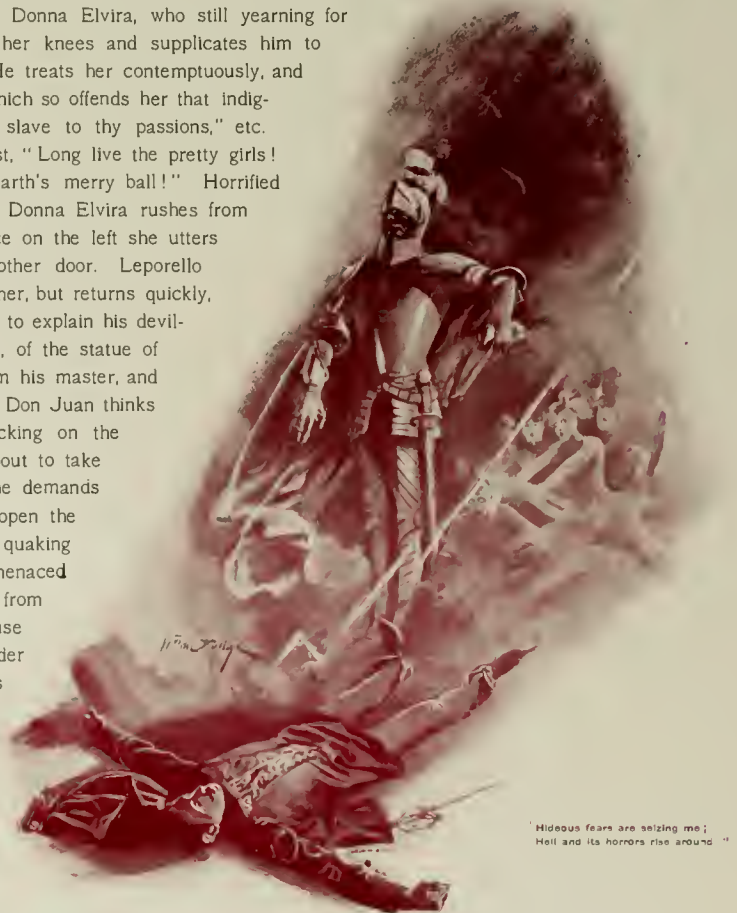
The two having exchanged their troth they pass out, and the next scene represents a grand banquetting hall in the palace of Don Juan, in



DONNA ELVIRA DISCOVERS THE STATUE WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

the centre of which is a large table spread with a sumptuous repast. Don Juan is seated at the table, and Leporello stands by the buffet wiping silver plates and giving directions to the servants, while surreptitiously helping himself to the viands. In the gallery above are several musicians, playing lively airs from the best composers. Much amusement is furnished by Leporello's gormandizing, and by Don Juan's witticisms, which are presently interrupted by the entrance of Donna Elvira, who still yearning for Don Juan, and foreseeing his doom, drops upon her knees and supplicates him to sincerely repent his evil ways ere it be too late. He treats her contemptuously, and in a spirit of levity invites her to dine with them, which so offends her that indignantly she exclaims, "Monster! I leave thee, then, slave to thy passions," etc. To which he heartlessly responds by drinking a toast, "Long live the pretty girls! long live the wine cup! They are the glory of earth's merry ball!" Horrified by this fresh exhibition of Don Juan's dissolute life, Donna Elvira rushes from his hateful presence, but as she reaches an entrance on the left she utters a piercing scream, and runs back to escape by another door. Leporello goes out to see what object could have so terrified her, but returns quickly, so frightened that he drops the light, and being asked to explain his devilish chatter he tries to tell, stammering and faltering, of the statue of a huge white man, but is too agitated to fully inform his master, and able only to beg him not to venture past the door. Don Juan thinks his servant has really gone mad, until a loud knocking on the outside convinces him that something unusual is about to take place. Drawing his sword, in a commanding voice he demands to know who seeks entrance, and bids Leporello to open the door, but the poor fellow falls upon his knees, and quaking with fear declares he cannot do so, even though menaced by the sword. Don Juan now snatches a candle from the banquet board and goes out to discover the cause of the interruption, while Leporello hides himself under the table. A few moments later, Don Juan re-enters candle and drawn sword in hand, backing before the steadily advancing statue of the murdered commandant. The situation is made more impressive by the sepulchral music, and when the statue enters, with slow and heavy tread, an eerie feeling possesses the audience, which even the comical perturbations of Leporello do not fully relieve. The statue presses upon Don Juan, and with courtly dignity utters: "So, thou didst invite me to thy banquet—lo, I am present!" Taken by surprise and awed at first, Don Juan soon recovers himself before even so fearsome a presence, and bowing gracefully, promises to entertain his unexpected guest as best he can. He thereupon calls to Leporello, who is still under the table, and bids him clear the board and bring another supper. Leporello protests that they are all done for, but he is spared the trouble of bringing in more food and drink, as the statue admonishes that those who have fed on the manna of heaven have no taste for food that is mortal, and adds that graver matters concern them. Commanded by Don Juan to declare its purpose the statue replies, that having accepted an invitation to dine, it comes to urge that he shall in turn banquet at its own board, which will soon be ready for him in the eternal shades. Even this request, ominous of a direful result, fails to terrify the imperious Don, whose life must presently pay the forfeit of his crimes and dissoluteness. Reckoning the accounting which must now be rendered to the grim messenger, the haughty man, with a show of dignity and hospitality, answers firmly:

"Thy guest, none can accuse him
As one whom fear could cower;
With firmer heart than iron,
If so you will,—be't so!"



"Hideous fears are seizing me;
Hell and its horrors rise around."

The statue thereupon asks him to pledge his hand as an earnest of his promise, which Don Juan, without hesitation, performs, but the moment his fingers are seized in the cold grasp of the marble image, a shudder, that chills his very heart, runs through him, and he realizes that his hour of death is near. Still grasping Don Juan's hand, the statue exhorts him to repent his vices before heaven punishes his guilty soul, but though thrice entreated, the degenerate man obstinately refuses to confess his error. Steeped in sin beyond hope of redemption, his conscience destroyed, and his soul dead to honor, Don Juan now presents himself an object of complete debasement, a wreck of mind, a human devil. The statue, gazing at him fixedly, with cold and accusing eyes, drops the wicked man's hand, and pointing downward warns him in solemn and sepulchral voice: "To thy doom then pass!"

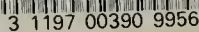
Having uttered its judgment, the statue sinks slowly through the floor, and from the opening thus made lurid flames and sulphurous smoke arise, out of which demons rush forth and overpower Don Juan, who in despairing accents cries:

"Hideous fears are seizing me,
Hell and its horrors rise around.
The awful summons thundereth,
Thro' fire's eternal roar."

To which the demons make answer in fright-inspiring tones, "Down! there are worse in store," and overcoming his struggles, they sink with him into the fiery abyss, the flames leaping higher as he descends. When the fearful scene is concluded, Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, Don Octavio, Masetto, Zerlina, attendants, and officers of justice enter the banquet room in quest of Don Juan, to whom Leporello explains, in voice still manifesting his fright, the fearful end of his godless master, who through the statue's contriving has been delivered into the hands of Satan for punishment.

The murderer having been sent to his punishment, Don Octavio presses Donna Anna to fulfill her promise to make his heart glad, which she pledges herself anew to perform after the lapse of a twelve months of grieving for her father. Zerlina satisfies Masetto's urgings and quiets all his jealousies by agreeing to become his bride on the morrow, and the opera closes with a chorus condemning the wicked.





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